Elements and Science of English Versification

William C. Jones

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BY

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Rev. William G. Williams, LL. D.

WRIGHT PROFESSOR OF
GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,
OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
DELAWARE, OHIO.

PREFACE.

IT IS the desire of the author to create a greater love for
poetry. I do not think it is possible to make great
poets any more than it is possible to create great
musicians, sculptors, artists, or orators. All must be
born with the spark of genius inherent within the soul. I
believe, however, that even those possessed of great genius
may profit by the research of others, and frequently are
induced to follow their art by suggestions and rules pointed
out to them. To such who possess real genius from a
poetic standpoint this work may be of benefit. Another
class to be benefited are readers who love poetry and make
a study of it, and yet fail to receive the benefits or see the
beauties of true poetry simply because they fail to under-
stand the technique.

It is a pleasure to be able to scan critically that which we
read. If, however, we are unable to criticise for ourselves
the merits of a poem from every standpoint, we necessarily
lose much of the real pleasure of the reading. To be able
to tell the measure, the rhythm, and the number of feet a
verse contains is in every sense a satisfaction to the reader
of a poem ; yet, not one-third of those who read poetry
know anything whatever about measure, feet, or rhythm.
They realize there is a certain jingle to the stanza that
pleases them, and that is all they know about it. Few
readers ever stop to consider whether the poem is composed

of couplets, triplets, or quatrains.   The mode of construct-
ing the five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten line stanzas is a
matter that has given them no trouble and about which they
have never had a thought.   The combinations of verses is
something that has escaped their attention entirely.

Vers de Société—polite and polished by masters of the
art, can hardly be distinguished by some who feign a real
love of poetry from blank verse.   Poetical licenses and
peculiarities are little known and less understood.   The
same is true of figures of etymology, syntax, and rhetoric ;
and yet much of the pleasure of reading poetry is derived
from being able to criticise it properly from every technical
standpoint.   A beautiful metaphor or simile is instantly
detected by the highly educated reader and is a delight to
his soul.

Poetry is not only a question of matter, but one of
manner.   Our best poets understand versification thor-
oughly and are ever painstaking.   The true poet is careful
in every detail.   A diamond in the rough may be of value,
but not until it is polished does it become a sparkling gem.
The day is not distant when versification will be taught with
the same care that is now given to rhetoric.   Why not?
Do not all derive pleasure from reading the works of the
masters of poetry ?

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, of Baltimore, Maryland,
became benefactors to the world when they established a
lectureship of poetry at the Johns Hopkins University in
memory of their son, Percy Graeme Turnbull, and with an
avowed intention of teaching poetry and thereby creating a
knowledge of and a love for it.   May their noble gift and
benefaction become more generally known and others
follow their example.

The aim of the true poet is always high. He should not only rely upon those resources with which nature has equipped him, but he, too, should study appropriate models, until he becomes a sufficient master of the art to be able in turn to leave models for others who may follow after.

W. C. J.

Robinson, Illinois.

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PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

POETRY AS AN ART.

POETRY is an art. Like music, painting and sculpture, it is a aivine art. The poetic principle burns within those who are gifted by nature with the true and the ideal. It is a part of their existence, a part of their being. There are those who love music, and spend their best days in its study and composition. It is their joy and their sorrow. The world drinks in that which their souls pour out. Music, to the master mind, is his heart's gratification. He lives and breathes in its atmosphere. To him it is a greater solace than the pleasures of fashion, pomp or power.

He who is master of the art of painting enjoys satisfaction in consummating that art. He gives his life daily to the task of bringing it into perfection. His art is his love, and throughout life he admires her charms.

The sculptor spends days and years in modeling and chiseling the rough marble into the perfect image. He, too, finds true enjoyment in giving his days in bringing his art to the highest degree of excellence.

The true poet finds delight in the rhythmical creation of beauty. His word-pictures are paintings, his ideals are modeled with the care of a sculptor. He sees beauty in the tinting of the flowers, the waving of the grain, the cluster

of the trees, the babbling of the brooks, the ripple of the rivers, the rifting of the clouds, the twinkling of the stars. The birds sing for him, and the winds sigh unto him. The calm, still ocean furnishes a picture of desolation, while its deep surf and mighty waves thunder back its power and destruction as they swell and surge the sands upon the shore.

The moss upon the rock, the violet and the rose, the hum of the bee, the heather and the hyacinth, all have for him some charm.

He can picture the beauty of woman as well as he who paints her upon the canvas. He can sing to her in song as well as he who trills before the harp. He finds the gems and true graces of womanhood. He idolizes the luster of her eye, the soft melody of her voice—the sigh, the laughter, the tear. He worships at the shrine of her faith, in the strength of her purity, in the sweetness of her love.

All that is true and beautiful he sees with the eye of the sculptor, feels with the touch of the painter, and hears with the ear of the musician.

The mysteries of nature are unfolded unto him, and he finds a pleasure in singing, in painting and in picturing her charms and her grandeurs. It is only those who possess the inherent power and a perfect art that can do this. Nature presents to us strength in the rough stone. Art brings to us beauty in the polished diamond.

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.

This verse is from Pope, a master of the art of versification. Born an invalid and possessed of a frail constitution throughout life, he devoted his time to his art. Educated and refined, with a vigor of mind possessed by few, he found

time to eclipse Dryden, his chosen master and model. Mr. Walsh, who was regarded by Dryden as the best critic in all London, encouraged Pope to become the critical writer he afterwards became. "For," said Mr. Walsh, "there is one way of excelling. Although we have several great poets, we have never had any one great poet that was correct." How well Pope succeeded, Cowper tells us :

> But he (his musical finesse was such),
> So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,
> Made poetry a mere mechanic art ;
> And every warbler has his tune by heart.

The act, art or practice of composing poetic verse is versification. The word "verse," in our language, means a line of poetry. A piece of poetry is often incorrectly termed a verse.

> This *verse* be thine.
>> *Pope.*

> Virtue was taught in *verse.*
>> *Prior.*

A verse may be defined as a succession of articulate sounds, consisting of words arranged in measured lines, constituting an order of accented and unaccented syllables, disposed of according to the rules of the species of poetry which the author intends to compose. Verse is merely the dress which poetry assumes. All verse is not poetry, nor is all poetry verse, as one can see by an examination of Ossian's poems, and "Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman. A large portion of the Holy Scriptures is poetical. Many parts are called songs, and the elevation of style clearly indicates the poetical construction of others. We

give a quotation from the forty-fourth chapter ot Isaiah :

> For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,
>   And floods upon the dry ground ;
> I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed,
>   And upon thine offspring my blessing profound.

Josephus affirms that the '' Songs of Moses '' were heroic verse, while the songs of David were composed in trimeters and pentameters.

> Sing unto the Lord with the harp ; with the harp ;
> And the voice of a psalm ;
> With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise
> Before the Lord, the King.
>   '' Psalm xcvii.''

Some souls in this world fancy they have no love for poetry. They are mistaken. They love poetry, but they do not understand it. Every one fancies the true and the ideal. Who loves the natural world around and about us? Is it only the man of cultivation and leisure? All love nature. Every beautiful landscape that is visible to our eye is a poem. The everyday occurrences of life are poems. Yet it is only when the master mind perceives and tells to us their hitherto untold beauties, that we pause and listen. It is related of Robert Burns that he knew '' The Cotter's Saturday Night '' was a success, when told that the scenes he had so faithfully depicted ''were common, very common; such as might be witnessed in Scotland at all times in the dwellings of the poor.''

Who would now remember '' Sheridan's Ride,'' were it not for a Thomas Buchanan Read? Who would now remember John Howard Payne, were it not for '' Home,

Sweet Home''? Ages still preserve, and will, our best poems. This world of ours, with its rivers and lakes, its country and cities, its prairies and mountains, its almost every little nook and dell, is being painted with word accents by someone who sees a special beauty in the little things about him. The polite literature of poetry is keeping almost as many records of heroic events, and the heroes ; of inventions, and the inventors ; of art, and the artists ; of social, domestic, religious and political life, and the actors —as her sister prose. Life's histories of love, adventure, romance, grief, joy, adversity, hope and pleasure—all are woven together and told with unerring skill by the master.

CHAPTER II.

ACCENT AND QUANTITY.

ENGLISH poetry depends upon accent, and accent upon time. Let us illustrate : English poetry has four principal or primary meters. These meters or measures are known as iambic, trochaic, anapestic, and dactylic. All English poetry is written in one of these measures. Again, we have what is known as rhythm. The rhythm of verse is its relation of quantities or time. Take for example an iambic word, or a line of iambuses. The word "bĕfōre" is an iambus. Why? Because the accent falls on the second syllable, the first being unaccented. Hence, should we select an iambic verse, the accent would fall on the second syllable of each foot or measure of the line.

> 'Twăs vāin : thĕ lōud wăves lāshed thĕ shōre,
> Rĕtūrn ŏr āid prĕvēntĭng : —
> Thĕ wātĕrs wīld wĕnt ō'er hĭs chīld, —
> Ănd hē wăs lēft lămēntĭng.
> *Campbell*—"Lord Ullin's Daughter."

Here we have word accent applied to poetry ; every other word or syllable in the verse or line being accented. A long syllable is termed an accented syllable. Now the

quantity of a syllable is the relative portion of time occu-
pied in uttering it. In English poetry every syllable must
be reckoned long or short, and a long syllable is usually
equal to two short or unaccented syllables.

All words that have not a fixed accent, or in other words,
all monosyllables are reckoned in the first instance as being
unaccented or short. While this is true, monosyllables
when used in English poetry may be used as accented or
long, or, as unaccented or short even in the same line,
when it becomes necessary in order to make the meter
and rhythm. Take the first line of the stanza just quoted :

'Twăs vain ; thĕ loūd wavĕs lāshed thĕ shōre.

Here we have a line of iambuses. Here we have a line
of four iambic feet. Here we have a line that ticks like a
clock :

Tĭck-tŏck, tĭck-tŏck, tĭck-tŏck, tĭck-tŏck.

Here we have a line in iambic rhythm. The rhythm
here being determined by the accent, viz : The accent
falling upon the second syllable of the foot, and the number
of syllables in the foot or measure being two. There are
four feet in this line. Each foot has two syllables, one
accented and one not accented.

Now, let us take another word, and another line. Take
the word ''lōvelȳ.'' Here the accent falls upon the first
syllable. In other words it would be termed long, while
the ''lȳ'' would be unaccented or short syllable. Now,
this word is termed a trochee. It is one of the primary
feet in English poetry ; a foot where the accent falls upon
the first syllable. Here is a stanza familiar to all, a stanza

by one of the greatest and most charming of poets,

> Līves ŏf greāt mĕn āll rĕmīnd ŭs
> Wē căn māke oŭr līves sŭblīme,
> Ānd, dĕpārtĭng leāve bĕhīnd ŭs,
> Foōtprĭnts ōn thĕ sānds ŏf tīme.
> *Longfellow*—" A Psalm of Life."

Here we have another stanza of word accents. The ac-
cents all fall on the first syllable or unemphatic word of
each foot or measure of the line or verse. The trochaic
and iambic measures are termed dissyllabic, for the reason
that two monosyllables, or two syllables or a word of two
syllables, compose a foot or measure.

Now, we have the same old clock ticking, but we will
elevate one side of it and put a chip under it. We now
have it ticking just the reverse of what it did before. It
ticks a little livelier. It now ticks—

> Tōck-tĭck, tōck-tĭck, tōck-tĭck, tōck-tĭck.

Its measure is trochaic, because composed of trochees.
Its rhythm is trochaic, because it thus signifies or denotes
the kind and character of the feet employed, and arranged
into measures. If the line then is composed of four tro-
chaic feet, viz : a trochaic tetrameter, the rhythm must
necessarily be trochaic.

What has been said of iambic meter, and trochaic meter,
is equally true of anapestic and dactylic meter. These are
termed trisyllablic feet. These measures or feet may be
also distinguished from the dissyllabic measures. The ana-
pestic foot having one accented and two unaccented syl-
lables, the first two being unaccented the last being accented,
hence, it necessarily follows, the time meter and rhythm

must be different.   The clock would now tick,—

Tĭck, tĭck-tōck, tĭck, tĭck-tōck, tĭck, tĭck-tōck.

On the other hand, dactylic measure being composed of dactyls, words of three syllables, having the accent upon the first syllable, the last two being unaccented, the clock being elevated slightly again, would tick a little faster, thus

Tōck, tĭck-tĭck, tōck, tĭck-tĭck, tōck, tĭck-tĭck.

The quantity of a syllable, whether long or short, in other words, accented or unaccented, does not depend upon the long or short sound of the vowel, or diphthong, but upon the intensity with which the syllable is uttered, whereby a greater or less portion of time is employed in uttering it.

Rhythmus in the widest sense is a division of time into short portions by regular succession of emotions, impulses, and sounds producing agreeable effect.   We speak of the rhythmus of the dance, the rhythmus of music, the rhythmus of the poem.   The language of the true-born poet is rhythmical, and its rhythmic nature distinguishes it from ordinary speech.   To the lover of true poetry and art there is a peculiar charm and grateful satisfaction attaches to and delights the ear when reading a beautiful poem of a peculiar or particular rhythm.   The rhythmic accent marks off given periods of time, and the natural or trained ear is thus enabled to say, as each measure passes in review before it, whether the time value of that particular measure is correct.

CHAPTER III.

OF VERSE.

A VERSE being a metrical line of a length and rhythm determined by rules which usage has sanctioned, it will be therefore necessary to ascertain the divisions of verse.

First, we have the Half Verse or Hemistich, it being a half poetic line or verse not complete :

ANAPESTIC TETRAMETER.

Heavĕn's firĕ ĭs aroūnd thĕe, tŏ blāst ănd tŏ būrn ;
Rĕtūrn tŏ thȳ dwēllĭng !   *   *   *
          Campbell—" Lochiel's Warning."

Second, we have the Couplet or Distich, two verses or a pair of rhymes:

DACTYLIC DIMETER.

Ălās ! fŏr thĕ rārĭtȳ
Ŏf Chrīstiăn chārĭtȳ.
         Hood—"The Bridge of Sighs."

TROCHAIC TETRAMETER.

Fŏr thĕ heārt whŏse wōes arĕ lēgiŏn
'Tĭs ă peācefŭl, soōthĭng rēgiŏn.
         Poe—" Dreamland."

10

IAMBIC PENTAMETER.

Whŏ hāth nŏt paūsed whĭle Bēautў's pēnsivĕ ēye
Askĕd frŏm hĭs heārt thĕ hōmăge ŏf ă sĭgh?
Campbell—"Pleasures of Hope."

Third, the Triplet or Tristich, three verses rhyming to-
gether:

IAMBIC PENTAMETER.

Ă sēntĭnĕl āngĕl sĭttĭng hĭgh ĭn glōrў
Heărd thīs shrĭll wāil rĭng oūt frŏm Pūrgătōrў:
Hăve mērcў, mĭghtў āngĕl, heār mў stōrў!
Hay—"A Woman's Love."

Ănd whāt's ă lĭfe?—ă wēarў pĭlgrĭmāge,
Whŏse glōrў ĭn onĕ dāy dŏth fĭll thĕ stāge
Wĭth chĭldhoŏd, mānhoŏd, ānd dĕĉrēpĭt āge.
Quarles—"What is Life."

Fourth, the Stanza or Tetrastich, a regular division of a
poem, consisting of two or more lines or verses. They are
formulated according to usage, and the taste of the writer,
and may be of every conceivable variety. Stanzas of the
same poem should be uniform, and constitute a regular divis-
ion of a poem. Stanzas are often incorrectly termed verses.

A verse is one line of a poem; a stanza, two or more.
Stanzas are frequently known by the name of those using
them most; as, the stanza of Spenser, the stanza of Burns,
the stanza of Chaucer.

The Couplet is the simplest form of the stanza; as,

Whĕre dĭd yŏu cōme frŏm, bābў dēar?
Oŭt ŏf thĕ ēvĕrўwhēre ĭntō thĕ hēre.
George Macdonald—"The Baby."

Ălās ! fŏr lōve, Ĭf thōu ărt āll,
Ănd naūght bĕyōnd, Ŏ Eārth !
    Hemans—" The Graves of a Household."

Any two lines of poetry that make complete sense when taken together, whether they rhyme or do not rhyme may be termed a couplet ; and this form of stanza is frequently employed in poems of considerable length ; as, Whittier's " Barbara Frietchie ; " Tennyson's " Locksley Hall ; " Edwin Arnold's " Secret of Death."

The couplet is also employed in combination to form other stanzas.

The next form of stanza is the Triplet, which is three lines rhyming together.

The following exąmple is a trochaic tetrameter :

Bĕar thrŏugh sōrrŏw, wrōng, ănd rūth,
Ĭn thў hĕart thĕ dēw ŏf yōuth,
Ŏn thў līps thĕ smīle ŏf trūth.

Ānd thăt smīle, lĭke sūnshĭne, dārt
Ĭntŏ māny ă sūnlĕss heārt,
Fōr ă smīle ŏf Gōd thŏu ārt.
    Longfellow—" Maidenhood."

Like the couplet, the triplet is used in combination to form other stanzas.

The next form is a four-line stanza called a Quatrain. The quatrain is also used in combination to form other stanzas. Quatrains are a very common form of stanzas, and we shall give examples of many of them. Let us take the following iambic :

I.

Hĭs wās thĕ trŏublĕd lĭfe,
Thĕ cōnflĭct ānd thĕ pāin,
Thĕ grīef, thĕ bīttĕrnēss ŏf strīfe,
Thĕ hōnŏr wīthŏut stāin.
Longfellow—" Charles Sumner."

The first, second and fourth lines are iambic trimeter, composed of three iambuses. An iambus consists of a foot of two syllables, the first syllable is unaccented, the second accented. The third line is iambic tetrameter, composed of four iambic feet. In this stanza, the first and third lines rhyme, the second and fourth.

From S. T. Coleridge we have the following :

II.

Shĕ lĭstenĕd wĭth ă flīttĭng blūsh,
Wīth dōwncăst eyēs ănd mōdĕst grāce ;
Fŏr wēll shĕ knēw, Ĭ coūld nŏt choōse
Bŭt gāze ŭpōn hĕr fāce.
" Genevieve."

In this stanza, the second and fourth lines rhyme. The first three lines are iambic tetrameter, the fourth, iambic trimeter.

III.

Mў dāys ăre īn thĕ yēllŏw lēaf,
Thĕ flowērs ănd frūits ŏf lovē arĕ gōne ;
Thĕ wōrm, thĕ cānkĕr, ānd thĕ grīef,
Arĕ mĭne ălonē.
Lord Byron—(Composed on his 36th birthday.)

The first three lines are iambic tetrameter, the fourth, iambic dimeter.

IV.

Ă keēpsăke, mǎybē,
Thĕ gĭft ŏf ănōthĕr, pĕrhăps ă brōthĕr,
Ŏr lōvĕr, whŏ knōws? hĭm hēr heărt chōse,
Ŏr wās hĕr heărt-frēe?
N. G. Shepherd—"Only the Clothes She Wore."

This stanza is iambic, the first and fourth lines rhyming.
The first and fourth lines dimeter, the second and third,
tetrameter. The second and third have line rhymes.

V.

Clēŏn hāth ă mĭlliŏn ācrĕs, ne'ēr ă onē hǎve Ĭ ;
Clēŏn dwēllĕth īn ă pālăce, īn ă cōttăge Ĭ ;
·Clēŏn hāth ă dōzĕn fŏrtŭnes, nōt ă pĕnnў Ĭ ;
Yĕt thĕ poōrĕr ŏf thĕ twāin ĭs Clēŏn, ānd nŏt Ī.
Charles Mackay—"Cleon and I."

This stanza is thirteen syllabled, heptameter, trochaic
measure.

VI.

Lĭke Dĭăn's kĭss, ŭnāsked, ŭnsōught,
Lŏve gĭves ĭtsēlf, bŭt ĭs nŏt bōught ;
Nŏr voĭce, nŏr soūnd bĕtrāys
Ĭts dēep, ĭmpāssiŏned gāze.
Longfellow—"Endymion."

The first two lines are iambic tetrameter, the third and
fourth, trimeters.

VII.

Rĕvīle hĭm nōt,—thĕ Tēmptĕr hāth
Ă snāre fŏr āll ;
Ănd pĭtyĭng tēars, nŏt scōrn ănd wrāth,
Bĕfīt hĭs fāll !
Whittier—"Ichabod."
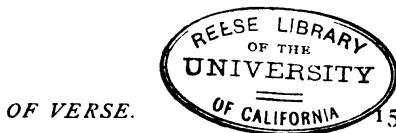
The first and third lines are iambic trimeters, the second and fourth dimeters. The lines rhyme alternately.

VIII.

Tŏ shōw ă heărt griĕf-rēnt;
Tŏ stārve thў sīn,
Nŏt bīn,—
Ănd thāt's tŏ keēp thў Lēnt.

Herrick— "True Lent."

This is a quatrain of iambics.

IX.

Whăt mōre? wĕ toōk oŭr lāst ădieū,
Ănd ūp, thĕ snōwў Splūgĕn drēw,
Bŭt ēre wĕ reāched thĕ hīghĕst sūmmĭt
Ĭ plūck'd ă dāisў, Ĭ gāve ĭt yoū.

Tennyson—"The Daisy."

This is a tetrameter stanza of iambuses.

X.

Ănd thĕ nīght shăll bĕ fīlled wĭth mūsĭc,
Ănd thĕ cāres, thăt ĭnfēst thĕ dāy,
Shăll fōld theĭr tēnts, lĭke thĕ Ārăbs,
Ănd ăs sīlĕntlў stēal ăwāy.

Longfellow—"The Day is Done."

This is an anapest.

XI.

Ŏ heārd yĕ yŏn pībrŏch sŏund sād ĭn thĕ gāle,
Whĕre ă bānd cŏmĕth slōwlў wĭth weēpĭng ănd wāil?
'T ĭs thĕ chiĕf ŏf Glĕnără lămēnts fŏr hĭs dēar;
Ănd hĕr sīre, ănd thĕ pēoplĕ, ăre cālled tŏ hĕr biĕr.

Campbell—"Glenara."

This is an excellent anapestic tetrameter quatrain.

XII·

Thĕn shoŏk thĕ hīlls wĭth thŭndĕr rīvĕn,
Thĕn rūshed thĕ steēds tŏ bāttlĕ drīvĕn,
Ănd loūdĕr thān thĕ bōlts ŏf hēavĕn,
Făr flāshed thĕ rēd ărtīllĕrȳ.
Campbell—"Hohenlinden."

This stanza is composed of a triplet and an odd line. It is a tetrameter. The last syllables of the first three lines are redundant.

XIII.

Ĭnhūmăn măn! Cŭrse ōn thȳ bārbaroŭs ārt,
Ănd blāstĕd bē thȳ mūrdĕr-āimĭng ēye!
Măy nēvĕr pīty soŏthe theĕ wīth ă sīgh,
Nŏr ēvĕr plēasŭre glād thȳ crūĕl heārt!
Burns—"On Seeing a Wounded Hare."

The stanza is an iambic pentameter.

XIV.

Ăs Ī loŏk ūp ĭntō yoŭr ēyes, ănd wāit
Fŏr sōme rĕspōnse tŏ mȳ fŏnd gāze ănd toŭch,
Ĭt seēms tŏ mē thĕre ĭs nŏ sāddĕr fāte
Thăn tŏ bĕ doōmed tŏ lōvĭng ōvĕrmūch.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"The Common Lot."

This is a ten-syllabled iambic pentameter, the first and third, and the second and fourth lines rhyming.

XV.

Whīthĕr, mĭdst fāllĭng dēw,
Whīle glōw thĕ heāvens wĭth thĕ lāst stĕps ŏf dăy,·
Făr, throŭgh thĕir rōsȳ dēpths, dŏst thōu pŭrsūe
Thȳ sōlĭtārȳ wăy.
Bryant—"To a Waterfowl."

This stanza is iambic. The first and fourth lines are trimeter, the second and third, hexameter.

We have given many forms of the quatrain. We have also given the measure of the stanzas selected. We have endeavored to present different forms with a view to show at a glance the numerous ways the quatrain may be formed. It is a fine form of the stanza, and is more in use than any other style of poetry. Employed with the couplet, and the triplet, as well as the single line of verse, the quartrain is capable of producing many other forms of beautiful stanzas.

CHAPTER IV.

OF METER.

WHILE we may learn to distinguish measures by sound, if we happen to have a good ear for music, or time, still, until one acquaints himself with the art of versification and understands the rules or laws governing the formation of stanzas, he cannot tell or give the reasons why any particular stanza is written in any particular meter. Meter is derived from the Greek word *metron*, and denotes a measure. Measure or meter is a succession of groups of accented and unaccented syllables in which poetry is written. In the classic languages, the measure depended upon the way the long and short syllables were made to succeed one another. Our modern verse depends, as we have seen, not upon the distinction of long and short syllables, but upon that of accented and unaccented syllables.

The accents should occur at regular intervals ; and the groups of syllables thus formed, each constitute a measure.

In the classic verse these groups of long and short syllables composing the measure, were called feet, each foot having a distinctive name. Meter in poetry, being similar to measures or musical bars in music, received the name of feet because the measure was regulated by the foot of the director of the Greek choirs.

<div align="center">Keēpĭng tĭme, tĭme, tĭme.</div>

<div align="right">*Poe*—"The Bells."</div>

The same names are applied to the modern that were applied to the classic measures, from which they are all taken. An accented syllable in modern verse being held equivalent to a long syllable in classic verse. It is designated by a (—) macron ; an unaccented syllable is equal to a short syllable, and designated by a (⌣) breve.

> 'T ĭs dīstănce lēnds ĕnchāntmĕnt tō thĕ vĭēw;
> Ănd rōbes thĕ mōuntăin īn ĭts āzŭre hūe.
>> *Campbell*—" Pleasures of Hope."

The first word is unaccented and is marked with a breve, the second accented, and marked with a macron, denoting the character of the measure, which is iambic pentameter.

Each measure contains one accented syllable, and either one or two unaccented syllables.

In poetry monosyllables receive accent. Most monosyllables in our language are variable in quantity, and can be used as long or short, as strong or weak sounds suit the sense or rhythm.

Every emphatic word, and every accented syllable, in verse forms a long or accented syllable. Monosyllabic unemphatical words constitute short or unaccented syllables. Words of greater length usually have fixed accents. Accented syllables are always long. Syllables immediately before or after an accented syllable are usually short. To determine the kind of verse, it is always safe to look, first, to the words that have a fixed accent ; second, to words that are emphatic that are unaccented.

The number of feet in a stanza must always be reckoned by the number of accented syllables constituting each line or verse.

A syllable is a whole word or each part of a word that is

uttered by one impulse of the mouth.   A word usually has
as many syllables as it has principal parts.   A word of but
one principal part is termed a monosyllable ; as, God.
Such words are pronounced with but one impulse of the
voice.

A word of two syllables is termed a dissyllable ; as,
God-ly.   Such words require two articulations.   Words of
three syllables or principal parts are trisyllables, as God-li-
ness, Un-god-ly, and require as many articulations as they
have syllables.

Accent in poetry is defined as the uttering or pronouncing
of a word, noting the particular stress or force of the voice
upon certain words and syllables of words.

The acute accent is marked thus — or thus /

All words of more than one syllable are accented, as,

Hō-lÿ, Hō-lĭ-nĕss, Ŭn-hō-lÿ.

Compound words may have two accents ; as,

ēv-ĕr-chāng-ĭng, ē-vĕn-mīnd-ĕd.

Accent is the peculiar stress we lay upon some word or
syllable of a word, as,

Fŏr-gīve,	Beaŭ-tĭ-fŭl,
Hōld-ĭng,	Rĕ-wārd-ĭng,
Rēs-ŏ-nănce,	Wīnd-ĭng-sheēt,
Cŏn-fū-sĭon,	Bō-nă-fī-dĕ,
Fĭn-ăn-ciēr,	Rĕ-gārd,
Rŏgue-haŭnt-ĕd,	Hāp-pÿ,
Rĕ-wārd,	Ăb-sĕn-teē,
Scārce-lÿ,	Cŏn-sĭgn-eē,

These words have all fixed accents.

We believe that accent is the sole principle that regulates our English rhythm. It is therefore necessary to observe certain principles that govern accent. In words of two or more syllables, there is one syllable which receives a stronger verbal accent than the others. That is called the primary accent. When the word contains three or more syllables, there is a secondary accent.

Poets have in all ages, where the primary accent fell upon the first syllable, in words of three syllables, taken the liberty of giving a secondary accent to the third syllable, where the rhythm required it. Words of four syllables . have a secondary accent, unless the primary accent falls on one of the middle syllables, it is then governed by the same as the trisyllable. Words of five syllables, if accented on the first, seldom have less than three accented syllables and never have less than two.

When a pause separates two syllables, each syllable may receive the accent. In that case the pause fills the place of a syllable.

When a verse, or a section of a verse, begins with an accent, that accent should be a strong, not a weak one.

There is no word, however, so unimportant, that it may not be accented if the rhythm requires it. The article may, and does, receive accent. The rule, however, is that qualifying words, as adjectives, adverbs, and others of the same class, receive a fainter accent than the words qualified.

In Will Carleton's "The Burning of Chicago," we have a fine illustration. Notice the fine effect of the compound words and how nicely the accent falls. The measure is anapestic. The first four lines of the stanza are anapestic trimeter. The remaining ten lines are anapestic hexameter. We give the third stanza as follows :

'T wăs nīght ĭn thĕ sīn-bŭrdĕned cītў,
Thĕ tūrbŭlĕnt, vīce-lădĕn cītў,
Thĕ sīn-cŏmpăssed, rōgue-hăŭntĕd cītў,
Thŏugh Queēn ŏf thĕ Nŏrth ănd thĕ Wēst.
Ănd lōw ĭn thĕir cāves ŏf pŏllŭtĭŏn greăt bēasts ŏf hŭmănĭtў
    grŏwled ;
Ănd ōvĕr hĭs mōnĕy-strĕwn tāblĕ thĕ gāmblĕr bĕnt fiērcelў, ănd
    scōwled ;
Ănd mēn wĭth nŏ seēmĭng ŏf mănhoŏd, wĭth cōuntĕnănce flāmĭng
    ănd fĕll,
Drănk deēp frŏm thĕ fīre-lădĕn fōuntăins thăt sprīng frŏm thĕ
    rīvĕrs ŏf hĕll ;
Ănd mēn wĭth nŏ seēmĭng ŏf mănhoŏd, whŏ drēadĕd thĕ cōmĭng
    ŏf dāy,
Prŏwled, cāt-lĭke, fŏr bloōd-pŭrchăsed plūndĕr frŏm mēn whŏ
    wĕre bĕttĕr thăn thēy;
Ănd mēn wĭth nŏ seēmĭng ŏf mănhoŏd, whŏse dēarĕst-crăved glōrў
    wăs shāme,
Whŏse jōys wĕre thĕ sōrrŏws ŏf ōthĕrs, whŏse hārvĕsts wĕre ācrĕs
    ŏf flāme,
Slŭnk whĭspĕrĭng ănd lōw, ĭn thĕir cōrnĕrs, wĭth bōwĭe ănd pĭstŏl
    tĭght-prĕssed,
Ĭn rōgue-hăuntĕd, sĭn-cŭrsed Chĭcāgŏ, thŏugh Queēn ŏf thĕ Nōrth
    ănd thĕ Wēst.

The stanza is mixed by the introduction of an iambus in the first foot of each verse.

The words selected and accented in the preceeding chapter were selected for a two-fold purpose ; first, to show their fixed accents ; second, to illustrate meter, or measure.

Every primary measure in English poetry contains one syllable accented, and either one or two, that are unaccented. Accent may be on either the first, second or third syllable of the group, hence there are four complete and distinct primary meters in our modern poetic forms. In chapter two they were mentioned as iambic, trochaic, ana-

pestic and dactylic measures. Let us further illustrate and define them.

THE TROCHEE.

Two are composed of dissyllables ; as an example, the word hō-lў. Here we have the accent falling upon the first syllable, the second being unaccented. This word in poetry is called a trochee, and the verse composed in it would be termed trochaic. It is a classic foot and simply means a foot of two syllables, the first accented, the second un-accented.

THE IAMBUS.

Let us next take the word rĕ-wārd. Here we find the accent is placed upon the second syllable, instead of the first. In poetry this word is termed an iambus, a classic foot, signifying a foot of two syllables, the first unaccented, the second accented. Verse written in this measure is termed iambic.

The songs and satires of the ancient classics were written in this measure. We have, then, two dissyllabic meters, the trochaic and the iambic. The greater part of our entire verse is written in one or the other of these measures.

The iambic measure is suited for grave and dignified subjects. The poetry written in this measure cannot well be enumerated. Three-fourths of our modern verse, we feel safe in saying, is written in iambic meter. The trochaic is an elegant foot. It has a faster movement than the iambic. It moves lightly and with a brisk trip. It is not encumbered by an extra syllable, as its sister foot, the dactyl. The trochee and iambus are interchangeable.

THE DACTYL.

Of trisyllabic feet we have two that are primary. The first is the dactyl, the second the anapest. Both are classic feet. Let us take the word bēau-tĭ-fŭl. Here the accent falls upon the first syllable, the second and third being unaccented. This is the dactyl. This meter or foot is called the dactylic, and signifies a meter having the first foot accented, and the other feet unaccented.

THE ANAPEST.

Let us next take the word fĭn-ăn-ciēr. Here we have a word with the accent falling upon the final syllable. This is termed in verse an anapest. Verse written in this measure is termed anapestic. It signifies in poetry a measure having the first two syllables unaccented, the last accented.

The trisyllabic measures are often substituted one for another and like the dissyllabic they are interchangeable. They are also interchangeable with the spondee.

These four primary measures are those most in use. The trisyllabic measures are more difficult to use than the dissyllabic, although the dactyl is termed the flowing measure of poetry. It is capable of many results, and much beautiful verse is written in the dactylic.

We have then four separate and distinct measures, which are termed primary, as follows:

The Trochaic,	— ‿
The Iambic,	‿ —
The Dactylic,	— ‿ ‿
The Anapestic,	‿ ‿ —

The substitution of these feet denominated primary, where one foot is substituted for another frequently, gives rise to what is known and termed mixed measure.

We shall now illustrate the four measures by a specimen of verse written in each kind. The following is a trochaic. The stanza is the eight and seven syllabled trochaic verse; a twelve line stanza, the second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines rhyming.

> Whēn thĕ hūmĭd shādŏws hŏvĕr
> Ŏvĕr āll thĕ stārrȳ sphēres,
> Ānd thĕ mēlănchŏlȳ dārknĕss
> Gēntlȳ weēps ĭn rāinȳ tēars,
> Whāt ă blĭss tŏ prēss thĕ pĭllŏw
> Ŏf ă cŏttăge-chāmbĕr bĕd,
> Ānd tŏ lĭstĕn tō thĕ pāttĕr
> Ŏf thĕ sŏft răin ōvĕrhēad !
>
> *Coates Kinney*—"Rain on the Roof."

Our next stanza is an iambic six line stanza.

> Yĕs ! beār thĕm tō thĕir rēst ;
> Thĕ rōsȳ bābe, tĭred wīth thĕ glāre ŏf dāy,
> Thĕ prāttlĕr, fāllĕn ăsleēp e'ĕn īn hĭs plāy ;
> Clăsp thĕm tŏ thȳ sŏft breāst,
> Ŏ nīght !
> Blĕss thĕm ĭn drēams wĭth ā deĕp, hūshed dĕlīght.
>
> *G. W. Bethune*—"Hymn to Night."

This stanza contains six lines, the first and fourth are iambic trimeters ; the second, third, and sixth iambic lines of ten syllables, or pentameters, and the fifth a fine specimen of the iambic monometer, a verse of two syllables.

The next stanza is composed of dactyls, and known as dactylic measure :

> Cōme tŏ mĕ, deārĕst, Ĭ'm lōnelȳ wĭthōut theĕ,
> Dāy-tĭme ănd nĭght-tĭme, Ĭ'm thĭnkĭng ăbōut theĕ ;
> Nĭght-tĭme ănd dāy-tĭme, ĭn drēams Ĭ bĕhōld theĕ ;
> Ŭnwēlcŏme thĕ wākĭng whĭch cēasĕs tŏ fōld theĕ.

Cŏme tŏ mĕ, dārlĭng, mў sōrrŏws tŏ līghtĕn.
Cōme ĭn thў bēaùtў tŏ blēss ănd tŏ brīghtĕn ;
Cōme ĭn thў wōmănhoŏd, mēeklў ănd lōwlў,
Cōme ĭn thў lōvĭngnĕss qūeenlў ănd hōlў.
            Joseph Brennan—"Come to Me, Dearest."

This is a stanza of eight lines, dactylic tetrameter, with the exception of the fourth verse, which is a pure line or verse of amphibrachic tetrameter, a secondary foot substituted for the dactylic, with a truly pleasing effect.

Our next stanza is anapestic.

'T ĭs thĕ voīce ŏf thĕ slūggărd ; Ĭ hēard hĭm cŏmplāin,
Yoŭ hăve wāk'd mĕ toŏ soōn, Ĭ mŭst slūmbĕr ăgaīn.
Ăs thĕ doōr ŏn ĭts hīngĕs, sŏ hē ŏn hĭs bĕd,
Tŭrns hĭs sīdes, ănd hĭs shōuldĕrs, ănd hīs hĕavў hēad.
            Dr. Isaac Watts—"The Sluggard."

A four line stanza of anapestic tetrameter.

In addition to the measures which we have termed primary, the ancients had other measures denominated secondary measures. They are frequently introduced into verse to relieve monotony, as well as allowing the writer freer scope. They are also unconsciously introduced by writers fervent with the passion of the subject or theme, and give grace and style. They are three in number.

The Spondee, a foot of two accented syllables ; as, prāise Gōd, vāin wōrld, poōr mān. A verse in this foot or meter is termed spondaic.

An Amphibrach is a poetic foot consisting of three syllables, the first and last syllables unaccented, the middle accented ; as, cŏnsīdĕr, trănspōrtĕd.

A Cretic, or Amphimacer, a poetic foot, the first syllable accented, the second unaccented, and the third, accented ; as, wīn-dŏw-sāsh, wīnd-ĭng-sheēt, līfe-ĕs-tāte.

The dissyllabic feet then, are three in number, as follows :

    The Trochee — ⌣
    The Iambus ⌣ —
    The Spondee — —

The trisyllabic are four in number, as follows :

 The Anapest ⌣ ⌣ —   The Amphibrach ⌣ — ⌣
 The Dactyl — ⌣ ⌣   The Cretic — ⌣ —

Coleridge, in "A Lesson for a Boy," exemplified these seven feet :

  Trōcheĕ trĭps frŏm lōng tŏ shōrt ;
  Frŏm lōng tŏ lōng ĭn sōlĕmn sōrt
  Slōw Spōndeĕ stālks ; strŏng foōt ! yĕt ĭll-ăblĕ
  Ēvĕr tŏ cōme ŭp wĭth Dāctўl trĭsўllăblĕ.
  Ĭāmbĭcs mārch frŏm shōrt tŏ lŏng :—
  Wĭth ă leāp ănd ă boūnd thĕ swĭft Ānăpĕsts thrōng ;
  Onĕ sўllăblĕ lōng, wĭth ŏne shōrt ăt ĕach sīde,
  Ămphībrăchўs hāstes wĭth ă statēlў strĭde ;
  Fīrst ănd lāst bēĭng lōng, mĭddlĕ shōrt, Āmphĭmācĕr
  Strīkes hĭs thūndĕrĭng hoōfs, līke ă proūd hĭgh-brĕd rācĕr.

Where a verse or line consists wholly of one kind of feet, it is termed pure. If a verse consists of nothing but iambuses, it would be a pure iambic verse ; if no foot but the trochee, a trochaic ; if no foot but the anapest, anapestic ; if dactyls compose the entire line, the line is termed dactylic rhythm.

  Thĕ prōpĕr stūdў ōf mănkĭnd ĭs mān.
       Pope.

This verse, as will be seen by scansion, is iambic pentameter ; *viz*, a ten syllabled line of iambuses.

Blĕssĭngs ŏn theĕ, lĭttlĕ mān,
Barēfoŏt bōy, wĭth cheēk ŏf tān !
                    Whittier—" The Barefoot Boy."

This poem is seven syllabled trochaic rhythm.

In "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," by
William Knox we have a poem written in pure anapestic
rhythm save the first foot, which is an iambus.

Thĕ hānd ŏf thĕ kĭng, thăt thĕ scēptrĕ hăth bōrne ;
Thĕ brōw ŏf thĕ prĭest, thăt thĕ mĭtrĕ hăth wōrn ;
Thĕ ēye ŏf thĕ sāge, ănd thĕ heārt ŏf thĕ brăve,—
Arĕ hĭddĕn ănd lōst ĭn thĕ dēpths ŏf thĕ grāve.

These two lines from the same poem are pure anapestic
tetrameter :

Tŏ thĕ lĭfe wĕ arĕ clĭngĭng, thĕy, ālsŏ, wŏuld clĭng ;
Bŭt ĭt speēds fŏr ŭs āll, lĭke ă bĭrd ŏn thĕ wĭng.

The anapestic measure is a very capable one, smooth
flowing and strong.   It is alike suitable for the more serious
thoughts of life, as well as, some that are exceedingly mirth-
ful.   Brete Harte has adopted this meter in very many of
the quaint, mirth-provoking poems which he has written.

For an illustration of the dactylic, we have taken a
stanza from Tennyson's " Charge of the Light Brigade : "

" Fōrwărd, thĕ Lĭght Brĭgāde ! "
Wās thĕre ă mān dĭsmāyed ?
Nōt thŏugh thĕ sōldiĕr knĕw
        Sōme onĕ hăd blūndĕred :
Thēirs nŏt tŏ māke rĕplȳ,
Thēirs nŏt tŏ rēasŏn whȳ,
Thēirs bŭt tŏ dō ănd dĭe :
Intŏ thĕ vāllĕy ŏf Deāth,
        Rōde thĕ sĭx hūndrĕd.

This is a fine specimen of dactylic dimeter, mixed with trochees and anapests.

The more pure these several measures are preserved, the more complete and perfect the chime of the verse, which should in every instance be as pure and smooth flowing as it is in the power of the writer to make it. Where, however, verse becomes monotonous, it is well to substitute some other foot. Verse is truly beautiful where these substitutions are made, as—

> Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime—
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into softness, now madden to crime?
> Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
> And the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom?
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute?
> Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
> And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
> 'T is the land of the East—'t is the clime of the sun—
> Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
> Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
> Are the hearts that they bear, and the tales that they tell.
>
> *Byron*—"Bride of Abydos."

Few prettier lines have ever been written in trisyllabic verse than these lines. Note how smoothly flowing the rhythm ; how the measures mix and commingle together. It will be seen that the first line is dactylic ; second, anapestic, first foot being iambic ; third, anapestic. The stanza is anapestic rhythm, that being the prevailing primary foot.

CHAPTER V.

OF RHYTHM.

POETRY being the polite literature of the world, much of its beauty necessarily depends upon how it is written. No matter how beautiful the thought, it must still depend upon how that thought is arranged. To be able to tell at a glance the measure and rhythm of poetry is worth the effort of all classes, especially all readers who enjoy and love that literature that springs from the cathedral of the human heart. Musical notes properly arranged by the hand of a master, give joy to the listener. There is music that lulls to rest. There is music that curdles the blood. There is music that is awe inspiring. There is music that breathes of love. There is rhythm in music. There is rhythm in poetry, the kindred art. How much poetry depends upon rhythm let James Montgomery, a master spirit tell us : '' How much the power of poetry depends upon the nice inflections of rhythm alone, may be proved by taking the finest passages of Milton or Shakespeare, and merely putting them into prose with the least possible variation of the words themselves. The attempt would be like gathering up dewdrops which appear jewels and pearls on the grass, but run into water in the hands ; the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle and the form are gone.''   30

Poetry originates in the enjoyment of equality and fitness. Rhythm, meter, rhyme, stanza, alliteration, and other analogous effects are employed in the moods of verse. Many fail to make any distinction between meter and rhythm. Meter is the arrangement of poetic feet, or of accented and unaccented syllables into verse. Rhythm signifies the character of the feet thus arranged, as,

> Ŏh ! Ĭt wăs pītĭfŭl !
> Nēar ă whŏle cĭtў fŭll,
> Hōme shĕ hăd nōne.
> *Hood*—" The Bridge of Sighs."

This is termed dactylic rhythm, a dactylic dimeter, it being a line or measure consisting of two dactyls ; thus, a line composed of iambuses, anapests, trochees, and dactyls, being primary feet, would be termed iambic rhythm, anapestic rhythm, trochaic rhythm, dactylic rhythm.

Every reader of poetry has observed that it seldom happens that verse proceeds uniformly with a succession of absolutely equal feet ; namely, with a regular succession of trochees, iambuses, spondees, dactyls, amphibrachys, cretics or anapests only. The most musical lines are often interrupted in the succession and are varied by the introduction of other feet. Trochees are substituted for iambuses ; anapests, amphibrachys, dactyls; spondees and cretics are substituted one for an other. These feet may be termed equivalents, for the feet are of the same length, in other words, where they are of the same number of accented and unaccented syllables.

We find trochees at the beginning of a verse we term iambic, where the iambus is the prevailing foot, denoting that the rhythm is in its character iambic. We also frequently find anapests in a line that is iambic rhythm;

trochees are interrupted by the dactyl ; dactyls are inter-
rupted or interspersed with the amphibrachys or some other
trisyllabic foot. It is allowable thus to vary the verse, if
the time and melody of the line be preserved. The time
and the melody of the verse are often rendered more
harmonious by the substitution of the trisyllabic foot for the
dissyllabic, or the dissyllabic foot for the trisyllabic ; or, in
other words, the substitution of one foot for another, where
there is still preserved harmony in the sound, or where the
substituted foot is equal to, or amounts to an equivalent.
Pure dactylic stanzas are rare. Anapestic stanzas are seldom
pure ; and even the trochaic and iambic rhythms, although
purer than other rhythms are interspersed with spondees,
anapests, dactyls, or some other foot.

The classics were pleased to term the substitution of the
trisyllabic for the dissyllabic foot, an irrational foot.

In the iambic measure we more frequently find a spondee
or an anapest substituted for the iambus ; in a trochaic foot
we more frequently find the dactyl as a substitute ; in the
dactylic foot, the trochee, the spondee, the amphibrach and
the cretic. In these substitutions equality should be main-
tained.

CHAPTER VI.

OF SCANSION.

SCANNING or scansion of vèrse, is critically to examine and resolve it into poetic feet. Should there be a syllable wanting to complete the measure of a line, the foot is imperfect, and the line is said to be catalectic.

Where there is a syllable over at the end of the line it is said to be hypermeter, or redundant. When, however, the line is found to be neither deficient nor redundant, it is said to be acatalectic. We have seen that meter is a system employed in the formation of verses. Meter depends not only on the character of the feet employed, but likewise on the number of feet employed in the formation of the line or verse. We have, therefore, several varieties of meter or measure, determined by the number of poetic feet the line contains, as :

A monometer, or a line composed of one foot.

> 'Tĭs tīme !

A d.meter, a line óf two feet.

> Thĕ twilĭght fālls.

A trimeter, a line of three feet.

> Thĕ ēvenĭng shādes ăppēar.

A tetrameter, a line of four feet.

> Nŏ littlĕ stārs shīne oūt tŏ-nīght.

A pentameter, a line of five feet.

> Hŏw glād tŏ feēl thăt jŏyoŭs nīght ĭs hēre.

A hexameter, a line of six feet.

> Cŏme hāste ! ănd 'mīd thĕ dārknĕss fleē ăwāy, ăwāy !

A heptameter, a line of seven feet.   •

> Erĕ soōn ăgāin thĕ līght ŏf stīll ănōthĕr tĕll-tăle dāy.

An octometer, a line of eight feet.

> Ĭ hēar thĕ soūnd ŏf hoōf ăfār ! Tŏ ārms ! Tŏ ārms !
> 'Tĭs wār ! 'Tĭs wār ! ·

Lines in this measure, written in trochees or in iambuses are usually too lengthy for the ordinary page, hence, are frequently written in tetrameter.

It is more important in writing poetry to preserve the same number of accents in lines of like measure than the same number of syllables. An exception to this rule is in our ballad measure, where feet of three syllables are some-times intermingled with the ordinary feet of two syllables. The redundant syllable in that case should be unaccented and devoid of stress, and capable of being pronounced rapidly. The time of the trisyllabic foot and the time of the dissyllabic foot should be equal. Each syllable should be pronounced distinctly, but with greater rapidity. Our best writers prefer the use of words in their natural state, to words used as follows: flowers to flow'rs, silvery to silv'ry, glistening to glist'ning, murmuring to murm'ring, th' for the, i' for in, a' for an. We have here a stanza from Whittier.

Ănd Ī| ŏbēdĭ̆nt tō |hȳ will,
  Hăve cōmĕ ă sĭmp|ĕ wrēath tŏ lāy,
Sŭpērflŭŏŭs, 'ŏn ă grăve'thăt still
  Ĭs swēēt wĭth'āll thĕ flŏwers ŏf Māy.
                                "Sumner."

From Longfellow :

    Thōu hăst taūght mĕ, Sīlĕnt Rīvĕr !
      Mānȳ ă lĕssŏn, deēp ănd lōng ;
    Thōu hăst beēn ă gĕnerŏus gĭvĕr ;
      Ī căn gīve theĕ būt ă sōng.
                  "To the River Charles."

From Willis :

    Brĭght flāg̣' ăt yŏndĕr tāperĭng māst !
    Flĭng ōut yŏur fiĕld ŏf āzurĕ blūe ;
    Lĕt stār ănd strĭpe bĕ wĕstwărd cāst,
    Ănd poĭnt ăs freēdŏm's ēaglĕ flēw !
    Străin hōme ! Ŏh, lĭthe ănd quĭverĭng spārs !
    Poĭnt hōme, mȳ coūntrȳ's flāg ŏf stārs !
                "Lines on Leaving Europe."

From Tennyson : .

    Bĕgĭns̀ thĕ clāsh ănd clāng thăt tĕlls
      Thĕ jŏy tŏ ēverȳ wāndering breēze ;
    Thĕ blĭnd wăll rŏcks, ănd ōn thĕ treēs
    Thĕ dēad lĕaf trĕmblĕs tŏ thĕ bĕlls.
                    "In Memoriam."

In the first stanza, the words ŏbēdĭĕnt, sŭpērflŭŏŭs and
flowers are used by the writer making lines of nine
syllables, instead of syncopating the words ; in the
second stanza, mānȳ a, and gĕnerŏus, not gen'rous ; in the
third, tāperĭng and quĭverĭng are used and not syncopated ;
in the fourth stanza, ēvery and wāndering are used in their
full form instead of being contracted to the forms ev'ry and
wand'ring as is often the case in some poems. Elision and

syncope, as a rule is no longer in use where it can be avoided, nevertheless, it is true, in some cases it is a help to the writer, and lends a charm to the rhythm.

Time is essentially the basis of all true rhythm, and true rhythm is in fact frequently destroyed to the cultivated ear by the syncopation of words that properly belong in the line, and that only need to be spoken in quicker time, which the ear is always ready to recognize. Not only is the ear offended, but the eye, that other organ that enables us to perceive the beauty of written verse.

POETIC PAUSES.

In addition to the regular pauses that occur in the verse or line of poetry, there are other pauses, known as the cesural, and the final pause. The Cesural pause is a natural suspension of the voice, which occurs in the verse, and is readily perceived when the verse is properly read. It is found in long lines, and usually occurs about the middle of the line. The art of the poet is shown in making these pauses occur where the thought requires them. Iambic pentameters usually have the cesural pause come after the fourth or fifth syllables. In Alexandrine, or iambic hexameter, the cesural pause usually occurs after the third foot. Two or more cesurals may sometimes occur in the same line. The cesura is indicated by two parallel lines ; thus, ||.

The final pause occurs at the end of every poetic line, and should always be observed in reading, even when not required by the grammatical construction.

We have selected the following lines from Pope, to illustrate the position of the cesura. Pope's ear was exceedingly accurate in matters of euphony, and the cesural pause

usually occurs after the fourth or fifth syllable in his verse or line. Observe their position in the following lines :

> Bŭt mōst bў nūmbĕrs ‖ jūdge ă pōĕt's sōng,
> Ănd smoōth ŏr roūgh, ‖ wĭth thēm, ĭs rīght or wrōng ;
> Thĕse ēquăl sȳllăblĕs ‖ ălōne rĕquīre,
> Thŏ' ŏft thĕ ēar ‖ thĕ ōpĕn vōwĕls tīre ;
> Whĭle ēxplĕtīvĕs ‖ thĕir feēblĕ aīd dŏ jōin ;
> Ănd tēn lŏng wōrds ‖ ŏft creēp ĭn onē dŭll līne :
> Whĭle thēy rĭng roūnd ‖ thĕ sāme ŭnvāriĕd chīmes,
> Wĭth sūre rĕtūrns ‖ ŏf stīll rĕcūrrĭng rhȳmes ;
> Whĕre 'ēr yŏu fĭnd ‖ ' thĕ coōlĭng wĕstĕrn breēze,'
> Ĭn thē nĕxt līne ‖ ĭt ' whīspĕrs thrōugh thĕ treēs : '
> Ĭf crȳstăl streāms ‖ 'wĭth pleāsĭng mūrmŭrs creēp,'
> Thĕ rēadĕr's thrēat'nĕd ‖—nŏt ĭn vāin—wĭth ' sleēp.'
> Thĕn āt thĕ lāst ‖ ănd ōnlȳ coūplĕt, frāught
> Wĭth sōme ŭnmēanĭng thĭng ‖ thĕy cāll ă thōught,
> Ă neēdlĕss Ālĕxāndrīne ‖ ēnds thĕ sōng,
> Thăt, like ă woūndĕd snāke, ‖ drăgs ĭts slŏw lēngth ălōng.
> Lĕave sūch tŏ tūne ‖ thĕir ōwn dŭll rhȳmes, tŏ knōw
> Whăt's roūndlȳ smooth, ‖ ŏr lānguĭshinglȳ slōw;
> Ănd prāise thĕ ēasȳ vĭgŏr ‖ ŏf ă line
> Whĕre Dēnhăm's strēngth ‖ ănd Wāllĕr's sweētnĕss jōin.
> Trŭe ēase ĭn wrītĭng ‖ cōmes frŏm ārt, nŏt chānce,
> Ăs thōse mŏve ēasīĕst ‖ whō hăve leārned tŏ dānce.
> 'T ĭs nŏt ĕnōugh ‖ nŏ hārshnĕss gives ŏffēnse,
> Thĕ soūnd mŭst seēm ăn ēchŏ ‖ tō thĕ sēnse.
> "Essay on Criticism."

Let us take next an iambic hexameter by William Wordsworth.

> Thĕ dēw wăs fāllĭng fāst, ‖ thĕ stārs bĕgān tŏ blĭnk ;
> Ĭ heārd ă voīce ; ĭt sāid, ‖ " Drĭnk, prĕttȳ crēaturĕ, drĭnk ! "
> Ănd, loōkĭng ō'er thĕ hēdge, ‖ bĕfore mĕ Ī ĕspīed
> Ă snōw-whĭte moūntăin lāmb, ‖ wĭth ă māidĕn āt ĭts sīde.

It will be observed the pause occurs after the third foot. It is difficult to lay down absolute rules for the use of the cesura in English poetry. In a decasyllable line, it may occur after any foot, and it is by shifting its place, that verse is rendered less monotonous. In shorter poems, especially of the amatory or lyric nature, it generally falls midway in the line or verse. The cesura should not divide a word ; neither should it separate an adjective and its noun ; nor an adverb and verb, when in either case, the latter immediately follows the former. The cesura is also counted a foot in poetry.

A single emphatic syllable is used frequently in variegated forms of verse, and when thus taken by itself it is termed a cesura. To illustrate, let us take a stanza in iambic rhythm —iambic trimeter :

> Breāk, breāk, breāk.
> Ŏn thў cōld grăy stōnes, Ŏ sēa !
> Ănd Ĭ woūld thăt mў tōngue coŭld ŭttĕr
> .Thĕ thōughts thăt ărīse ĭn mē.
> > *Tennyson*—" Break, Break, Break."

We select the following stanza. It is trochaic rhythm, one of the best of a fastidious poet's productions. Nothing in its line has ever excelled it. We give the second stanza :

> Hĕar thĕ mēllŏw wĕddĭng bēlls,
> > Gōldĕn bēlls !
> Whāt ă wōrld ŏf hāppĭnĕss theĭr hārmŏnў fŏretēlls !
> Throūgh thĕ bālmў āir ŏf nĭght,
> Hōw thĕy rīng ŏut theĭr dĕlīght !
> Frōm thĕ mōltĕn gōldĕn nōtes,
> > Ănd ăll ĭn tūne,
> Whāt ă liquĭd dĭttў flōats

Tō thĕ tŭrtlĕ-dōve thăt lĭstĕns, whĭle shĕ glōats
    Ŏn thĕ moōn !
Ŏh, frŏm ōut thĕ sōundĭng cēlls,
Whăt ă gŭsh ŏf eūphŏnȳ vŏlūmĭnoūslȳ wĕlls !
    Hōw ĭt swēlls !
    Hōw ĭt dwēlls
  Ŏn thĕ Fūtŭre ! hōw ĭt tēlls
  Ŏf thĕ rāptŭre thăt ĭmpēls
 Tō thĕ swĭngĭng ānd thĕ rĭngĭng
  Ŏf thĕ bēlls, bēlls, bēlls.
 Ŏf thĕ bēlls, bēlls, bēlls, bēlls,
   Bēlls, bēlls, bēlls,—
Tō thĕ rhȳmĭng ānd thĕ chīmĭng ōf thĕ bēlls.

                    Poe—"The Bells."

CHAPTER VII.

OF RHYME.

Sŏme rhȳme ă neīghbŏr's nāme tŏ lāsh ;
Sŏme rhȳme [văin thōught !] fŏr neēdfŭ' cāsh ;
Sŏme rhȳme tŏ cōurt thĕ coūntrȳ clāsh,
    Ănd māke ă pūn ;
Fŏr mē, ăn āim Ĭ nēvĕr fāsh—
    Ĭ rhȳme fŏr fūn.
                Burns—"To James Smith."

RHYME in poetry is of ancient origin. It was brought in by the Gothic conquerors during the middle ages. Some Latin poetry rhymed as early as 500 A. D. It can hardly be considered the invention of any race or age. It is universal, like music, painting, and the sister arts. Since its first use it has steadily gained favor, until it is now the popular form of poetic expression. Alliteration was the common form of the Anglo-Saxon poetry ; it had no other ornament. Although no longer a regular constituent of English verse, alliteration is of frequent occurrence in modern poetry. In its most usual sense, rhyme is a correspondence of sound in the last syllables of two or more lines, succeeding each other immediately, or at no great distance. It is used to mark the ends of lines, or verses, of poetry. Rhyme depends upon the sound, and not upon the spelling. To make a perfect rhyme it is necessary that the syllables be both accented. It is

also necessary that the vowel sounds be the same ; that the sounds following the vowel sounds be the same ; that the sounds preceding the vowel sounds be different. Good and stood, talk and walk, code and ode, dodge and lodge, plod and odd, toil and boil, all are perfect rhymes. We give a stanza from the famous national hymn of France ·

> Yĕ sōns ŏf Frānce, ăwāke tŏ glōrў !
> Hărk ! Hārk ! Whăt mўrĭăds bĭd yoŭ rīse !
> Yoŭr chīldrĕn, wīves, ănd grāndsĭres hōarў,
> Bĕhōld thĕir tēars ănd hēar thĕir crīes.
> *Rouget de Lisle*—" The Marseilles Hymn."

Here the first and third lines have a redundant syllable. Here the first and third lines have the common sound of "ory," in the first line being preceded by the consonants "gl," in the third by the consonant "h." The second and fourth lines have the common sound "ise," the second line being preceded by the consonant "r," and the fourth by the consonants "cr." Rhyme is not always the correspondence of sounds in the terminating or final syllables of two lines or verses. The lines may end with words that are spelled differently, and that may be entirely different in their meaning, yet, they may have an exact correspondence of sound ; as peak, pique, and peek ; also raze, raise, and rays. These words would not form rhymes, there being a sameness of the initial consonants. Should the initial consonants be changed, we shall have words that make perfect rhymes, as the following :

> Fōr thĕ strūctŭre thāt wĕ rāise,
> Tīme ĭs wīth mătĕrĭăls fĭlled ;
> Ōur tŏ-dāys ănd yēstĕrdāys
> Āre thĕ blōcks wĭth which wĕ buīld.
> *Longfellow*—" The Builders."

The common sound "aise," "ays" here have the initial
consonants "r" and "d" different, and hence form a
perfect rhyme. It is an absolute rule that no syllable should
rhyme with itself. Rhyme always speaks to the ear and not
to the eye. Perfect rhymes are pleasing to the ear and not
a mere ornament. All people who have adopted an
accented rhythm have adopted rhyme. Rhyme marks and
helps us find the accent, and strengthens and supports
rhythm.

We have in poetry various kinds of rhymes. They may
be denominated, alliteration, assonantal, consonantal, mas-
culine, feminine, triple, middle, sectional, inverse and task or
odd rhymes.

ALLITERATION.

As we have already seen, alliteration was an old form of
Anglo-Saxon verse, which was simply rhyme at the begin-
ning of the word instead of at its ending. It was the dis-
tinctive characteristic of all the Gothic meters. Poems
continued to be written in English, the verse of which was
merely alliterative, down to the time of the sixteenth century.
The taste, however, that introduced rhyme rejected alliter-
ation to a very great extent, and its use began to decline.
Chaucer was the first English poet particularly to discard it
for rhyme, and hence, might be termed the father of
English rhyme. While the recurrence of the same sound
gave pleasure and satisfaction to the sense, slight, it is
true, still one that was perceptible enough ; yet, there can
be but little doubt, that the affectation displayed in crowding
every line with alliteration, by which inappropriate words
were often introduced, not unfrequently obscuring the
sense and offending the taste, led to its disuse. Alliteration

is, however, still much used in modern verse. There is a tendency in our nature to form recurring sounds ; hence alliteration is frequently produced without any set design ; and it is frequently so sparingly and unobtrusively introduced, that many readers of poetry are gratified by the graceful use of alliteration, though not aware to what source their gratification is owing.

We give the following from a poem of Thomas W. Parsons :

> Sĕptĕmbĕr strēws thĕ woōdlănd ō'er
>   Wĭth mãny ă brĭlliănt cōlŏr ;
> Thĕ wōrld ĭs brĭghtĕr thān bĕfōre, ·
>   Whȳ shōuld oŭr hēarts bĕ dūllĕr ?
> Sōrrŏw ānd thĕ scārlĕt lēaf,
>   Săd thōughts ănd sūnnȳ wēathĕr.
> Ăh mē ! Thĭs glōrȳ ānd thĭs grĭēf
>   Ăgreē nŏt wēll tŏgēthĕr.
>
> > "A Song for September."

This is an iambic tetrameter, the second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines redundant.

We give the following, an iambic tetrameter :

> Wărm brōke thĕ breēze ăgāinst thĕ brŏw,
>   Drȳ sāng thĕ tācklĕ, sāng thĕ sāil :
> Thĕ Lādȳ's-heād ŭpōn thĕ prŏw
>   Caŭght thē shrĭll sālt, ănd sheēred thĕ gāle.
> Thĕ brōad sĕas swēlled tŏ meēt thĕ keēl,
>   Ănd swēpt bĕhĭnd : sŏ quĭck thĕ rūn,
> Wĕ fĕlt thĕ goŏd shĭp shāke ănd reēl,
>   Wĕ seēmed tŏ sāil ĭntō thĕ Sūn !
>
> > *Tennyson*—"The Voyage."

We select this stanza from the Quaker poet. The first and fourth lines, iambic tetrameter, the third and fourth, iambic dimeter, with a redundant syllable.

Shĕ sāt bĕnēath thĕ brōad-ărmed ēlms
Thăt skīrt thĕ mōwĭng-mēadŏw,
Ănd wātched thĕ gēntlĕ wēst-wĭnd wēave
Thĕ grāss wĭth shīne ănd shădŏw.
Whittier—"Among the Hills."

Ŏlāf, thĕ Kīng, ŏne sūmmĕr mōrn,
Blĕw ā blăst ōn hĭs būglĕ-hōrn.
Longfellow—"The Saga of King Olaf."

Sōngfŭl, sōulfŭl, sōrrŏwfŭl Ĭrelănd !
Lanier—"Ireland."

ASSONANTAL.

Assonantal rhyme is the correspondence of the vowels at the end of two lines. Such rhymes are not very frequent in our modern English verse. Rhyme by what is termed similar sound, or allowable rhymes are considered intolerable at the present time. In assonance, while the vowels of the last accented syllable and in all subsequent syllables are the same, the consonants must all be different. Formerly it was allowable to rhyme heels with fields, town with round, ask with blast, but such usage is no longer indulged in by finished writers.

There may be found an occasional perfect assonantal rhyme, as :

Ĭ īn thĕse flōwerȳ mēads woŭld bē,
Thĕse crȳstăl strēams shoŭld sōlăce mē ;
Tŏ whōse hărmōnioŭs būbblĭng nōise.
Ĭ, wĭth mȳ ānglĕ, woŭld rĕjoīce,
Sĭt hēre, ănd seē thĕ tūrtlĕ-dōve
Cŏurt hĭs chăste māte tŏ ācts ŏf lōve.
Izaak Walton—"The Angler's Wish."

The first two lines of this poem of true nature furnish us a fine specimen of the perfect assonantal rhyme in the words

" be " and " me." The final vowel " e " being the same, and the consonants " b " and " m " being different.

CONSONANTAL.

The last two lines of the above poem furnish us with a specimen of another kind of rhyme, by far the most common in English poetry. It is the consonantal rhyme, and is the correspondence of the vowel and the final consonant or consonants in the rhyming syllables. It will be seen that the consonants "d" and "l" in the rhyming words "dove" and "love" are different, while there is a perfect correspondence in the vowels and consonants "ove." The following stanza furnishes us with a fine example of the consonantal :

> Flŏw gĕntlў, sweĕt Āftŏn, ămōng thў greĕn brāes,
> Flŏw gēntlў, sweĕt rivĕr, thĕ thēme ŏf mў lāys;
> Mў Mārў's ăsleēp bў thў mūrmŭrĭng strēam,
> Flŏw gēntlў, sweĕt Āftŏn, dĭstūrb nŏt hĕr drēam.
> *Burns*—"Afton Water."

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

Masculine rhymes are single rhymes, like "braes" and "lays;" "stream" and "dream" in the last stanza. They constitute one accented syllable. They are to be distinguished from those rhymes that have an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one, the last two syllables of the line rhyming with the last two of its mate. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is a good specimen of what is described :

> Āt thĕ feet ŏf Lāughĭng Wātĕr
> Hiăwāthă lāid his būrdĕn,
> Thrēw thĕ rēd deĕr from his shōuldĕrs;

Ānd thĕ|māidĕn`loōked ŭp āt hĭm,
Loōked ŭp frōm hĕr māt ŏf rūshĕs,
Saīd wĭth gēntlĕ loōk ănd āccĕnt,
"Yōu ăre wēlcŏme Hĭăwāthă !"

The above selection from Longfellow is trochaic rhythm, tetrameter measure, with the feminine or double ending. The principal rhyming syllables are usually long. Double rhyme adds one short syllable. Triple rhyme, of which we shall next speak, two. Such syllables in iambic and anapestic verses are redundant ; in lines of any other · kind they are usually included in the measure.

TRIPLE.

Triple rhymes have three corresponding syllables ; as,

Căre, mād ţŏ seē ă mān 'săe happȳ,
E'ĕn drōwned hĭmsēlf ămăng thĕ năppȳ !
Ăs beēs fleĕ hăme wĭ' lădes ŏ' trĕăsūre,
Thĕ mĭnŭtĕs wīnged thĕir wăy wĭ' plĕasūre ;
Kĭngs māy bĕ blēst, bŭt Tăm wăs glŏ·rĭ-oŭs,
O'ĕr ā'ᵢthĕ cāres ŏ' ·life vĭc-tŏ-rĭ-oŭs. ·
                    Burns — "Tam O'Shanter."

This is an iambic tetrameter. All the lines are redundant, the fifth and sixth furnishing a fine example of triple rhyme.

MIDDLE.

Middle rhymes are a correspondence of sounds at the middle and the close of a verse. It occurs at the natural pause or suspension of the voice in the line, and serves to mark the two sections of the verse.

We give an example, an iambic tetrameter, the second and third lines redundant :

Thĕ splēndŏr fălls ŏn căstlĕ wălls
Ănd snōwў sūmmĭts ōld ĭn stōrў:
Thĕ lōng lĭght shākĕs ăcrōss thĕ lākes,
Ănd thĕ wĭld cătărăct lēaps ĭn glōrў.
              Tennyson—"The Princess."

It was said that Burns was the poet of the many, while Coleridge was the poet of the few. Coleridge was one of the most tasteful of writers and used the middle rhyme with pleasing effect in one of his finest poems—a poem written to help pay the expenses of a trip he and Wordsworth were taking together. He realized twenty-five dollars from its sale. Wordsworth suggested largely for it, and wrote some of its stanzas. We select three stanzas :

Ănd throūgh thĕ drĭfts thĕ snōwў clĭfts
    Dĭd sēnd ă dīsmăl sheēn :
Nŏr shāpes ŏf mēn nŏr bēasts wĕ kĕn—
    Thĕ īce wăs āll bĕtweēn.

Thĕ ice wăs hēre, thĕ īce wăs thēre,
    Thĕ īce wăs āll ăroūnd :
Ĭt crācked ănd grōwled, ănd rōared ănd hōwled,
    Lĭke nōisĕs in ă swoūnd !

Ăt lēngth dĭd crōss ăn Ālbătrōss:
    Throūgh thĕ fōg ĭt cāme ;
Ăs if ĭt hăd beēn ă Christĭan soūl,
    Wĕ hāiled ĭt in Gŏd's nāme.
Coleridge—"The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner."

Middle Rhyme in the hands of the skillful poet adds a charm and lends music to the rhythm. In the hands of those not skilled it is likely to be overdrawn.

SECTIONAL.

Sectional rhyme is akin to middle rhyme. It occurs in the line and exists between syllables of the same section ; as,

Lĭghtlў ănd brĭghtlў brēaks ăwāy
Thĕ mōrnĭng frōm hĕr māntlĕ grāy.
              Byron—"Siege of Corinth."

Thĕy rūshed ănd pūshed, ănd blūide ŏutgūshed.
              Burns—"Sheriff Muir."

But thēn tŏ seē hŏw yē're nĕglēckĭt,
Hŏw hūffed ăn' cūffed, ăn' dĭsrĕpēckĭt !
              Burns—"Twa Dogs."

Sŏ mīght, nŏt rīght, dĭd thrūst mĕ tŏ thĕ crōwn.
              Shakespeare—"Measure for Measure."

Ăll thīs dĕrīsiŏn
Shăll seēm ă drēam ănd frūitlĕss vīsiŏn.
              Shakespeare—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

Thĕn yē măy tēll, hŏw pēll ănd mēll,
Bў rēd clăymōres, ănd mūskĕts' knēll,
Wĭ' dўĭng yēll, thĕ tōrĭes fēll.
              Burns—"Sheriff Muir."

Whŏ cārĕth nŏr spārĕth tĭll spēnt hĕ hăth āll,
Ŏf bōbbĭng, nŏt rōbbĭng, bĕ fēarfŭl hĕ shăll.
              Thomas Tusser.

Nŏt fēarĭng nŏr cārĭng fŏr hēll nŏr fŏr hēavĕn.
              Thomas Tusser.

Rŏcks, cāves, lăkes, fēns, bŏgs, dēns ănd shādes ŏf dēath.
              Milton—"Paradise Lost."

Sŏ mănў ăs lōve mĕ, ănd ūse mĕ ărīght,
Wĭth trēasŭre ănd plēasŭre Ĭ rĭchlў rĕquīte.
Thomas Tusser.

INVERSE.

Inverse rhyme occurs between the last accented syllable before the cesura and the first accented syllable after the cesural pause. We have fine examples in the following :

Ăs Tămmĭe glŏw'rĕd, ămāzed ănd cūrĭoŭs,
Thĕ mĭrth ănd fūn grĕw făst ănd fūrĭoŭs ;
Thĕ pīpĕr *lōud* ănd *lōudĕr* blĕw ;
Thĕ dāncĕrs *qŭick* ănd *qŭickĕr* flĕw.
Burns—" Tam O'Shanter."

Sŏme, lūckў, fĭnd ă flōwĕrў spŏt,
Fŏr whĭch thĕy nēvĕr toĭled ŏr swāt ;
Thĕy drĭnk thĕ sweēt ănd eāt thĕ făt.
Burns—" To James Smith."

Whĕre wĭth ĭntēntiŏn Ĭ hăve ērred,
Nŏ ōthĕr plēa Ĭ hāve,
Bŭt, Thōu ărt goōd ; ănd goōdnĕss stīll
Dĕlĭghtĕth tō fŏrgīve.
Burns—"A Prayer."

Ŏ Hēndĕrsōn, thĕ mān—thĕ brōthĕr !
Ănd ărt thŏu gōne, ănd gōne fŏrēvĕr?
Burns—" Elegy on M. Henderson."

Lĕt Prūdĕnce blĕss Ĕnjōymĕnt's cūp,
Thĕn rāptŭred sĭp, ănd sĭp ĭt ūp.
Burns—Written in Friar's Carse Hermitage.

Yŏŭr beaūtў's ă flŏwer, ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng thăt blōws,
Ănd wĭthĕrs thĕ fāstĕr thĕ fāstĕr ĭt grōws.
>   . *Burns*—"Hey for a Lass."

Ŏh hăppў lŏve! whĕre lōve lĭke thīs ĭs fōund !
>   *Burns*—"Cotter's Saturday Night."

Cŏme ēase ŏr cŏme trăvaĭl, cŏme plēasŭre ŏr pāin,
Mў wărst wōrd ĭs: "Wēlcŏme ănd wēlcŏme ăgāin !"
>   *Burns*—"Contented Wi' Little."

TASK, OR ODD.

Under this head are some peculiar combinations of poetry which we shall give, known as task poetry, word-matching and curious lines of word accents. Task poetry is illustrated by a stanza of George Herbert's. The task is dropping the first letter of the last two words of the second and third lines of the triplet :

> Ĭnclōse mĕ stĭll, fŏr fēar Ĭ stărt,
> Bĕ tō mĕ răthĕr shărp ănd tărt,
> Thăn lēt mĕ wănt thў hānd ănd ārt.

> Sŭch shărpnĕss shōws thĕ sweētĕst frĭend,
> Sŭch cūttĭngs răthĕr hēal thăn rĕnd,
> Ănd sŭch bĕgĭnnĭngs tŏuch thĕir ēnd.

The following curious distich is formed of three lines of the fragments of words, so that the middle ones read with either of the other two :

```
    curs   f—    w—       d—    dis— and p—
A   —ed  iend—rought   —eath  —ease  —ain.
  bless—  fr—   b—       br-   and     ag—
```

Ă cūrsĕd fiēnd wrŏught dēath, dĭsēase ănd pāin ;
Ă blēssĕd friēnd brŏught brēath ănd ēase ăgāin.

Dr. Holmes has given us an example in an "Ode for a Social Meeting ; With Slight Alterations by a Teetotaler."

Cŏme ! fĭll ă frĕsh būmpĕr,— fŏr whȳ shoŭld wĕ gō
    lōgwŏŏd
Whĭle thĕ ~~nēctăr~~ stĭll rēddĕns ŏur cūps ăs thĕy flōw ?
    dĕcōctiŏn
Pŏur ōut thĕ ~~rĭch jūicĕs,~~ stĭll brīght wĭth thĕ sūn,
       dȳe-stŭff
Tĭll ō'er thĕ brĭmmed crȳstăl thĕ ~~rūbĭĕs~~ shăll rūn

    hălf-rĭpĕned ăpplĕs
Thĕ ~~pūrplĕ-glōbed-clŭstĕrs~~ thĕir life-dĕws hăve blĕd ;
      tāste   sūgăr ŏf lēad
Hŏw sweēt ĭs thĕ ~~brēath~~ ŏf thĕ ~~frăgrănce thĕy shĕd !~~

    rănk pōisŏns   wīnes ! ! !
Fŏr sūmmĕr's ~~lăst rōsĕs~~ līe hĭd ĭn thĕ ~~wīnĕs~~
      stāblĕ-bŏys smōkĭng lŏng-nīnes
Thăt wĕre gārnĕred bȳ ~~māidĕns whŏ lāughed thrŏŭgh thĕ vīnĕs~~
    scōwl   hōwl   scŏff   sneēr
Thĕn ă ~~smīle,~~ ănd ă ~~glăss,~~ ănd ă ~~tōast,~~ ănd ă ~~cheŏr,~~

    strȳchnĭne ănd whĭskĕy, ănd rātsbăne ănd beēr
Fŏr āll ~~thĕ gŏŏd wīne, ănd wĕ've sōme ŏf ĭt hēre !~~

Ĭn cĕllăr, ĭn pāntrȳ, ĭn ăttĭc, ĭn hāll,

Dŏwn, dōwn wĭth thĕ tȳrănt thăt māstĕrs ŭs āll !
~~Lŏng live thĕ găy sĕrvănt thăt lāughs fŏr ŭs āll !~~

Word matching is still another kind of odd rhyme.

Thĕn ūp wĭth yoŭr cūp tĭll yoŭ stăggĕr ĭn speēch,
Ănd mātch mĕ thĭs cătch, thŏugh yoŭ swăggĕr ănd screēch.
           Scott.

Another odd rhyme in iambic rhythm written anonymously, is entitled :

Song of the Decanter.

Thĕre wăs ăn ōld dĕcāntĕr,
ănd ĭts mōuth wăs gāpĭng wīde ;
thĕ rōsў wīne hăd ēbbĕd
ăwāy ănd lēft ĭts
crўstăl sīde ;
ănd thĕ
wīnd
wĕnt
hūmmĭng,
hūmmĭng ; ŭp
ănd dōwn
thĕ sīdes
ĭt flēw, ănd
throūgh thĕ
reēd-lĭke, hōllŏw
nēck thĕ
wīldĕst nōtes
ĭt blēw. Ĭ plăced
ĭt ĭn thĕ wīndŏw, whēre
thĕ blāst wăs blōwĭng freē, ănd
fāncĭĕd thāt ĭts pāle mŏuth sāng thĕ
queērĕst strāins tŏ mē. " Thĕy tēll mĕ
—pūnў cōnquĕrŏrs !—thĕ Plāgue hăs slāin
hĭs tēn, ănd Wār hĭs hūndrĕd-thōusănds ŏf thĕ
vērў bēst ŏf mēn ; bŭt Ĭ "—'twăs thŭs thĕ bōttlĕ
spōke—" bŭt Ĭ hăve cōnquĕred mōre thăn āll yoŭr
fāmoŭs cōnquĕrŏrs, sŏ feāred ănd fāmed ŏf yōre.
Thĕn cōme, yĕ yoūths ănd māidĕns, cōme drĭnk
frŏm ōut mў cūp, thĕ bĕvĕrăge thăt dŭlls thĕ
brāin ănd būrns thĕ spĭrĭt ŭp ; thăt pūts tŏ
shāme thĕ cōnquĕrŏrs thăt slāy thĕir scōres
bĕlōw ; fŏr thĭs hăs dēlŭged mĭllĭŏns wĭth
thĕ lāvă tīde ŏf wōe. Thŏugh, ĭn thĕ
pāth ŏf bāttlĕ, dārkĕst wăves ŏf bloōd
măy rōll ; yĕt whīle Ĭ kīlled thĕ
bōdў, Ĭ hăve dāmned thĕ vērў
sōul. Thĕ chōlĕrā, thĕ swōrd,
sŭch rŭĭn nēvĕr wrōught, ăs
Ĭ, ĭn mīrth ŏr mālĭce, ŏn thĕ ĭnnŏ-
cēnt hăve brōught. Ănd stĭll Ĭ breāthe
ŭpōn thĕm, ānd thĕy shrĭnk bĕfōre mў
breāth ; ănd yēar bў yēar mў thōusănds
trĕad thĕ feārfŭl rōad tŏ deāth.

In the couplet below every word of the line is answered by another of the same measure and rhyme :

> "Shĕ drōve hĕr flŏck ŏ'er mōuntăins,
> Bў grōve, ŏr rŏck, ŏr fōuntăins."

Another example is :

> " Nōw, Ŏ nōw, Ĭ neēds mŭst pārt,
>   Pārtĭng thōugh Ĭ ābsĕnt mōurn ;
> Ābsĕnce cān nŏ jōy ĭmpārt,
>   Jōy ŏnce flēd căn nē'er rĕtūrn."

The Alphabetic is still another odd rhyme :

> "Ŏn gōĭng fōrth lăst nīght ă friēnd tŏ seē,
> Ĭ mēt ă măn bў trāde ă s-n-o-b.
> Reēlĭng ălōng hĕ hēld hĭs tĭpsў wāy.
> 'Hō! Hō!' quŏth Ĭ, 'hĕ's d-r-u-n-k.'
> Thĕn thūs tŏ hīm : ' Wĕre ĭt nŏt bēttĕr fār
> Yŏu wēre ă lĭttlĕ s-o-b-e-r?
> 'Twĕre hāppiĕr fōr yŏur fămĭlў, Ĭ guēss,
> Thăn plāyĭng ōff stŭch rūm r-i-g-s.
> Bĕsides, ăll drūnkărds, whĕn pŏlīcemĕn seē 'ĕm,
> Ăre tākĕn ŭp ăt ōnce bў t-h-e-m.' "

A truth is frequently impressed by means of another form of odd rhyme—the Paradox. A first-class example is here given :

> Thŏugh wĕ bōast ŏf mōdĕrn prōgrĕss ās ălōft wĕ prōudlў sōar,
> Ăbōve ŭntūtŏred cānnĭbāls whŏse hābĭts wĕ dĕplōre,
> Yĕt īn ŏur dāilў pāpĕrs ānў dāy yŏu chănce tŏ loŏk
> Yŏu māy fĭnd thĭs ădvērtĭsemēnt : " Wāntĕd—Ă gīrl tŏ coŏk."
> *Ida Goldsmith Morris*—" A Paradox." In "Magazine of Poetry."

Odd rhymes are frequently employed to aid memory. Few persons understand the use of "Shall" and "Will." The following stanza memorized will be of use to every one :

> " In thē fĭrst pērsŏn sĭmplў Shăll fŏretēlls ;
> In Wĭll ă thrēat ŏr ēlse ă prŏmĭse dwēlls ;
> Shăll ĭn thĕ sēcŏnd ŏr thĕ thĭrd dŏth thrēat
> Wĭll sĭmplў thēn fŏretēlls thĕ fūtŭre fēat."

This quatrain is also useful to enable one to remember the formation of Latin verbs :

> " Frŏm Ō ăre fŏrmĕd ām ănd ēm ;
> Frŏm Ī, răm, rĭm, rŏ, sē, ănd sēm.
> Ŭ, ūs, ănd rūs ăre fŏrmed frŏm ūm ;
> Ăll ōthĕr pārts frŏm Rē dŏ cōme."

Another quaint stanza enables us to remember the days of the month :

> " Thĭrtў dāys hăth Sĕptēmbĕr,
> Āprĭl, Jūne ănd Nŏvēmbĕr ;
> Āll thĕ rēst hăve thĭrtў-ōne,
> Săve Fēbrŭārў ălōne,
> Whĭch hās bŭt twēntў-ēight ĭn fĭne
> Tĭll lēap yeăr gīves ĭt twēntў-nĭne."

CENTO VERSES.

Still another curious form of poetry is denominated "Cento Verses or Patch Work."

MY LOVE.

Ĭ ōnlў knēw shĕ cāme ănd wēnt	*Powell.*
Lĭke trōutlĕts ĭn ă poōl ;	*Hood.*
Shĕ wăs ă phăntŏm ōf dĕlĭght,	*Wordsworth.*
Ănd Ī wăs lĭke ă foōl.	*Eastman.*

"Ŏne kĭss, dĕar māid," Ĭ sāid ănd sīghed, *Coleridge.*
 Ŏut ŏf thŏse līps ŭnshōrn ; *Longfellow.*
Shĕ shoōk hĕr rĭnglĕts roūnd hĕr hēad, *Stoddard.*
 Ănd lāughed ĭn mērrў scōrn. *Tennyson.*

Rĭng oūt, wĭld bĕlls, tŏ thē wĭld skȳ, *Tennyson.*
 Yoŭ hēard thĕm, Ō mў hēart ; *Alice Carey.*
'Tĭs twēlve ăt nīght bў thĕ cāstlĕ clōck, *Coleridge.*
 " Bĕlōvĕd, wē mŭst pārt." *Alice Carey.*

"Cŏme bāck, cŏme bāck ! " hĕ crīed ĭn grĭef, *Campbell.*
 " Mў ēyes ăre dĭm wĭth tēars,— *Bayard Taylor.*
Hŏw shāll Ĭ līve throŭgh āll thĕse dāys ? *Osgood.*
 Ăll throŭgh ă hūndrĕd yēars ? " *T. S. Perry.*

'Twăs īn thĕ prīme ŏf sūmmĕr tīme *Hood.*
 Shĕ blĕssed mĕ wĭth hĕr hānd ; *Hoyt.*
Wĕ strāyed tŏgēthĕr, deēplў blĕssed, *Edwards.*
 Ĭntō thĕ drēamĭng lānd. *Cornwall.*

Thĕ lāughĭng brīdăl rōsĕs blōw, *Patmore.*
 Tŏ drēss hĕr dārk-brŏwn hāir ; *Bayard Taylor.*
Mў hēart ĭs breākĭng wĭth mў wŏe, *Tennyson.*
 Mŏst beaūtĭfŭl ! Mŏst rāre ! *Read.*

Ĭ clāsped ĭt ōn hĕr sweēt, cŏld hānd, *Browning.*
 Thĕ prēcioŭs gōldĕn lĭnk ! *Smith.*
Ĭ cālmed hĕr fēars, ănd shĕ wăs cālm, *Coleridge.*
 " Drĭnk, prĕttў crēatŭre, drĭnk." *Wordsworth.*

Ănd sō Ĭ wŏn mў Gĕnĕvīeve, *Coleridge.*
 Ănd wālked ĭn Pārădīse : *Hervey.*
Thĕ fāirĕst thĭng thăt ēvĕr grēw *Wordsworth.*
 Ătweēn mĕ ānd thĕ skīes. *Osgood.*

           Anonymous.

ACROSTIC.

The acrostic is a form of odd rhyme. Below we give one, written by the Lady Frances Manners, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, and wife of Henry, Lord Bergavenny. She was the author of "Precious Pearls of Perfect Godliness" and "The Monument of Matrons," written in 1582, at the end of which is this acrostic of her own name :

Frŏm sīnfŭlnĕss prĕsērve mĕ, Lōrd,
Rĕnēw mў spīrĭt ĭn mў hārt ;
And lēt mў tōngue thĕrewīth ăccōrd,
Uttĕrĭng ăll goōdnĕss fŏr hĭs pārt.
Nŏ thōught lĕt thēre ărĭse ĭn mē
Cŏntrāirĭe tō thў prēcĕpts tēn ;
Ĕvēr lĕt mē mŏst mīndfŭl bē
Stĭll fŏr tŏ prāise thў nāme. Ămēn.
As ōf mў sōul, sŏ ōf mў bōdĭĕ,
Bĕ thōu mў guīdĕr, Ō mў Gōd !
Untō theĕ ōnlў dō Ĭ crīe,
Rĕmōve frŏm mē thў fūriŏŭs rōd.
Grăunt thăt mў hēad măy stĭll dĕvīse
All thīngs thăt plĕasĭng bē tŏ theē.
Untō mĭne ēars, ănd tō mĭne eīes,
Ĕvēr lĕt thēre ă wātch sĕt beē.
Nŏne ĭll thăt thēy măy hēar ănd seē ;—
Nŏ wĭckĕd deēde lĕt mў hănd dō,
Yn thȳ goŏd pāths lĕt mў feĕt gō.

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Thĭs wōrld's ă scēne ăs dārk ăs Stȳx,			
Whĕre hōpe ĭs scārce wōrth		2	6
Ŏur jōys ăre bōrne sŏ fleētĭng hēnce			
Thăt thēy ăre dēar ăt			18
And yēt tŏ stāy hĕre mōst ăre wĭllĭng,			
Ălthōugh thĕy măy nŏt hāve	1		

          Willis Gaylord—"Lines Written in an Album."

Ăh mē !
Ăm Ĭ thĕ swāin,
Thăt, lāte frŏm sōrrŏw freē,
Dĭd āll thĕ cāres ŏn ēarth dĭsdāin?
Ănd stĭll ŭntoŭched,· ăs ăt sŏme sāfĕr gāmes
Plăyed with thĕ būrnĭng cōals ŏf lōve ănd beaūtў's flāmes?
Wăs't Ĭ coŭld drīve ănd sōund ĕach pāssiŏn's sēcrĕt dēpth ăt will,
Ănd frōm thŏse hūge ŏ'erwhēlmĭngs rĭse bў hēlp ŏf rĕasŏn stĭll?
Ănd ām Ĭ nōw, Ŏ hēavĕns ! fŏr trўĭng thīs ĭn vāin,
Sŏ sūnk thăt Ĭ shăll nēvĕr rĭse ăgāin?
Thĕn lēt dĕspāir sēt sōrrŏw's strīng
Fŏr strāins thăt dōlefŭl bē,
Ănd Ĭ wĭll sīng
Ăh mē !

Wither—" Rhombic Measures."

CHAPTER VIII.

Nĕvĕr thĕ vērse ăpprōve ŏr hōld ăs goŏd,
  Tĭll mãny ă dãy ănd mãny ă blōt hăs wrōught
Thĕ pōlĭshed wōrk, ănd chãstĕned ēverỹ thōught
  Bỹ tēnfŏld lãbŏr tō pĕrfēctiŏn brōught.

Horace.

SELECTION OF WORDS.

The beauty of the poem consists in the perfection of its rhythm, and the aptness of the words selected which constitutes the rhyme.

Perfect rhythm and rhyme make a perfect poem where reason and sound sense are at the bottom of the theme. The resources of our language are such that we are entitled to receive from the poet the most rigid work of perfection. Imperfect or what are termed allowable rhymes should no longer be tolerated.

Rhyme is merely the dress with which our thoughts are clothed in rhythmic verse. Rhyme without reason and good sense is insufferable. Formerly many rhymes were allowable that at the present time would not be endured.

Thŭs Pēgăsūs, ă nēarĕr wăy tŏ tãke,
Măy bōldlỹ dēviăte frōm thĕ cōmmŏn trăck.

. Pope.

Here "take" and "track" are made to rhyme by one of the most fastidious of all poets. Pegasus is here permitted to deviate from the common track.

The same author we quote from again :

> Sŏme hāunt Părnāssŭs būt tŏ plēase thĕir ēar,
> Nŏt mēnd thĕir mĭnds ; ăs sōme tŏ chūrch rĕpāir,
> Nŏt fŏr thĕ dōctrĭne, būt thĕ mūsĭc thēre.

" Ear," " repair," " there," are here used as allowable rhymes.

We quote still another couplet from Pope, in this connection :

> Thĕ vūlgăr thŭs bў ĭmĭtātĭon ērr,
> Ăs ŏft thĕ leārned bў bēĭng sīngŭlār.

" Err " and " singular " are imperfect rhymes. Speaking of what are termed allowable rhymes, let us quote from Pope once more :

> Thĕ wingĕd cōursĕr, līke ă gēnerŏŭs hōrse,
> Shŏws mōst trŭe mĕtăl whēn yoŭ chĕck hĭs cōurse.

" Horse " and " course " are not perfect rhymes.

> Hĭs fāithfŭl wĭfe fŏrēvĕr doōmed tŏ mōurn,
> Fŏr hĭm, ălās ! whŏ nēvĕr shāll rĕtūrn.
>
> *Falconer.*

" Mourn " and " return " are imperfect rhymes.

> Sŏ drāw hĭm hōme tŏ thōse thăt mōurn
> Ĭn vāin ; ă fāvoŭrāblĕ speēd,
> Rūfflĕ thў mĭrrŏwed māst, ănd lēad
> Throŭgh prŏsperoŭs floōds hĭs hōlў ūrn.
>
> *Tennyson.*

" Mourn " and " return " and " mourn " and " urn " were, however, at one time perfect rhymes, but the style of

pronunciation is now obsolete.   The fact that pronuncia-
tion of words is constantly changing accounts also for many
supposed imperfect rhymes.

FOREIGN WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS.

We believe it was Bryant who said he never looked for a
foreign word to use in writing a poem but that he found one
better in our own language. How true the assertion. Our
own language is filled with choice words, and one has little
difficulty in finding good English to express ideas and
thoughts.   The employment of foreign words and express-
ions, however, is unobjectionable, where the person using
them is master of the language used, and where the selec-
tion is apt.

In fact, frequently there is a mirth and charm lent to a
poem by the use of some word or expression taken from
some other language than the mother tongue. A fine
example can be found in one of John G. Saxe's poems,
entitled :

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

"Gŏt ănў bōys?" thĕ Mărshăl săid
    Tŏ ă lādў frŏm ŏvĕr thĕ Rhīne ;
Ănd thĕ lādў shoōk hĕr flāxĕn hĕad,
    Ănd cīvĭllў ănswĕred, "*Nein!*" *

"Gŏt ănў gīrls?" thĕ Mărshăl săid
    Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ŏvĕr thĕ Rhīne ;
Ănd ăgāin thĕ lādў shoōk hĕr hĕad,
    Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Nein!*"

---

* "Nein," German for "no."

"Bŭt sōme ăre dēad ? " thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne ;
Ănd ăgāin thĕ lādў shoōk hĕr hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Nein!* "

"Hūsbănd, ŏf cōurse ? " thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne ;
Ănd ăgāin shĕ shoōk hĕr flāxĕn hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Nein!* "

"Thĕ dēvĭl yoŭ hāve ! " thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne ;
Ănd ăgāin shĕ shoōk hĕr flāxĕn hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Nein!* "

"Nŏw whāt dŏ yoŭ mēan bў shākĭng yoŭr hēad
Ănd ālwăys ānswĕrĭng, '*Nein*' ? "
'Ĭch kānn nĭcht Ēnglĭsch ! " cīvĭllў sāid
Thĕ lādў frŏm ŏvĕr thĕ Rhīne.

Charles Durbin is the author of an excellent poem,
"Nongtongpaw," the first two stanzas of which we give
below :

Jŏhn Būll fŏr pāstĭme toōk ă prānce,
Sŏme tīme ăgō tŏ peēp ăt Frānce ;
Tŏ tālk ŏf sciĕncēs ănd ārts,
Ănd knōwlĕdge gāined ĭn fōreĭgn pārts.
Mŏnsieūr, ŏbsēquioŭs, hēard hìm spēak,
Ănd ānswĕred Jŏhn ĭn hēathĕn Greēk ;
Tŏ āll hĕ āsked, 'bŏut āll hĕ sāw,
'T wăs " Mōnsieŭr, jē voŭs n'ēntĕnds pās."

Jŏhn tó thĕ Pālăis Rōyăl cōme,
Ĭts splēndŏr ālmŏst strūck hìm dūmb.
" Ĭ sāy, whŏse hōuse ĭs thāt thĕre hēre ? "
" Hŏuse ! Jē voŭs n'ēntĕnds pās, Mŏnsieūr."*

* " I do not understand you. Mister."

"Whăt ! Nōngtŏngpāw ăgāin !" crĭes Jōhn ;
"Thĭs fēllŏw īs sŏme mīghtў Dōn,
Nŏ dōubt hĕ's plēntў fōr thĕ māw,
Ĭ'll breākfăst wĭth thĭs Nōngtŏngpāw."

Mr. Field has written an excellent poem about the German
Zug :

Thĕ Gērmăns sāy thăt "schnēll " mĕans făst, ănd "schnēllĕst "
făstĕst yēt,—
Ĭn āll mў lĭfe nŏ grĭmmĕr bĭt ŏf hūmŏr hāve Ĭ mēt !
Whў, thĭrteĕn mīles ăn hōur's thĕ greātĕst speēd thĕy ēvĕr gō,
Whīle ŏn thĕ ēngĭne pīstŏn rōds dŏ mōss ănd lĭchĕns grōw,
Ănd yēt thĕ āverăge Teūtŏn wĭll prĕsūmptŏoŭslў măintāin
Thăt ōne *căn't* knōw whăt swĭftnĕss īs tĭll hĕ's trĭed thĕ schnēllĕst
trāin !

Eugene Field— "The Schnellest Zug."

The use of a foreign word, however, merely for the sake
of rhyme, is entirely out of place and not to be indulged.

The beauty of rhyme is perfectness ; therefore, use such
rhymes only as are perfect to the ear when correctly pro-
nounced,— to the eye when seen.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE STANZA.

THE manner or mode of constructing the stanza should be closely observed by the writer of poetry. Form is essential to beauty, and form in all its details is looked after by the master. (1) Verse which rhymes in alternate lines is always indented. (2) Verse in couplets is never indented, but the lines are all even. (3) Where the stanza is constructed with four lines rhyming alternately and a couplet, the alternate lines are indented and the couplet is usually even or flush with the first and third lines of the stanza. (4) Where the stanza is constructed with first a couplet, then a half-line or bob-wheel, followed by another couplet, and that couplet followed by another half line rhyming with the first half line, the couplets are both even lines while the half lines are indented. No matter whether the stanza is constructed of four, six, eight, or any number of lines these rules hold good. Symmetry always renders the stanza more perfect, and a little observation will soon enable one to imitate a perfect stanza. (5) When a stanza consists of a triplet and a line or half line not rhyming, the latter is always indented. (6) Where the stanza is constructed of a line that is followed by a shorter, or half line, followed by a line rhyming with the first line, followed by the same line used similarly as a second and fourth line, followed by a triplet and an eighth line, similar to the second and fourth line, these similar lines

should be indented. More might be easily added, but enough has been said to suggest the principle or art upon which verse is constructed, and usually printed. As a further illustration of what is intended, we give below an outline or skeleton of the stanzas above mentioned, written in the sign of the various measures :

1.

◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Gŏd grānt thăt whēn ŏur hēads ăre grāy,
◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Whĕn twīlĭght blūrs thĕ pāge,
◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Thĕ mūsĭc ŏf ŏur dāwnĭng dāy
◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Măy chārm ŏur lōnelў āge.

Burton W. Lockhart—"The Retrospect."

2.

— ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Thōugh Ĭ mōve wĭth lēadĕn feēt,
— ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Līght ĭtsēlf ĭs nōt sŏ fleēt ;
— ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Ānd bĕfŏre yŏu knōw mĕ gōne
◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Ĕtērnĭtў ănd Ī ăre ōne.

William Dean Howells—"Time."

3.

◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Trŭe lōve nŏt heēdĕth bōlt nŏr bār,
◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Bŭt sād 't ĭs ēvĕr sŏ ;
◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Trŭe lōve ănd fāte dŏ cōnstănt wār,
◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Ănd nē'er tŏgēthĕr gō ;
◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Whăt lĭttlĕ mōmĕnts lōvĕrs smīle
◡ — ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Tŏ thē lŏng dāys bĕtweēn thĕ whīle.

Isaac R. Baxley—"The Ballad of Sir Raymond."

4.

◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Thĕ mōssў mārblĕs rēst
— ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Ŏn thĕ lĭps thăt hē hăs prēst
— ◡ —	Īn thĕir bloōm ;
— ◡ — ◡ — ◡ —	Ānd thĕ nāmes hĕ lōved tŏ hēar
— ◡ — ◡ —◡◡ —	Hāve beĕn cārved fŏr mānў ă yēar
— ◡ —	Ŏn thĕ tōmb.

Oliver Wendell Holmes—"The Last Leaf."

5.

— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —   Nĕvĕr ă hĕart tŭrns fālse ŏr cōld ;
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —   Nĕvĕr ă fāce grŏws grāy ŏr ōld ;
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —   Nĕvĕr ă lōve wĕ māy nŏt hōld,
  — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑   . Ĭn thĕ beaūtĭfŭl lānd ŏf fāncў.

Libbie C. Baer—" In the Land of Fancy."

6.

— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑   Drāw thĕ līnes ă lĭttlĕ tīghtĕr,
    — ⏑ —   Spĭrĭt mīne !
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑   Māke thĕ life ă lĭttlĕ brĭghtĕr,
    — ⏑ ⊤   Spĭrĭt mīne !
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑   Fŏr thĕ trŭth's săke bē ă fīghtĕr,
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑   Shōw thĕ wōrld lĭfe māy bĕ whītĕr,
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑   Pūrĕr, strōngĕr, dēarĕr, līghtĕr,
    — ⏑ —   Mōre dĭvīne !

John O. Coit—" Upward."

RHYTHMIC COMBINATIONS.

Trochees and Dactyls.	Iambi and Anapests.
1. — ⏑ —	17. ⏑ — ⏑ —
2. — ⏑ — ⏑	18. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑
3. — ⏑ — ⏑ —	19. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
4. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	20. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑
5. — ⏑ ⏑ —	21. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
6. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑	22. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
7. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —	23. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
8. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	24. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
9. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —	25. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
10. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑	26. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑
11. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —	27. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
12. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	28. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
13. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —	29. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
14. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑	30. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
15. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —	31. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
16. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	32. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑

ANAPESTS AND IAMBI.

33. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ —	41. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ —
34. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣	42. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣
35. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ —	43. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — —
36. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣	44. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣
37. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ —	45. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ —
38. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣	46. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣
39. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ —	47. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ —
40. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣	48. ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣

These groups of rhythmic feet, or word accents, are capable of many combinations. We have forty-eight groups. To combine them is not difficult. By combining them we shall be enabled to write trochaic, dactylic, iambic, and anapestic rhythms.

To illustrate :

21 : 38.

" How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Examine the rhythmic combinations :

⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣

We find we have a combination of 21 : 38, being anapestic tetrameter.

21 : 37.

" Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam."

⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ — ⌣ ⌣ —

We have as a combination 21 : **37,** an anapestic tetra-meter.

1 : 18.

" I am dying, Egypt, dying." ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣

— ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣ — ⌣

This combines group 1 with 18 and gives a trochaic tetrameter.

1 : 18

" When the humid shadows hover."

It will be seen the first line of the beautiful poem, "Rain on the Roof," is the same combination, 1 : 18— trochaic tetrameter.

James Whitcomb Riley has very recently written a dialect poem entitled, "The Green Grass av Owld Ireland," from which we select the fourth stanza. The first, third and fifth lines being combinations of groups 18 : 11 — the lines being iambic tetrameter ; while group 19, being an iambic trimeter, forms lines two, four and six, the seventh line being a mixed iambic and anapestic tetrameter formed of 18 : 22.

> Gŏd blēss yĕz, freē Ămērĭkȳ !
> Ĭ lŏve yĕz, dŏck ănd shōre !
> Ĭ kēm tŏ yēz ĭn pŏvĕrtȳ
> Thăt 's wŏrstĭn' mē nŏ mōre.
> Bŭt mōst Ĭ'm lŏvĭn' Ērĭn yēt,
> Wĭd āll hĕr grāves, d' yĕ seē,
> Bȳ rēasŏn ăv thĕ greĕn grāss ăv ŏwld Ĭrelănd.

The following lines are by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. The first, second and third lines combine groups 17 : 19— iambic tetrameter ; and the fourth line, group 17, and is iambic dimeter. We select the fourth stanza :

> Lăst, Wĭntĕr cōmes ; fŏr Ēld hăs brŏught ĭts snōw,
> Ănd sāys, "Sĭt quiĕt, shĕltĕred frŏm thĕ stōrm."
> Ănd Ĭ sĭt ĭn mȳ ēasȳ chāir, ănd Ō,
> Thĕ heārth hŏw wārm !

8 : 6

"Cōme tŏ mĕ, dēarĕst, Ĭ'm lōnelȳ wĭthōut theĕ."

A combination of group 8 : 6—dactylic tetrameter.

We might add example after example, but enough has been given to illustrate these rhythmic combinations.

The vertical bar is used to separate poetic feet. It is placed between each accented foot. If the measure is dissyllabic the vertical bar distinguishes it, thus :

1 : 18 : 1 : 18.

Once up | on a | midnight | dreary, | while I | pondered | weak
  and | weary.

<div align="right">

Poe.—"The Raven."

</div>

The trisyllabic measure is marked as follows :

Pause not to | dream of the | future be | fore us :
Pause not to | weep the wild | cares that come | o'er us :
Hark, how cre | ation's deep, | musical | chorus,
 Uninter | mitting, goes | up into | Heaven !
Never the | ocean-wave | falters in | flowing ;
Never the | little seed | stops in its | growing ;
More and more | richly the | rose-heart keeps | glowing,
 Till from its | nourishing | stem it is | riven.

<div align="right">

Frances S. Osgood.—"Labor."

</div>

The vertical bar is sometimes used by authors of versification to represent or denote accent, as follows :

Once | upon | a mid | night drear | y, while | I pon | dered weak |
 and wear | y.

The macron — and the breve ⌣ are far preferable, as well as the acute accent, marked thus : ′

Ŏnce up | ōn a | mīdnight | drēary, | whĭle I | pōndered | wēak
 and | wēary.

The scansion of verse becomes a pleasure when we understand rhythmic combinations and the use of accentuation marks.

THE FIVE LINE STANZA.

A pleasing form of our poetry is the stanza of five lines. It is composed of the single line, the couplet, the triplet, and quatrain. The combinations thus made are many and elegant. We can devise no better method of studying the art of composing this stanza, than that of giving examples from our best authors. Then, by a close analysis of each example given, we can tell the meter, rhythm and form. A study of each example will soon familiarize the student with this form of the stanza. From a poem by Sir Philip Sidney, we take the following, an iambic pentameter :

> Mў trūe-lŏve hāth mў heārt, ănd Ī hăve hīs,
> Bў jūst ĕxchānge ŏne tō thĕ ŏthĕr gīven :
> Ĭ hōld hĭs dēar, ănd mīne hĕ cănnŏt mĭss,
> Thĕre nĕvĕr wās ă bĕttĕr bārgăin drĭven :
> Mў trūe-lŏve hāth mў hēart, ănd Ī hăve hĭs.
>   " My True-Love Hath My Heart."

Another fine example of the effect of a repetition of the subject of the poem, the same constituting the fifth line of the stanza, is found in the following iambic pentameter lines, entitled,

> Lĭngĕr nŏt lōng ! Hōme ĭs nŏt hōme wĭthōut theĕ ;
> Ĭts dēarĕst tōkĕns ōnlў māke mĕ mōurn ;
> Ŏh ! Lĕt ĭts mēmŏry, līke ă chāin ăbōut theĕ,
> Gĕntlў cŏmpēl ănd hāstĕn thў rĕtūrn.
>   Lĭngĕr nŏt lōng.
>   *Anonymous*—" Linger Not Long."

John G. Saxe is the author of the following. It is trochaic tetrameter, except the fourth line, which is a trochaic dimeter. We give the first stanza :

> Kĭss mĕ sŏftlў ănd spēak tŏ mĕ lōw,—
> Mălĭce hăs ēvĕr ă vĭgĭlănt ēar ;
> Whăt ĭf Mălĭce wĕre lŭrkĭng nēar ?
> Kĭss mĕ, dēar !
> Kĭss mĕ sŏftlў ănd spēak tŏ mĕ lōw.
>
> > "Kiss Me Softly."

The little poem by Sir John Suckling furnishes a fine example of a stanza in trochaic rhythm :

> Whȳ sŏ pāle ănd wān, fŏnd lōvĕr ?
> Prȳtheĕ, whȳ sŏ pāle ?
> Wĭll, whĕn loŏkĭng wēll căn't mōve hĕr,
> Loŏkĭng ĭll prĕvāil ?
> Prȳtheĕ, whȳ sŏ pāle ?
>
> > "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover."

One of the finest poems, written by Percy Bysshe Shelley, is entitled, "To a Skylark." It is a trochaic rhythm, the first four lines are trochaic trimeter, the fifth trochaic hexameter. We give the first stanza :

> Hāil tŏ theē, blĭthe spĭrĭt !
> Bĭrd thŏu nēvĕr wĕrt,
> Thăt frŏm hēavĕn ŏr nēar ĭt,
> Pŏurĕst thȳ fŭll hēart
> Ĭn prŏfūse străins ŏf ŭnprēmĕdĭtătĕd ărt.
>
> > " To a Skylark."

Charlotte Smith is the author of a bright poem. It is iambic tetrameter, the first and third and fourth lines rhym-

ing, and the second and fifth, the third and fourth being a
couplet. We give the third stanza :

> Cŏme, sūmmĕr visĭtănt, ăttăch
>   Tŏ mȳ reĕd-roŏf yoŭr nĕst ŏf clăy ;
> Ănd lĕt mȳ ēar yoŭr mūsĭc cātch,
> Lŏw twĭttĕrĭng ūndĕrnēath thĕ thātch,
>   Ăt thē grăy dāwn ŏf dāy.
> <div style="text-align:right">" The Swallow."</div>

We give an example from a poem of nature by Mary
Bolles Branch. It is iambic tetrameter. / The first, fourth
and fifth lines rhyme, and the second and third. The
second and third, and fourth and fifth lines are couplets.
We select the third stanza, describing the rock in the brook. ⌵
How delicate and true the description :

> Thĕ rŏck ĭs rōugh ănd brōkĕn ōn ĭts ēdge
>   Wĭth jūttĭng cōrnĕrs, būt thĕre cōme ălwāy
> Thĕ mērrȳ rĭpplĕs wĭth thĕir tĭnȳ sprāy,
> Tŏ prĕss ĭt ēre thĕy flōw ŏn bȳ thĕ sēdge,
> Thĕy nēvĕr fāil thĕ ōld rŏck's brōkĕn ēdge.
> <div style="text-align:right">" My Little Brook."</div>

Tennyson furnishes an excellent iambic pentameter stanza
in blank verse. We give the first stanza of 'the poem.

> Tĕars, īdlĕ tēars, Ĭ knōw nŏt whāt thĕy mēan,
> Tĕars frōm thĕ dēpths ŏf sōme dĭvine dĕspāir
> Rĭse īn thĕ heārt, ănd gāthĕr tō thĕ ēyes,
> Ĭn loŏkĭng ōn thĕ hăppȳ Āutŭmn-fiēlds,
> Ănd thĭnkĭng ōf ţhĕ dāys thăt āre nŏ mōre.
> <div style="text-align:right">" Tears, Idle Tears."</div>

Thomas Moore, the author of so many touching and

pathetic lines, has written few better than "The Lake of the
Dismal Swamp." It is iambic rhythm. We give the first
stanza :

> Thĕy māde hĕr ă grāve, toŏ cōld ănd dāmp
> Fŏr ă heārt sŏ wārm ănd trūe;
> Ănd shĕ's gōne tŏ thĕ Lāke ŏf thĕ Dīsmăl Swāmp
> Whēre, āll nĭght lōng, bў ă fīre-flў lāmp,
> Shĕ pāddlĕs hĕr whīte cănoē !
> > > "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

Another form of this stanza is given in the following, in
iambic measure :

> Ēntĕrs tŏdāy
> Ănōthĕr bōdў ĭn chūrch yărd sōd,
> Ănōthĕr sōul ŏn thĕ life ĭn Gōd.
> Hĭs Chrīst wăs būriĕd—ănd lives ălwāy :
> Trŭst Hīm, ănd gō yoŭr wāy.
> > > *Dinah Maria Mulock*—"Buried Today."

We give the third stanza of a touching poem in iambic
rhythm :

> Ănd Ō, sĭnce thăt bābў slēpt,
> Sŏ hūshed, hŏw thĕ mōthĕr hăs kēpt,
> > Wĭth ă tēarfŭl plēasŭre,
> > Thăt littlĕ dĕar trēasŭre,
> Ănd ō'er thĕm thōught ănd wēpt !
> > > *William Cox Bennett*—"Baby's Shoes."

Whittier describes a visit to Hampton Beach. The
rhythm is iambic. We give the twelfth stanza :

> Whăt heēd Ĭ ŏf thĕ dūstў lānd
> > Ănd noīsў tōwn ?　　．
> Ĭ seē thĕ mīghtў deēp ĕxpānd
> Frŏm its whīte line ŏf glīmmerĭng sānd
> Tŏ whēre thĕ blūe ŏf hēaven ŏn blūĕr wāves shŭts dōwn !
> > > "Hampton Beach."

A poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, contains this excellent stanza in iambic rhythm. It is the second one of the poem :

> Fŏr shāme, mȳ friēnd ! rĕnŏunce thĭs īdlĕ strāin !
> Whăt woūldst thŏu hāve ă goōd greăt mān ŏbtāin ?
> Wĕalth, tītlĕ, dīgnĭtȳ, ă gōldĕn chāin,
> Ŏr hēap ŏf cōrsĕs whīch hĭs swōrd hăth slāin ?
> Goōdnĕss ănd greātnĕss āre nŏt mēans, bŭt ēnds.
>
> "The Good Great Man."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of our best writers, furnishes a dashing poem. It is in trochaic rhythm. We give a stanza :

> Hārk ! thĕ jīnglĕ
> Ōf thĕ slēigh-bĕlls' sōng !
> Ēarth ănd āir ĭn snōwȳ sheēn cŏmmīnglĕ ;
> Swīftlȳ, thrōng
> Nōrselănd fāncĭes, ās wĕ sāil ălōng.
>
> "The Sleigh-Ride."

Who is there that has not read of the fabled youth—

> "Ă youth, whŏ bōre, 'mĭd snōw ănd īce,
> Ă bānnĕr wĭth thĕ strānge dĕvīce—
> Ĕxcēlsĭŏr ! "

a youth that pressed on, harkening not the voices that gave him warning, until overtaken by death. The poem is by Longfellow. It is an iambic tetrameter, except the last line of the stanza, which is iambic dimeter. We have selected the fifth stanza :

> "Ŏh stāy, " thĕ māidĕn sāid, "ănd rēst
> Thȳ wēarȳ hēad ŭpōn thĭs brēast ! "
> Ă tēar stoŏd ĭn hĭs brīght blŭe eȳe
> Bŭt stĭll hĕ ānswĕred, wĭth ă sīgh,
> Ĕxcēlsĭŏr.
>
> "Excelsior."

Edmund Waller is the author of a pretty poem in iambic rhythm.   The third stanza is given.

> Smăll īs thĕ wōrth
> Ŏf beaūtў frōm thĕ līght rĕtīred ;
>   Bĭd hēr cŏme fōrth,
> Sŭffĕr hĕrsēlf tŏ bē dĕsīred,
> Ănd nōt blŭsh sō tŏ bē ădmīred.
>   —"Go Lovely Rose."

Henry Kirke White added to the poem, this stanza :

> Yĕt, thōugh thoŭ fāde,
> Frŏm thў dĕad lēaves lĕt frāgrănce rīse ;
>   Ănd tēach thĕ māid,
> Thăt gōodnĕss Tīme's rŭde hānd dĕfīes,
> Thăt vīrtŭe līves whĕn beaūtў dīes.

Longfellow ever teems in good thoughts.   This one in iambic rhythm is worth remembering.   We give the eighth stanza of the poem :

> Ănd hē whŏ hās nŏt leārned tŏ knōw
> Hŏw fālse ĭts spārklĭng būbblĕs shōw,
> Hŏw bĭttĕr āre thĕ drōps ŏf wōe,
> Wĭth whĭch ĭts brīm măy ōvĕrflōw,
>   Hĕ hās nŏt leārned tŏ līve.
>   —"The Goblet of Life."

Another charming poem by Longfellow, is entitled "Christmas Bells."   It is iambic rhythm.   We give the seventh stanza :

> Thĕn pēaled thĕ bĕlls mŏre loūd ănd dēep:
> "Gŏd īs nŏt dēad; nŏr dōth hĕ slēep !
>   Thĕ Wrōng shăll fāil,
>   Thĕ Rīght prĕvāil,
> Wĭth pēace ŏn ēarth, gŏod-wĭll tŏ mēn !"
>   " Christmas Bells."

"A Woman's Question," is the title of a poem written by Adelaide Anne Proctor in iambic rhythm, furnishing us an example of the middle or line rhyme in the fifth line, as well as another form.   We give the first stanza :

Bĕfōre Ĭ trŭst mȳ fāte tŏ thēe,
Ŏr plāce mȳ hānd ĭn thīne,
Bĕfōre Ĭ lēt thȳ fūtŭre gīve
Cōlŏr ănd fōrm tŏ mīne,
Bĕfōre Ĭ pērĭl āll fŏr thēe, quēstiŏn thȳ sōul tŏ-nīght fŏr mē.
—"A Woman's Question."

THE SIX LINE STANZA.

Endless are the varieties of our English stanza.   The art of the poet is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation. Our best authors have from time to time found new and beautiful combinations.   The six line stanza is one capable of producing the very best of results. We have selected many forms of the six line stanzas with a view of illustrating their combinations and formations.   Our first selection is in anapestic rhythm,—anapestic tetrameter.   We give the first stanza :

Thĕre's ă lĭttlĕ lŏw hūt bȳ thĕ rĭvĕr's sīde,
Wĭthĭn thĕ sōund ŏf ĭts rĭpplĭng tīde ;
Ĭts wālls ăre grēy wĭth thĕ mōssĕs ŏf yēars,
Ănd ĭts rōof ăll crūmblĕd ănd ōld ăppēars :
Bŭt fāirĕr tŏ mē thăn cāstlĕ's prīde
Ĭs thĕ lĭttlĕ lŏw hūt bȳ thĕ rĭvĕr's sīde !
P. B. Shillaber—" My Childhood Home."

A stanza by Tennyson, in anapestic rhythm is given. The first, second, third, fourth and sixth lines trimeter, the fifth, tetrameter.

Cŏme īntŏ thĕ gārdĕn, Māud,
For thĕ blăck băt, nīght, hăs flōwn !
Cŏme īntŏ thĕ gārdĕn, Māud,
Ĭ ăm hēre ăt thĕ gāte, ălōne ;
Ănd thĕ wōodbĭne spīcĕs ăre wāftĕd ăbrōad,
Ănd thĕ mūsk ŏf thĕ rōsĕs blōwn.
                    —" Come Into the Garden, Maud."

Another form of this stanza, in iambic tetrameter, the lines rhyming alternately, is given.   The first stanza is selected :

Shĕ wālks ĭn beaūtȳ, līke thĕ nīght
    Ŏf cloūdlĕss clīmes ănd stārrȳ skīes, '
Ănd āll thăt's bēst ŏf dārk ănd brīght
    Mĕet ĭn hĕr āspĕct ānd hĕr ēyes, /
Thŭs mēllŏwed tō thăt tēndĕr līght
    Whĭch hēaven tŏ gaūdȳ dāy dĕnīes. '
                    Byron—" She Walks in Beauty."

Here is another six line stanza rhyming in alternate lines. It is a poem of exquisite finish and delicacy of touch, tender and pathetic, by Edgar Allen Poe, entitled "Annabel Lee." The poem was composed by Poe in memory of his child-wife, who was his cousin and to whom he was devotedly attached ; whom he loved " with a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her and me."   It is anapestic rhythm :

Ĭt wăs mānȳ ănd mānȳ ă yēar ăgō, '
    Ĭn ă kīngdŏm bȳ thĕ sēa, —
Thăt ă māidĕn līved whŏm yoū măy knōw |
    Bȳ thĕ nāme ŏf Ānnăbĕl Lēe ;
Ănd thĭs māidĕn shĕ lived wĭth nŏ ōthĕr thōught
    Thăn tŏ lōve, ănd bĕ lōved bȳ mē. —
                    —"Annabel Lee."

Sorrow and adversity are depicted in these lines by one of England's best writers. It is iambic rhythm and a fine form of the stanza,—dimeter and tetrameter lines :

> Sprīng ĭt ĭs chēerў, ⟍
> Wīntĕr ĭs drēarў,
> Grēen lēaves hăng, būt thĕ brōwn mŭst flȳ;
> Whĕn hē's fŏrsākĕn, ●
> Wīthĕred ănd shākĕn,
> Whăt căn ăn ōld măn dō bŭt dīe ?
> *Hood*—"What Can an Old Man do but Die?"

Another form of this stanza, in iambic rhythm, is composed of a quatrain, rhyming in alternate lines, and a couplet :

> Ĭ lŏve, ănd hāve sŏme caūse tŏ lŏve, thĕ eārth,—
> Shĕ ĭs mў Mākĕr's crēatŭre, thĕrefŏre gŏod ;
> Shĕ ĭs mў mōthĕr, fŏr shĕ gāve mĕ bīrth ;
> Shĕ ĭs mў tĕndĕr nūrse, shĕ gīves mĕ fŏod ;
> Bŭt whāt's ă crēatŭre, Lŏrd, cŏmpāred wĭth thēe?
> Ŏr whāt's mў mōthĕr ōr mў nūrse tŏ mē?
> *Francis Quarles*—"Delight in God."

Robert Herrick is the author of the following in iambic rhythm :

> Făir plēdgĕs ōf ă frūitfŭl trēe,
> Whў dō yĕ făll sŏ făst?
> Yoŭr dāte ĭs nōt sŏ pāst
> Bŭt yoŭ măy stāy yĕt hēre ăwhīle
> Tŏ blūsh ănd gēntlў smīle,
> Ănd gō ăt lăst.
> "To Blossoms."

A fine trochaic stanza is to be found in "Twelfth Night,"

Act II, scene 3. The third and sixth lines rhyme, the other lines rhyming in couplets :

> Whăt ĭs lōve ? 'Tĭs nŏt hĕreăftĕr ;
> Prēsĕnt mĭrth hăth prēsĕnt lāughtĕr ;
>   Whăt's tŏ cōme ĭs stĭll ŭnsūre :
> Ĭn dĕlāy thĕre lĭes nŏ plēntў,—
> Thēn cŏme kĭss mĕ, Swēet-ănd-twēntў,
>   Yoūth's ă stŭff wĭll nōt ĕndūre.
>
> *Shakespeare*—" O Mistress Mine."

An ardent love stanza composed by John Moultrie, is to be found in the following in iambic rhythm, rhyming in couplets :

" Fŏrgēt thĕe ?"—Ĭf tŏ drēam bў nĭght, ănd mūse ŏn thēe bў dāy,
Ĭf āll thĕ wŏrshĭp, dēep ănd wĭld, ă pōĕt's hēart căn pāy,
Ĭf prāyĕrs ĭn ābsĕnce brēathed fŏr thēe tŏ Hēavĕn's prŏtēctĭng power,
Ĭf wĭngĕd thōughts thăt flĭt tŏ thēe—ă thōusănd ĭn ăn hōur,
Ĭf būsў Fāncў blēndĭng thēe wĭth āll mў fūtŭre lŏt,—
Ĭf thĭs thŏu cāll'st " fŏrgēttĭng," thŏu ĭndēed shălt bē fŏrgōt !

>   " Forget Thee ? "

Ralph Hoyt is the author of a poem depicting old age. It is touching and pathetic and portrays true to life some of the sad events of this existence. The poem is written in trochaic rhythm. The first, second, third, fourth and sixth lines being trochaic pentameter, and the fifth trochaic dimeter. We have selected the seventh stanza :

> "Āngĕl," sāid hĕ sādlў, " Ī ăm ōld ;
>   Ēarthlў hōpe nŏ lōngĕr hăth ă mōrrŏw ;
> Yĕt, whў Ī sĭt hēre thoŭ shălt bĕ tōld."
>   Thēn hĭs eўe bĕtrāyed ă pēarl ŏf sōrrŏw,
>   Dōwn ĭt rōlled !
> "Āngĕl," sāid hĕ sādlў, " Ī ăm ōld."
>
>   " Old."

Another form of the six line stanza is the quatrain rhyming in alternate lines, with the couplet. The following is iambic rhythm and the first stanza of the poem :

> Friĕnd ăftĕr friēnd dĕpărts ;
> Whŏ hăth nŏt lôst ă friēnd ?
> Thĕre īs nŏ ūniŏn hēre ŏf heārts
> Thăt f īnds nŏt hēre ăn ēnd !
> Wĕre thīs frăil wōrld ŏur f īnăl rēst,
> Līvĭng ŏr dy̆ĭng nōne wĕre blēst.
> *James Montgomery*—"Parted Friends."

A dainty poem, exquisite in its form, is by Sarah Roberts. It is trochaic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

> Hēre Ĭ cŏme crēepĭng, crēepĭng ēvery̆whēre ;
> By̆ thĕ dūsty̆ rōadsĭde,
> Ŏn thĕ sūnny̆ hĭllsĭde,
> Clōse by̆ thĕ noīsy̆ brŏok,
> Ĭn ēvery̆ shādy̆ nŏok,
> Ĭ cŏme crēepĭng, crēepĭng ēvery̆whēre.
> "The Voice of the Grass."

Burns is not the first who used the form of the stanza following. He, however, used it frequently in his writings and it is known as the stanza of Burns. It is iambic rhythm:

> Stĭll thōu ărt blēssed, cŏmpāred wĭ' mē !
> Thĕ prēsĕnt ōnly̆ toūchĕth thēe :
> Bŭt, ŏch ! Ĭ băckwărd căst my̆ ē'e
> Ŏn prōspĕcts drēar ;
> Ăn' fōrwărd, thōugh Ĭ cănnă' sēe,
> Ĭ guēss ăn' fēar.
> "To a Mouse."

"The Little Beach Bird" is the theme of a poem by Richard Henry Dana. It is also in iambic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

> Thoŭ lĭttlĕ bĭrd, thoŭ dwēllĕr bў thĕ sēa,
>   Whў tākĕst thoū ĭts mēlănchōlў voīce?
>   Whў wīth thăt bōdĭng crў
>   Ŏ'er thĕ wāves dŏst thoŭ flў?
> Ŏ, rāthĕr, bĭrd, wĭth mē
>   Throūgh thĕ făir lānd rĕjoīce !
>   "The Little Beach Bird."

An interesting stanza may be formed in alternate lines, the first, second and fourth trimeter, the third tetrameter, and the fifth and sixth a tetrameter couplet, as follows :

> Tĕll mē Ĭ hāte thĕ bōwl,—
>   Hăte īs ă feēblĕ wōrd ;
> Ĭ lōathe, ăbhŏr,—mў vērў sōul
>   Bў strōng dĭsgūst ĭs stĭrred
> Whĕn'ĕr Ĭ seē, ŏr hēar, ŏr tēll
> Ŏf thē dărk bēvĕrāge ŏf hēll !
>   *Anonymous*—"Go Feel What I Have Felt."

In trochaic rhythm we give—

> Sō, goŏd nĭght !
> Slūmbĕr ōn tĭll mōrnĭng līght ;
>   Slūmbĕr tĭll ănōthĕr mōrrŏw
>   Brĭngs ĭts stōres ŏf jōy ănd sōrrŏw ;
> Fēarlĕss, īn thĕ Fāthĕr's sĭght !
> Slūmbĕr ōn. Goŏd nĭght !
>   *Körner*—"Good Night."

William Cullen Bryant is the author of this patriotic stanza, in iambic rhythm :

Ŏ MŌTHĔR ōf ă mīghtў rāce,
Yĕt lŏvelў īn thў yoūthfŭl grāce !
Thĕ ēldĕr dāmes, thў hāughtў peērs,
Ădmīre ănd hāte thў bloōmĭng yēars ;
      Wĭth wōrds ŏf shāme
Ănd tāunts ŏf scōrn thĕy jōin thў nāme.
                                   "America."

Charles Kingsley is the author of a poem in iambic
rhythm, from which we give the second stanza :

Thĕ creēpĭng tīde cănie ūp ălōng thĕ sānd,
Ănd ō'er ănd ō'er thĕ sānd,
Ănd rōund ănd rōund thĕ sānd,
   Ăs fār ăs eȳe coŭld seē ;
Thĕ blīndĭng mĭst cănie dōwn ănd hĭd thĕ lānd:
Ănd nēvĕr hōme cănie shē.
                          " The Sands of Dee."

In trochaic rhythm Longfellow has written a poem
entitled "Sea Weed." It is a neat form of the six-line
stanza. The first, third, fourth and sixth lines are tetra-
meter, the second and fifth dimeter. We give the fifth
stanza

Sō whĕn stōrms ŏf wĭld ĕmōtiŏn
   Strīke thĕ ōceăn
Ŏf thĕ pŏĕt's sōul, ĕre lōng,
Frōm ĕach cāve ănd rōckў fāstnĕss
   Ĭn Ĭts vāstnĕss
Flōats sŏme frāgmĕnt ōf ă sōng.
                          "Sea Weed."

Maria Gowan Brooks is the author of these exquisite lines

in trochaic rhythm.   The quatrain is tetrameter, the couplet
dimeter.   We give the second stanza :

> Thōu, tŏ whōm Ĭ lōve tŏ heārkĕn ; ⎫
> Cōme, ĕre nīght ărōund mĕ dărkĕn ; ⎰
> Thōugh thў sŏftnĕss būt dĕcēive mĕ, ⎫
> Sāy thŏu'rt trūe, ănd Ĭ'll bĕliēve theĕ; ⎰
>   Vēil, ĭf ĭll thў sōul's ĭntēnt, ⎫
>   Lēt mĕ thĭnk ĭt ĭnnŏcēnt ! ⎰
>   " Day, in Melting Purple Dying."

THE SEVEN LINE STANZA.

> Ŏf āll thŏse ārts ĭn whĭch thĕ wīse ĕxcēl,
> Nātŭre's chiĕf māstĕrpiēce ĭs wrītĭng wēll ;
> Nŏ wrītĭng lĭfts ĕxāltĕd mān sŏ hīgh
> Ăs sācrĕd ānd sŏul-mōvĭng pōĕsў.
>
>   *Buckingham.*

This stanza may not be so generally used as the ones of
four, five and six lines, still many beautiful and exquisitely
finished poem; are to its credit.   It is also capable of many
nicely formed combinations.   The various forms that may
be selected from our best poems, examined and analyzed,
will soon make us familiar with the stanza of seven lines.
The first selection is a sweet, spicy, little love poem by
Charles Sibley, entitled " The Plaidie."   How true to na-
ture are these little word accents in iambic rhythm.   An
analysis of the first line of the stanza shows a line composed
of three iambic feet, with a redundant syllable ; the second
line is composed of a trochee, and two iambuses ; the third
line is composed of an anapest and two iambuses, with a re-
dundant syllable ; the fourth line is composed of an anapest
and two iambuses ; the fifth line is composed of one iambus

and a redundant syllable ; the sixth line is like the third ; the seventh is composed of three iambuses. The fifth line is a monometer, the others trimeter :

THE PLAIDIE.

Ŭpōn ăne stŏrmў Sūndăy,
  Cōmĭng ădoōn thĕ lāne,
Wĕre ă scōre ŏf bōnnĭe lāssĭes—
  Ănd thĕ sweētĕst Ĭ măintāin
    Wăs Cāddĭe,
Thăt Ĭ toōk ŭnnēath mў plāidĭe,
  Tŏ shiēld hĕr frŏm thĕ rāin.

Shĕ săid thăt thĕ dāisiĕs blūshed
  Fŏr thĕ kĭss thăt Ĭ hăd tā'en ;
Ĭ wādnă hăe thoūght thĕ lāssĭe
  Wăd sāe ŏf ă kĭss cŏmplāin :
    "Nŏw, lăddĭe !
Ĭ wĭnnă stăy ūndĕr yoŭr plāidĭe,
  Ĭf Ĭ găng hāme ĭn thĕ rāin !"

Bŭt ōn ăn āfter Sūndăy,
  Whĕn clŏud thĕre wăs nŏt āne,
Thĭs sēlfsăme wĭnsŏme lāssĭe
  (Wĕ chānce tŏ meēt ĭn thĕ lāne)
    Săid, "Lāddĭe,
Whў dĭnnă yĕ weār yoŭr plāidĭe ?
  Whă kēns bŭt ĭt măy rāin ?"

"How Many Times," a poem in iambic rhythm, by Charles Lovell Beddoes, gives expression of great love. We have selected the second stanza :

Hŏw mānÿ tīmes dŏ Ĭ lōve, ăgāin?
Tĕll mē hŏw mānÿ bēads thĕre āre
　Ĭn ă sīlvĕr chāin
　Ŏf thĕ ēvenĭng rāin,
Ŭnrāvĕled frŏm thĕ tūmblĭng māin,
　Ănd thrēadĭng thĕ eȳe ŏf ă yĕllŏw stār:
Sŏ mānÿ tīmes dŏ Ĭ lōve, ăgāin.
　　　　　　　　"How Many Times."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has written a delicately fin-
ished and pathetic poem entitled, "My Heart and I." We
give the seventh and last stanza. It is iambic rhythm:

Yĕt, whō cŏmplāins? Mÿ heārt ănd Ĭ? ·
Ĭn thīs ăbūndănt eārth nŏ dōubt
Ĭs littlĕ roōm fŏr thĭngs wŏrn ōut;
Dĭsdāin thĕm, breāk thĕm, thrōw thĕm bȳ;
Ănd ĭf bĕfōre thĕ dāys grĕw rōugh,
Wĕ ōnce wĕre lōved, thĕn—wēll ĕnoūgh
Ĭ thĭnk wĕ've fāred, mÿ heārt ănd Ĭ.
　　　　　　　　"My Heart and I."

From an old manuscript in the time of Henry VIII,
written anonymously, the following stanza in iambic rhythm
is taken:

Ăh, mȳ sweĕt sweētĭng;
Mÿ littlĕ prēttÿ sweētĭng,
Mÿ sweētĭng wĭll Ĭ lōve whĕrēvĕr Ĭ gō;
Shĕ īs sŏ prōpĕr ănd pūre,
Trŭe, stēadfăst, stāblĕ ānd dĕmūre,
Thĕre īs nŏne sŭch, yŏu māy bĕ sūre,
　Ăs mȳ sweĕt sweētĭng.
　　　　　　　　"My Sweet Sweeting.

Tennyson's "Song of the Milkmaid," from "Queen Mary," is a fine specimen of the seven line stanza. It is trochaic measure :

> Shāme ŭpōn yoŭ, Rōbĭn,
> Shāme ŭpŏn yoŭ nōw !
> Kĭss mĕ woŭld yoŭ ? wĭth mў hānds
> Mĭlkĭng thĕ cōw ?
> Dāisĭes grōw ăgāin,
> Kīng cŭps blōw ăgāin,
> Ānd yoŭ cāme ănd kīssed mĕ mĭlkĭng thĕ cōw.

Jean Ingelow is the author of "Songs of Seven," which contains a love song in anapestic rhythm :

> Ĭ lēaned ŏut ŏf wĭndŏw, Ĭ smēlt thĕ whĭte clōvĕr,
> Dărk, dārk wăs thĕ gārdĕn, Ĭ sāw nŏt thĕ gāte ;
> "Nŏw, ĭf thĕre bĕ foŏtstĕps, hĕ cōmes, mў ŏwn lōvĕr,—
> Hŭsh, nĭghtĭngăle, hūsh ! Ŏ sweĕt nĭghtĭngăle, wāit
> Tĭll Ĭ lĭstĕn ănd hēar
> Ĭf ă stĕp drăwĕth nēar,
> Fŏr mў lōve hĕ ĭs lāte !
>   "Seven Times Three, Love."

A poem greatly admired is · by Rev. Charles Kingsley. It is an anapestic rhythm. The stanza which we have selected is an anapestic tetrameter, and analyzed is as follows: The first line is composed of two anapestic and two iambic feet ; the second line is like the first ; the third is composed of four iambic feet ; the fourth is composed of one iambic and three anapestic feet ; the fifth is composed of one anapestic and three iambic feet ; the sixth is like the third ; and the seventh line is like the fifth, the anapestic

foot prevailing denotes the rhythm of the stanza. The third stanza is as follows :

> Threĕ cōrpsĕs lăy ōut ŏn thĕ shīnĭng sānds
> In thĕ mōrnĭng glēam ăs thĕ tīde wĕnt dōwn,
> Ănd thĕ wōmĕn ăre weēpĭng ănd wrīngĭng thĕir hānds
> Fŏr thōse whŏ wĭll nēvĕr cŏme bāck tŏ thĕ tōwn,
> Fŏr mēn mŭst wōrk, ănd wōmĕn mŭst weēp ;
> Ănd thĕ soōnĕr ĭts ōvĕr, thĕ soōnĕr tŏ sleēp ;
> Ănd goŏd-bӯe tŏ thĕ bār ănd ĭts moānĭng.
>
> "The Three Fishers."

"My Love is Dead," is a poem by Thomas Chatterton, in trochaic measure composed of nine stanzas, from which we have selected the second. The measure is mixed, the trochaic foot prevailing. The stanza is tetrameter, except the fifth and sixth lines, they being dimeter. The first and third, the second and fourth lines rhyme. The fifth and sixth being a rhyming couplet :

> Blāck hĭs hāir ăs thĕ sūmmĕr nīght,
> Whīte hĭs nēck ăs thĕ wīntĕr snōw,
> Rŭddӯ hĭs fāce ăs thĕ mōrnĭng līght ;
> Cōld hĕ līes ĭn thĕ grāve bĕlōw.
> Mӯ lōve ĭs deād
> Gōne tŏ hĭs dĕath-bĕd,
> Ăll ūndĕr thĕ wīllŏw treē.
>
> "My Love is Dead."

Henry N. Cobb is the author of the following lines in iambic rhythm. The first four lines being pentameter, the fifth and sixth dimeter, and the seventh a monometer. We give the first stanza of the poem :

Thĕ wāy ĭs dārk, mў Fāthĕr ! Clōud ŏn clōud
Ĭs gāthĕrĭng thĭcklў ō'er mў hĕad, ănd lōud
Thĕ thūndĕrs rōar ăbōve mĕ. Sēe, Ĭ stānd
Lĭke ōne bĕwildĕred ! Fāthĕr, tāke mў hānd,
    Ănd throūgh thĕ glōom
    Lĕad sāfelў hōme
        Thў chīld !
                " Father, Take my Hand."

In a fine descriptive poem Francis Bret Harte thus nar-
rates the cause of the fear of the inhabitants of a seaport
town, in iambic rhythm.   We give the second stanza :

Gŏod cāuse fŏr fēar ! Ĭn thĕ thĭck mĭddāy
  Thĕ hūlk thăt lāy bў thĕ rŏttĭng piēr,
Fīlled wĭth chīldrĕn ĭn hāppў plāy,
  Pārtĕd thĕ mōorĭngs ănd drĭftĕd clēar,—
Drĭftĕd clĕar bĕyŏnd thĕ rēach ŏr cāll,—
Thĭrtĕen chīldrĕn thĕy wēre ĭn āll,—
  Āll ădrĭft ĭn thĕ lōwĕr bāy !
            "A Greyport Legend."

A ride made famous in iambic tetrameter is that of Sheri-
dan's from Winchestertown.   We give the first stanza :

Ŭp frōm thĕ Soūth ăt breāk ŏf dāy
Brĭngĭng tŏ Wĭnchĕstĕr frēsh dĭsmāy,
Thĕ āffrĭghtĕd āir wĭth ă shŭddĕr bōre,
Lĭke ă hĕrăld ĭn hāste, tŏ thĕ chiĕftaĭn's dōor,
Thĕ tĕrrĭblĕ grūmblĕ, ănd rūmblĕ, ănd rōar,
Tĕllĭng thĕ bāttlĕ wăs ōn ŏnce mōre,
  Ănd Shĕrĭdăn twēntў mīles ăwāy.
    Thomas Buchanan Read—"Sheridan's Ride."

Another little poem depicting rural sport, is by Thomas
Tod Stoddart, in trochaic rhythm.   It is very cleverly

written and the stanza worth reading to a lover of the
sport.   We give the first stanza :

> Sīng, sweĕt thrūshĕs, fōrth ănd sīng !
> Mēet thĕ mōrn ŭpōn thĕ lēa ;
> Āre thĕ ēmerălds ōf thĕ spring
> Ŏn thĕ āhglĕr's trȳstĭng-trēe ?
> Tēll, sweĕt thrūshĕs, tēll tŏ mē !
> Āre thĕre būds ŏn ŏur wĭllŏw-trēe ?
> Būds ănd bīrds ŏn ŏur trȳstĭng-trēe ?
>   "The Angler's Trysting-Tree."

What a fine sentiment is contained in this stanza, the
last one of a poem by Mrs. Craik.   It is iambic rhythm :

> Ŏ sōul, fŏrgēt thĕ weīght thăt drăgs theĕ dōwn,
>   Dēathfŭllȳ, dēathfŭllȳ:
> Knŏw thȳsĕlf.   Ās thĭs glōrȳ wrāps theĕ rōund,
> Lĕt īt mĕlt ōff thĕ chāins thăt lōng hăve bōund
> Thȳ strēngth.   Stănd frēe bĕfōre thȳ Gōd ănd crȳ—
>   " Mȳ Fāthĕr, hēre ăm Ī :
> Gĭve tō mĕ ās thŏu wĭlt—fĭrst crŏss, thĕn crŏwn."
>   "The Aurora on the Clyde."

And by the same author we find a fine iambic stanza
taken from a poem entitled " Sitting on the Shore " :

> Ŏ life, Ŏ sīlĕnt shōre,
> Whĕre wē sĭt pātiĕnt : Ō greăt sēa bĕyōnd
> Tŏ whĭch wĕ tūrn wĭth sōlĕmn hōpe ănd fōnd,
>   Bŭt sōrrŏwfŭl nŏ mōre :
>   Ă lĭttlĕ whīle, ănd thēn wĕ toō shăll sōar
> Lĭke white-wĭnged sēa-bĭrds īntŏ thĕ Ĭnfĭnĭte Deēp ;
> Tĭll thēn, Thŏu, Fātbĕr—wĭlt oŭr spĭrĭts keēp.
>   " Sitting on the Shore."

Let us give still another from the same author. It is from a poem in anapestic rhythm entitled, "Sleep on Till Day" :

Yĕt lĭfe's bŭt ă vīsiŏn toŏ lōvelў tŏ stāy :
Mŏrn pāssĕs, noŏn hāstĕns, ănd pleāsŭres dĕcāy ;
Ănd ēvenĭng ăpprōachĕs ănd clōsĕs thĕ dāy :
 Thĕn lāid wĭth prāisĕs
 Ŭndĕr thĕ dāisĭes :
Smĭlĭng wĕ'll creēp tŏ ŏur pĭllŏw ŏf clāy,
Ănd sleēp ŏn tĭll Dāy, mў lŏve, sleēp ŏn tĭll Dāy.

For one desirous of selecting a wife, the following stanza may be of some practical help. The poem is an iambic tetrameter. Here is the third stanza :

Ĭf Ī coŭld fĭnd ă lāssĭe—mĭld,
Wōmăn ĭn wĭt, ĭn heărt ă chĭld :
 Blĭthe—jūst tŏ sweētĕn sōrrŏw ;
Sĕdāte ĕnoūgh tŏ tēmpĕr mĭrth—
Meĕk-heārtĕd, rĭch ĭn hōusehŏld wōrth—
Nŏt quīte thĕ ūglĭĕst gĭrl ŏn ēarth,—
Ĭ'd mārrў hēr tŏmōrrŏw.
     Craik—"The Six Sisters."

A "Dream in the Woods," written by Thomas Hood, in iambic rhythm, is a poem of excellent merit—contemplative in character. We give the sixty-seventh stanza :

Bŭt hāughtў peēr ănd mĭghtў kĭng
Ŏne doōm shăll ōvĕrwhēlm !
 Thĕ ōakĕn cēll
 Shăll lōdge hĭm wēll
Whŏse scēptrĕ rūled ă rēalm—
Whīle hē whŏ nĕvĕr knēw ă hōme
Shăll fĭnd ĭt ĭn thĕ ēlm !
    "The Elm Tree."

Henry Carey is the author of "God Save the King," written in dactylic rhythm.   We give a stanza :

> Gōd săve ŏur grācioŭs kīng,
> Lōng līve ŏur nōblĕ kīng,
>   Gōd săve thĕ kīng !
> Sēnd hĭm vĭctōrĭoŭs
> Hāppy̆ ănd glōrĭoŭs,
> Lōng tŏ rĕign ōvĕr ŭs,
>   Gōd săve thĕ kīng !

A patriotic poem by Francis Bret Harte furnishes this excellent stanza in trochaic rhythm.   The second one of the poem is selected :

> " Lĕt mĕ ōf my̆ heārt tăke cōunsĕl :
>   Wār ĭs nōt ŏf life thĕ sūm ;
> Whō shăll stāy ănd rēap thĕ hārvĕst
>   Whēn thĕ aūtŭmn dāys shăll cōme ? "
>   Būt thĕ drūm
>   Ĕchŏed, "Cōme !
> Dēath shăll rēap thĕ brāvĕr hārvĕst," sāid thĕ
>   sōlĕmn sōundĭng drūm.
>
> <div align="right">" The Reveille."</div>

Lord Tennyson is the author of a soul-stirring poem in dactylic rhythm.   The second stanza is given :

> Bē nŏt dēaf tŏ thĕ soūnd thăt wārns !
> Bē nŏt gūlled by̆ ă dēspŏt's plēa !
> Āre fĭgs ŏf thĭstlĕs, ŏr grāpes ŏf thōrns ?
>   Hōw shoŭld ă dēspŏt sēt mĕn freē ?
> Fōrm ! fōrm, Rĭflĕmĕn, fōrm !
> Rēady̆, bĕ rēady̆ tŏ meēt thĕ stōrm !
> Rĭflĕmĕn, rĭflĕmĕn, rĭflĕmĕn, fōrm !
>
> <div align="right">" The War."</div>

Phœbe Carey has written many tender and charming poems. The art of the poet was one she thoroughly understood. This stanza, the last one of the poem, is in trochaic rhythm :

Āh wĭse mōthĕr ! ĭf yŏŭ prōved
Lŏvĕr nēvĕr crōssed hĕr wāy,
Ī wŏŭld thĭnk thĕ sēlf-săme wāy.
Ĕvĕr sīnce thĕ wōrld hăs mōved,
Bābes seĕm wōmĕn ĭn ă dāy ;
Ānd, ălās ! ănd wēll ă dāy !
Mēn hăve woōed ănd māidĕns lōved !

Phœbe Cary—" Gracie."

Matthew Arnold has written a fine poem, which he entitles "A Question." It is trochaic rhythm. We give the first and second stanzas :

Jōy cŏmes ănd gōes, hōpe ĕbbs ănd flōws
Līke thĕ wāve ;
Chānge dŏth ŭnknīt thĕ trānquĭl strēngth ŏf mēn.
Lŏve lĕnds līfe ă līttlĕ grāce,
Ă fĕw săd smīles ănd thēn
Bōth ăre lāid ĭn ōne cŏld plāce, —
Īn thĕ grāve.

Drēams dăwn ănd flȳ, friēnds smīle ănd dīe
Līke sprĭng flōwers;
Ŏur vāuntĕd līfe ĭs ōne lŏng fūnĕrāl.
Mēn dĭg grāves wĭth bĭttĕr tēars
Fŏr theĭr dēad hŏpes ; ănd āll,
Māzed wĭth dōubts ănd sĭck wĭth fēars,
Cōunt thĕ hōurs.

"A Question."

What is known as the Rhyme-Royal, a stanza invented
by Chaucer, is still another form of the seven line stanza.
The first four lines being an ordinary quatrain, with alternate
lines rhyming, the fifth line repeating the rhyme of the
fourth, and the last two rhymes forming a rhyming couplet.
We give a stanza illustrating :

> Ănd thōu, sweĕt Mūsĭc, dāncĭng's ōnlў lĭfe,
>   Thĕ ēar's sŏle hăppĭnĕss, thĕ āir's bĕst speēch,
> Lōadstŏne ŏf fēllŏwshĭp, chārmĭng-rōd ŏf strīfe,
>   Thĕ sōft mĭnd's părădīse, thĕ sĭck măn's leēch,
>   Wĭth thīne ŏwn tōngue thŏu treēs ănd stōnes căn'st tēach,
> Thăt, whēn thĕ āir dŏth dānce hĕr fīnĕst mēasŭre,
> Thĕn ārt thŏu bōrn, thĕ gōds' ănd mēn's sweĕt plēasŭre.
> > *Sir John Davies*—"The Dancing of the Air."

THE EIGHT LINE STANZA.

This stanza is used extensively in writing poetry. No
form, unless it should be the quatrain, is in such general
use. It is capable of great variety. The stanza may be
composed of four couplets, or a six line stanza and a couplet,
or a seven line stanza with an odd rhyming line.

As our object is not only the familiarizing ourselves with
the various forms of the stanza, but also to learn perfectly
the art of scansion, become perfectly acquainted with the
rhythm and meter of verse, we shall endeavor to select
from the best authors the various forms of the eight line
stanza, assuring the reader that he cannot be too familiar
with the formation of the stanzas, if he has a desire to
become perfectly acquainted with the art of versification.

The selections given, while but a single stanza of some
excellent poem, will certainly be a help to the reader who
will undoubtedly follow up the poem and give to it a thor-

ough reading. First, we have selected the fourth stanza of Thomas Hood's " The Song of the Shirt." It is iambic rhythm. The stanza is as follows :

> Ŏh ! mēn wĭth sīstĕrs dēar !
> Ŏh ! mēn wĭth mōthĕrs ănd wīves !
> ĭt īs nŏt līnĕn yŏu're weārĭng ōut,
> Bŭt hūmăn crēatŭres' līves !
> Stītch—stītch—stītch !
> Ĭn pŏvĕrtў, hūngĕr ănd dīrt,
> Sēwĭng ăt ōnce, wĭth ă dōublĕ thrēad,
> Ă SHRŌUD ăs wēll ăs ă shīrt !

What can be more beautiful than the poem of Edward Coate Pinkney entitled, "A Health?" It is also in iambic rhythm. The poem is composed of five stanzas. We have selected the last, as follows :

> Ĭ fīll thĭs cūp tŏ ōne măde ūp
> Ŏf lōvelĭnĕss ălōne,
> Ă wōmăn, ŏf hĕr gēntlĕ sēx
> Thĕ seēmĭng părăgōn.
> Hĕr hēalth ! ănd woūld ŏn ēarth thĕre stoōd
> Sŏme mōre ŏf sūch ă frāme,
> Thăt līfe mĭght bē ăll pōĕtrў,
> Ănd wēarĭnĕss ă nāme.

Philip Pendleton Cooke gives us a fine example of an eight line stanza in a little poem entitled, "Florence Vane." It is iambic rhythm. We select the third stanza :

> Thōu wăst lōvelĭĕr thān thĕ rōsĕs
> Ĭn thĕir prīme ;
> Thў vōice ĕxcēlled thĕ clōsĕs
> Ŏf sweētĕst rhўme ;
> Thў heārt wăs ă rīvĕr
> Wĭthōut ă māin.
> Woŭld Ī hăd lōved theĕ nĕvĕr,
> Flōrĕnce Vāne.

Samuel Daniel has written a neat little poem entitled, '' Love is a Sickness.'' We give the last stanza :

> Lŏve īs ă tōrmĕnt ōf thĕ mīnd,
> Ă tēmpĕst ēvĕrlāstĭng ;
> Ănd Jōve hăth māde ĭt ōf ă kīnd,
> Nŏt wēll, nŏr fūll, nŏr fāstĭng.
> Whȳ sō?
> Mŏre wē ĕnjŏy ĭt, mōre ĭt dīes ;
> Ĭf nōt ĕnjōyed, ĭt sīghĭng crīes
> Hĕigh-hō.

James Shirley is the author of a fine poem in iambic rhythm entitled, '' Death the Leveler.'' The last stanza is selected :

> Thĕ gārlănds wīthĕr ōn yoŭr brōw,
> Thĕn bōast nŏ mōre yoŭr mīghtȳ deēds ;
> Ŭpōn dĕath's pūrplĕ āltăr nōw
> Seĕ whēre thĕ vīctŏr-vīctĭm bleēds ;
> Yoŭr heāds mŭst cōme
> Tŏ thē cŏld tōmb ;
> Ōnlȳ thĕ āctiŏns ōf thĕ jūst
> Smĕll sweēt, ănd blōssŏm īn thĕir dūst.

Alexander Rogers gives us a beautiful stanza, in a love poem entitled, '' Behave Yourself Before Folk.'' We select the fifth stanza, which is iambic rhythm :

> Yĕ tēll mĕ thāt mȳ līps ăre sweēt :
> Sĭc tāles, Ĭ dōubt ăre ā' dĕcēit ;—
> Ăt ōnȳ rāte, ĭt's hārdlȳ meēt
> Tŏ prīe thĕir sweēts bĕfōre fŏlk.
> Bĕhāve yoŭrsĕl' bĕfōre fŏlk,—
> Bĕhāve yoŭrsĕl' bĕfōre fŏlk,—
> Gĭn thāt's thĕ cāse, thĕre's tīme ănd plāce,
> Bŭt sūrelȳ nō bĕfōre fŏlk !

John G. Saxe, the author of so many excellent poems, who delighted the reading public throughout his life, tells us he is growing old in these finished lines entitled, "I'm Growing Old." We give the fourth stanza. It is iambic tetrameter :

> Ĭ feēl ĭt ĭn mў chāngĭng tāste ;
> Ĭ seē ĭt ĭn mў chāngĭng hāir ;
> Ĭ seē ĭt ĭn mў grōwĭng wāist ;
> Ĭ seē ĭt ĭn mў grōwĭng hēir ;
> Ă thōusănd sĭgns prŏclāim thĕ trūth,
> Ăs plāin ăs trūth wăs ēvĕr tōld,
> Thăt, ēvĕn ĭn mў vāuntĕd yoūth,
> Ĭ'm grōwĭng ōld ļ."

An anonymous poem entitled, "The Grave of Bonaparte" is a beautiful eight line stanza in anapestic rhythm. We have selected the first stanza :

> Ŏn ă lōne-bărrĕn īsle, whĕre thĕ wĭld-roărĭng bĭllŏws
> Ăssāil thĕ stĕrn rŏck, ănd thĕ lōud-tĕmpĕsts rāve,
> Thĕ hērŏ lĭes stĭll, whĭle thĕ dēw-drŏppĭng wĭllŏws,
> Lĭke fōnd-weĕpĭng mōurnĕrs lĕan ōvĕr thĕ grāve.
> Thĕ lĭghtnĭngs măy flăsh, ănd thĕ lōud-thŭndĕrs răttlĕ ;
> Hĕ heēds nŏt, hĕ hēars nŏt, hĕ's freē frŏm ăll pāin ;—
> Hĕ sleēps hĭs lăst sleēp—hĕ hăs fōught hĭs lăst băttlĕ !
> Nŏ sōund căn ăwāke hĭm tŏ glōrў ăgāin !

"A Doubting Heart," by Adelaide Anne Proctor, is a pathetic poem in iambic rhythm, expressive of sorrow and adversity. We give the third stanza :

> Thĕ sūn hăs hĭd ĭts rāys
> Thĕse mānў dāys ;
> Wĭll drēarў hōurs nēvĕr lēave thĕ ēarth ?
> Ŏ dōubtĭng heārt !
> Thĕ stōrmў clōuds ŏn hīgh
> Vēil thĕ săme sūnnў skў
> Thăt soōn, fŏr sprĭng ĭs nĭgh,
> Shăll wāke thĕ sŭmmĕr ĭntŏ gōldĕn mĭrth.

We present below a stanza of eight lines, the second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines rhyming. It is taken from one of the finest poems in the English language, '' Man was Made to Mourn,'' by Robert Burns. It is iambic rhythm. We give the eleventh stanza :

> Ŏ Dēath ! thĕ poōr măn's dēarĕst friēnd,
>   Thĕ kīndĕst ānd thĕ bēst !
> Wēlcŏme thĕ hōur mў āgĕd līmbs
>   Ăre lāid wĭth theē ăt rēst !
> Thĕ greāt, thĕ wēalthў, fēar thў blōw,
>   Frŏm pōmp ănd plēasŭre tōrn ;
> Bŭt Ŏ, ă blēst rĕliĕf tŏ thōse
>   Thăt wēarў-lādĕn mōurn !

The '' Cavalry Song '' by Edmund Clarence Stedman· taken from ''Alice of Monmouth,'' is a poem showy and animated, a very neat form of the eight line stanza. It is also iambic rhythm. We give the second stanza :

> Dăsh ōn bĕnēath thĕ smōkĭng dōme :
>   Throŭgh lēvĕl līghtnĭngs găllŏp nēarĕr !
> Ŏne loōk tŏ Hēavĕn ! Nŏ thōughts ŏf hōme ;
>   Thĕ guīdŏns thāt wĕ beār ăre dēarĕr.
>   CHĀRGE !
> Clĭng ! Clāng ! fŏrwărd āll !
> Hēaven hĕlp thōse whŏse hōrsĕs făll ;
>   Cŭt lēft ănd rīght !

Caroline E. Norton is known the world over by '' Bingen on the Rhine.'' The poem is highly descriptive, tender and sympathetic, touching a keynote that reverberates and swells as the reader cons each line. It is in iambic measure —an iambic heptameter :

Hĭs trĕmblĭng vôice grĕw fāint ănd hōarse—hĭs găsp wăs chĭldĭsh
    wēak,—
Hĭs eȳes pŭt ŏn ă dȳĭng loŏk,—hĕ sīghed ănd cēased tŏ spēak ;
Hĭs cōmrăde bēnt tŏ lĭft hĭm, bŭt thĕ spärk ŏf life hăd flēd !
Thĕ sōldiĕr ōf thĕ L̄egiŏn, īn ă fōrĕign lănd—ĭs dēad !
Ānd thĕ sōft moŏn rōse ŭp slōwlȳ, ănd cālmlȳ shē loŏked dōwn
Ŏn thĕ rēd sănd ōf thĕ băttlĕ-fiēld wĭth bloŏdȳ cōrsĕs strēwn ;
Yĕs, cālmlȳ ōn thăt drēadfŭl scēne hĕr pāle lĭght seēmed tŏ shīne,
Ās ĭt shōne ŏn dīstănt Bĭngĕn—făir Bĭngĕn ōn thĕ Rhīne !

John G. Saxe is the author of '' American Aristocracy,''
from which we have selected the first stanza.   It is iambic
rhythm :

> Ŏf āll thĕ nōtăblĕ things ŏn ēarth,
> Thĕ queērĕst ōne ĭs prīde ŏf bĭrth
>   Ămōng ŏur "fiĕrce dĕmōcrăcȳ ! "
> Ă brĭdge ăcrōss ă hūndrĕd yēars,
> Wĭthout ă prŏp tŏ sāve ĭt frŏm snēers,
> Nŏt ēvĕn ă cōuplĕ ŏf rōttĕn peērs,—
> Ă thĭng ŏf lāughtĕr, fleērs ănd jeērs,
>   Ĭs Ămērĭcăn ārĭstōcrăcȳ !

How true to nature is this poem by Joanna Baillie, entitled
'' The Heath-Cock.''   It is iambic rhythm.   We select the
first stanza :

> Goŏd mōrrŏw tō thȳ sāblĕ bēak
> Ănd glōssȳ plūmăge därk ănd sleēk,
> Thȳ crĭmsŏn moōn ănd āzŭre eȳe,
> Cŏck ōf thĕ hēath, sŏ wĭldlȳ shȳ ;
> Ĭ seē theĕ slȳlȳ cōwerĭng throūgh
> Thăt wīrȳ wēb ŏf sĭlverȳ dēw,
> Thăt twĭnklĕs in thĕ mōrnĭng āir,
> Lĭke cāsemĕnts ōf mȳ lādȳ fāir.

The Italian Heroic meter in which Tasso and Ariosto
wrote, known as the "Ottava Rima," is a stanza of eight
iambic pentameter lines.   The stanza consists of six lines
rhyming alternately, and the seventh and eighth a rhyming
couplet.   Lord Byron wrote "Don Juan" in this stanza,
a selection from the first canto, is here given :

'Tĭs sweē tŏ hēar thĕ wātch dŏg's hōnĕst bārk
   Băy deēp-mŏuthed wēlcŏme ăs wĕ drăw nĕar hōme ;
'Tĭs sweēt tŏ knōw thĕre ĭs ăn eȳe wĭll mārk
   Ŏur cōmĭng, ănd loŏk brĭghtĕr whēn wĕ cōme ;
'Tĭs sweēt tŏ bē ăwākĕned bȳ thĕ lārk,
   Ŏr lūlled bȳ fāllĭng wātĕrs ; sweēt thĕ hūm
Ŏf beēs, thĕ vōice ŏf gīrls, thĕ sōng ŏf bīrds,
Thĕ lĭsp ŏf chĭldrĕn, ānd thĕir ēarlĭĕst wōrds.

THE NINE LINE STANZA.

The nine line stanza gives fine effect to English poetry,
and hence may be termed a favorite among writers.   It is
capable of many combinations.   One form, however, of the
nine line stanza is fixed, and it is this form that is so justly
praised and highly noted.   It is the Spenserian, so named
from Edmund Spenser, the author of "The Fairy Queen,"
who composed that beautiful poem in that stanza.   While
Spenser is generally accredited as being the inventor of the
form of the stanza that now bears his name, and is so widely
used, he borrowed it from Italian poetry.

Many of the highest types of poetical composition, we
find in this stanza — Byron's "Childe Harold," Burns'
"Cotter's Saturday Night," Beattie's "Minstrel," Thom-
son's "Castle of Indolence."   The Spenserian stanza con-
sists of nine lines, the first eight being iambic pentameter,
the ninth an iambic hexameter.   The stanza is composed of

two quatrains rhyming in alternate lines.   The last line of the
first quatrain rhymes with the first line of the second quat-
rain ; the ninth line rhyming with the eighth.

Ăh ! whō căn tēll hŏw hārd ĭt ĭs tŏ clĭmb
Thĕ steēp whĕre Fāme's prŏud tēmplĕ shīnes ăfār !
Ăh ! whō căn tēll hŏw mány ă sōul sŭblīme
Hăs fēlt thĕ īnflŭĕnce ōf mălīgnănt stār,
Ănd wāged wĭth Fōrtŭne ān ĕtērnăl wār ;
Chēcked bў thĕ scōff ŏf Prīde, bў Ēnvў's frŏwn,
Ănd Pōvĕrtў's ŭncōnquĕrāblĕ bār;
Ĭn līfe's lŏw vāle rĕmōte hăs pīned ălōne,
Thĕn drŏpped ĭntō thĕ grāve, ŭnpĭtĭĕd ănd ŭnknŏwn !
                    Beattie—"The Minstrel."

We have also selected a stanza from a beautiful poem,
"Philip, My King," an illustration of childhood.   It is by
Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.   It is iambic rhythm.   We
select the first stanza :

Loŏk āt mĕ wĭth thў lārge brŏwn eўes,
    Phĭlĭp, mў kĭng !
Rŏund whōm thĕ ĕnshādŏwĭng pūrplĕ līes
Ŏf bābўhoŏd's rōyăl dĭgnĭties.
Lăy ōn mў nĕck thў tĭnў hānd
    Wĭth Lōve's ĭnvĭncĭblĕ scēptĕr lādĕn ;
Ĭ ăm thĭne Ēsthĕr, tō cŏmmānd
    Tĭll thōu shălt fīnd ă queēn-hăndmāidĕn,
        Phĭlĭp, mў kĭng !

Another fine nine line stanza is from the pen of Sir
Charles Sedley, entitled, "Phillis is My Only Joy." It is
trochaic rhythm.   We give the first stanza ·

Phĭllĭs īs mў ōnlў jōy,
    Fāithlĕss ās thĕ wĭnd ŏr sēas ;
Sōmetĭmes cōmĭng, sōmetĭmes cōy,
    Yēt shĕ nĕvĕr fāils tŏ plēase.
        Ĭf wĭth ă frōwn
        Ĭ ām căst dōwn,
        Phĭllĭs, smilĭng
        Ānd bĕguilĭng,
    Mākes mĕ hāppiĕr thān bĕfōre.

Robert Burns touched the hearts of all Scotland, as well as the reading world, when he gave to the public, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It is a poem that portrays vividly the life of the Scottish peasant, and is so true and accurate as to bring home to all, the scenes it so faithfully depicts. The rhythm is iambic. We select the third stanza:

Ăt lēngth hĭs lōnelў cōt ăppēars ĭn viēw,
    Bĕnēath thĕ shēltĕr ŏf ăn āgĕd treē ;
Thĕ ĕxpēctănt weē thĭngs tōddlĭn', stāchĕr throūgh
    Tŏ meēt thĕir dād, wĭ' flĭchterĭn' nōise ăn' gleē.
Hĭs weē bĭt īnglĕ blĭnkĭng bōnnĭlў,
    Hĭs clēan heārthstŏne, hĭs thrĭftĭe wifĭe's smile,
Thĕ lispĭng ĭnfănt prāttlĭng ōn hĭs kneē,
    Dŏes ā' hĭs wēarў cārkĭng cāres bĕguile,
Ănd mākes hĭm quīte fŏrgēt hĭs lābŏr ānd hĭs tōil.

William Cullen Bryant is the author of this stanza, selected from one of his poems entitled, "June." The measure is iambic. We give the third stanza :

Thĕre throūgh thĕ lōng, lŏng sūmmĕr hōurs
    Thĕ gōldĕn lĭght shoŭld līe,
Ănd thĭck yŏung hērbs ănd groūps ŏf flōwers
    Stănd īn thĕir beaūtў bў.

Thĕ ōrĭōle shŏŭld build ănd tēll
Hĭs lōve-tăle clōse bĕsīde mў cēll ;
  Thĕ īdlĕ bŭttĕrflȳ
Shŏŭld rēst hĭm thēre, ănd thēre bĕ hēard
Thĕ hōusewĭfe beē ănd hŭmmĭng-bird.

Another beautiful poem is selected from the same author. Who hasn't read William Cullen Bryant's " Robert of Lincoln," and admired the charming rhythm ? The measure is mixed, the trochaic prevailing. We select the fifth stanza :

Sīx whĭte ēggs ŏn ă bēd ŏf hāy,
  Flēcked wĭth pūrplĕ, ă prēttў sīght !
Thēre ăs thĕ mōthĕr sīts ăll dāy,
  Rōbĕrt ĭs sīngĭng wĭth āll hĭs mīght ;
    Bōb-ŏ'-lĭnk, bōb-ŏ'-lĭnk,
    Spīnk, spānk, spīnk ;
Nīce goŏd wife, thăt nēvĕr gŏes ōut,
Keēpĭng hŏuse whīle Ĭ frōlĭc ăbōut.
      Cheē, cheē, cheē.

From Byron's ' " Childe Harold," Canto III, we select the following stanza from his description of " Waterloo." No grander poem of its kind was ever written. It is written in Spenserian stanza, which is always iambic rhythm. The first eight lines are iambic pentameter, the ninth line being an hexameter ·

Ăh ! thēn ănd thēre wăs hŭrrỹĭng tō ănd frō,
Ănd gātherĭng tēars, ănd trēmblĭngs ōf dĭstrēss,
Ănd cheēks ăll pāle whĭch būt ăn hŏur ăgō
Blūshed ăt thĕ prāise ŏf their ŏwn lōvelĭnēss ;
Ănd thēre wĕre sūddĕn pārtĭngs, sŭch ăs prēss
Thĕ līfe frŏm ōut yoŭng heārts, ănd chōkĭng sīghs
Whĭch nē'er mĭght bē rĕpeātĕd ; whō woŭld guēss
Ĭf ēvĕrmōre shoŭld meēt thŏse mūtuăl eỹes
Sĭnce ūpŏn nīght sŏ sweēt sŭch āwfŭl mōrn coŭld rīse !

How beautiful are the " Lines " by Thomas Campbell, "On leaving a Scene in Bavaria." We select the seventh stanza. It is iambic rhythm :

> Yĕs ! Ĭ hăve lōved thў wild ăbōde,
>   Ŭnknōwn, ŭnplŏughed, ŭntrōddĕn shōre ;
> Whĕre scārce thĕ woōdmăn fīnds ă rōad,
>   Ănd scārce thĕ fīshĕr plīes ăn ōar ;
>   Fŏr măn's nĕglēct Ĭ lŏve theĕ mōre ;
> Thăt ārt nŏr āvărĭce īntrūde
>   Tŏ tāme thў tōrrĕnt's thūndĕr-shōck,
>   Ŏr prūne thў vīntăge ŏf thĕ rōck
> Măgnīfĭcēntlў rūde.

A fine variation of the Spenserian stanza is found in the following from Percy Bysshe Shelley's lines entitled, " The Sun is Warm, the Sky is Clear." It is iambic rhythm. We select the third stanza :

> Ălās ! Ĭ hăve nŏr hōpe nŏr hēalth,
> Nŏr pēace wĭthīn, nŏr cālm ărōund,
> Nŏr thāt Cŏntēnt sŭrpāssĭng wēalth
> Thĕ sāge ĭn mēdĭtātĭŏn fōund,
> Ănd wālked wĭth īnwărd glōrў crōwned,—
> Nŏr fāme, nŏr pōwĕr, nŏr lōve, nŏr lēisŭre,
> Ŏthĕrs Ĭ seē whŏm thēse sŭrrōund ;
> Smilĭng thĕy līve, ănd cāll lĭfe plēasŭre ;
> Tŏ mē thăt cūp hăs beĕn dēalt ĭn ănōthĕr mēasŭre.

THE TEN LINE STANZA.

This form of the stanza is widely used. It may be employed in many combinations. Five couplets make a beautiful ten line stanza. Three triplets and a single line may be used. The quatrain doubled and the couplet combined form the stanza. It can be formed of two five line stanzas ;

of a six line and a quatrain ; of a seven line and a triplet.
We select a stanza from Shakespeare, entitled, "Blow,
Blow, Thou Winter Wind," from "As You Like It," act
ii, scene 7. It is iambic rhythm. We select the first
stanza :

> Blŏw, blōw, thŏu wîntĕr wīnd,
> Thŏu ārt nŏt sō ŭnkīnd
>   Ăs mān's ĭngrātĭtūde ;
> Thў tooth ĭs nŏt sŏ keēn,
> Bĕcāuse thŏu ārt nŏt seēn,
>   Ălthōugh thў brēath bĕ rūde.
> Hĕigh-hō ! sĭng hĕigh-hō ! ŭntō thĕ greēn hŏllў ;
> Mŏst frĭēndshĭp ĭs fĕignĭng, mŏst lōvĭng mĕre fŏllў;
> Thĕn hĕigh-hō, thĕ hŏllў !
> Thĭs life ĭs mŏst jōllў !

Our next selection is a poem from John Keats. It is one
of the best of that celebrated writer's productions. It is
entitled, "Ode to a Nightingale." We select the seventh
stanza :

> Thŏu wāst nŏt bōrn fŏr dēath, ĭmmōrtăl Bīrd !
>   Nŏ hūngrў gĕnĕrātĭŏns trēad thĕĕ dōwn ;
> Thĕ vōice Ĭ hēar thĭs pāssĭng nīght wăs hēard
>   Ĭn ānçiĕnt dāys bў ēmpĕrōr ănd clōwn ;
> Pĕrhāps thĕ sēlf-săme sŏng thăt fōund ă păth
>   Throūgh thē săd hēart ŏf Rūth, whĕn sĭck fŏr hōme,
> Shĕ stoōd ĭn tēars ămĭd thĕ ālĭĕn cōrn ;
>   Thĕ sāme thăt ōft-tĭmes hāth
> Chărmed māgĭc cāsemĕnts ōpenĭng ōn thĕ fōam
>   Ŏf pĕrĭloŭs sēas, ĭn fāerў lănds fŏrlōrn.

Charles Mackay has written an excellent poem which has
been oft quoted, entitled, "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds."
It is iambic measure. We select the first stanza :

Tĕll mē, yĕ wingĕd winds,
  Thăt rōund mў pāthwăy rōar,
Dŏ yē nŏt knōw sŏme spŏt
  Whĕre mōrtăls weēp nŏ mōre?
Sŏme lōne ănd plēasănt dĕll,
  Sŏme vāllĕy īn thĕ wēst,
Whĕre freē frŏm tōil ănd pāin,
  Thĕ wēarў sōul măy rēst?
Thĕ lōud wīnd dwīndlĕd tō ă whīspĕr lōw,
Ănd sīghed fŏr pītў ăs ĭt ānswĕred, "Nō."

Milton's "May Morning" is another charming ten line stanza. It is also iambic rhythm, as follows:

Nŏw thē brīght mōrnĭng stăr, dăy's hărbĭngēr,
Cŏmes dāncĭng frŏm thĕ ēast, ănd lēads wĭth hēr
Thĕ flōwerў Māy, whŏ frŏm hĕr greēn lăp thrōws
Thĕ yēllŏw cōwslĭp ānd thĕ pāle prĭmrōse.
Hăil, bōunteoŭs Māy! thăt dōth ĭnspīre .
Mĭrth ănd yoŭth ănd wārm dĕsīre;
Woōds ănd grōves ăre ōf thў drēssĭng,
Hĭll ănd dāle dŏth bōast thў blēssĭng,
Thŭs wē sălūte theĕ wĭth ŏur ēarlў sōng,
Ănd wēlcŏme theē, ănd wīsh theĕ lōng.

"The Owl," a poem by Bryan W. Proctor, furnishes another excellent ten line stanza, in a mixed anapestic and iambic rhythm, the iambic prevailing. We select the first stanza:

Ĭn thĕ hōllŏw treē, ĭn thĕ ōld grăy tōwĕr,
  Thĕ spēctrăl ōwl dŏth dwĕll;
Dŭll, hātĕd, dĕspīsed, ĭn thĕ sūnshĭne hŏur,
  Bŭt ăt dūsk hĕ's ăbrōad ănd wĕll!
Nŏt ă bīrd ŏf thĕ fōrĕst ĕ'er mātes wĭth hĭm;
  Ăll mōck hĭm ōutrĭght bў dāy;
Bŭt ăt nīght, whĕn thĕ woōds grŏw stĭll ănd dīm,
  Thĕ bōldĕst wĭll shrĭnk ăwāy!
Ŏ, whĕn thē nīght fālls, ănd roōsts thĕ fōwl,
Thĕn, thēn, ĭs thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ hōrnĕd ōwl!

A rare old poem is "The Ivy Green," and its author is no less a personage than Charles Dickens. It is mixed anapestic and iambic rhythm, the iambic foot prevailing :

Ŏ, ă dāintў plānt ĭs thĕ īvў greēn,
· Thăt creēpĕth ŏ'er rūĭns ōld !
Ŏf rīght chŏĭce foōd ăre hĭs mēals, Ĭ weēn,
 Ĭn hĭs cēll sŏ lōne ănd cōld.
Thĕ wālls mŭst bĕ crūmblĕd, thĕ stōnes dĕcāyed,
 Tŏ plēasŭre hĭs dāintў whĭm ;
Ănd thĕ mōuldĕrĭng dūst thăt yēars hăve māde,
 Ĭs ă mērrў mēal fŏr hĭm.
 Creēpĭng whēre nŏ lĭfe ĭs seēn,
 Ă rāre ŏld plānt ĭs thĕ ivў greēn.

No less loved by everyone is Mrs. S. J. Hale. All school boys have read "It Snows," written by her. The poem is but a glimpse of the actual reality of the delight of the youth at a sight of snow and the rare pleasure of the winter sports. It is anapestic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

"Ĭt snōws !" crĭes thĕ Schoōl-bŏy, "Hŭrrāh !" ănd hĭs shōut
 Ĭs rĭngĭng throŭgh pārlŏr ănd hāll,
Whĭle swĭft ăs thĕ wīng ŏf ă swăllŏw, hĕ's ōut,
 Ănd hĭs plāymătes hăve ānswĕred hĭs cāll ;
Ĭt mākes thĕ heărt lēap bŭt tŏ wĭtnĕss thĕir jŏy ;
 Prŏud wēalth hăs nŏ plēasŭre, Ĭ trōw,
Lĭke thĕ rāptŭre thăt thrŏbs ĭn thĕ pūlse ŏf thĕ bŏy,
 Ăs hĕ gāthĕrs hĭs trēasŭres ŏf snŏw;
Thĕn lāy nŏt thĕ trăppĭngs ŏf gōld ŏn thĭne hēirs,
 Whĭle hēalth, ănd thĕ rĭchĕs ŏf nātŭre, ăre thēirs.

Harrison Weir is the author of "Christmas in the Woods." It is a six line stanza and a quatrain combined. It is anapestic rhythm. We select the first stanza :

Frŏm ūndĕr thĕ bōughs ĭn thĕ snōw-clăd woōd
　Thĕ mērle ănd thĕ māvĭs ăre peēpĭng,
Ălike sĕcūre frŏm thĕ wind ănd thĕ floōd,
　Yĕt ă sīlĕnt Chrīstmăs keēpĭng.
　　Stĭll hăppў ăre thēy,
　　Ănd thĕir loōks ăre gāy,
Ănd thĕy frīsk ĭt frŏm bōugh tŏ bōugh ;
　　Sĭnce bērrĭes brĭght rēd
　　Hăng ōvĕr thĕir hēad,
Ă rĭght goōdlў fēast, Ĭ trōw.

" Pack Clouds Away," a poem by Thomas Heywood, in iambic rhythm, is a neat, pretty, dainty poem of love. We select the second stanza:

Wāke frŏm thȳ nĕst, rōbĭn-rēdbrĕast !
　Sĭng, bĭrds, ĭn ēverȳ fūrrŏw ;
Ănd frōm ĕach bĭll lĕt mūsĭc shrĭll
　Gĭve mȳ făir lŏve goŏd-mōrrŏw !
Blăckbĭrd ănd thrūsh, ĭn ēverȳ būsh,
　Stăre, lĭnnĕt, ānd cŏck-spārrŏw,
Yoŭ prēttȳ ēlves, ămōng yoŭrsēlves,.
　Sĭng mȳ făir lŏve goŏd-mōrrŏw.
　　Tŏ gĭve mȳ lŏve goŏd-mōrrŏw, ˙
　　Sĭng, bĭrds, ĭn ēverȳ fūrrŏw.

Another fine ten line poem is by Thomas Gray. It is entitled, "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eaton College." It is iambic rhythm. We give the last stanza :

Tŏ ēach hĭs sūfferĭngs : āll ăre mēn,
　Cŏndēmned ălīke tŏ grōan ;
Thĕ tēndĕr fŏr ănōthĕr's pāin,
　Thĕ ŭnfeēlĭng fŏr hĭs ōwn.
Yĕt, āh ! whȳ shoūld thĕy knōw thĕir fāte,
Sĭnce sōrrŏw nēvĕr cōmes toŏ lāte,
　Ănd hăppĭnēss toŏ swĭftlȳ flĭes ?
Thōught woŭld dĕstrōy thĕir părădīse.
Nŏ mōre ; whĕre īgnŏrănce ĭs blĭss,
　'Tĭs fōllȳ tŏ bĕ wīse.

THE SONNET.

One of the finest forms of the stanza in our English poetry is the Sonnet. Borrowed by the Italians from the early Provençial poets, it was assiduously cultivated by them, and brought to a high state of perfection. Many beautiful sonnets are found in the writings of Petrarch, Ariosto, Guído, and Dante. The Sonnet is a poetical piece containing four- teen iambic pentameter lines. It is generally lyrical in its nature. In fact it is the primordial form of modern English lyric poetry. It deals with *one* idea of a grave nature, presented under various aspects. The sonnet was intro- duced into English poetry in the early part of the sixteenth century by the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. The Italian sonnet then introduced is termed the correct and strict form. After the introduction of the sonnet into the English from the Italians, another form of the fourteen line stanza was used by English poets, in which the succession of rhymes was different in order from that authorized by the Italian form. To distinguish the two forms, the Italian was termed the regular, while all the others were called irregular, and are governed by separate and distinct rules or laws to be used in the formation of the different kinds of sonnets.

The sonnet in its structure is more elaborate than any form of the stanza. The Italian is always a positive and fixed form in some respects. It consists of two divisions. A major and a minor portion. The major portion consists of eight lines, called the octave ; the minor portion consists of six lines, called the sestette. The octave is composed of two quatrains. The quatrains are similar in form and con- struction. The first and fourth lines of each quatrain rhyme with each other, and the second and third lines rhyme. The octave, however, has but two rhymes, for the first and

fourth lines of the first quatrain rhyme with the first and
fourth lines of the second quatrain ; the same is true of the
second and third lines of both quatrains. The octave is
joined to the sestette by a close grammatical structure.
The octave is a fixed form.

In the construction of the sestette of the Italian form of
the sonnet, the first and fourth, the second and fifth, the
third and sixth lines rhyme ; or, the first, third and fifth
rhyme with the second, fourth and sixth of the sestette. All
other forms of the sonnet are not termed pure. Our best
poets have used the sonnet to pour forth their most
sublime thoughts expressive of love, friendship, praise,
adoration, grief and sorrow. It seems peculiarly adopted
as a form to express the most intense feelings of the human
mind, and to enable the writer to give vent to the finer
feelings and thoughts.

A beautiful sonnet by Richard Watson Gilder expresses
in admirable language the sonnet :

WHAT IS A SONNET ?

MAJOR PORTION—FIRST QUATRAIN.

Whăt īs ă sŏnnĕt ? 'Tīs ă pēarlў shĕll
  Thăt mūrmŭrs ŏf thĕ făr-ŏff mūrmurĭng sēa ;
  Ă prēcioŭs jēwĕl cārved mŏst cūrioŭslў ;
· Ĭt īs ă lĭttlĕ pīctŭre pāintĕd wĕll.

MAJOR PORTION—SECOND QUATRAIN.

Whăt īs ă sŏnnĕt ? 'Tīs thĕ tēar thăt fĕll
  Frŏm ā greăt pōĕt's hĭddĕn ēctăsў ;
  Ă twō-ĕdged swōrd, ă stār, ă sŏng—ăh mē !
Sŏmetĭmes ă hēavў-tōllĭng fūnerăl bĕll.

MINOR PORTION.

Thĭs wās thĕ flāme thăt shoōk wĭth Dāntĕ's brēath,
Thĕ sōlĕmn ōrgăn whĕreōn Mīltŏn plāyed,
Ănd thē clĕar glăss whĕre Shākespĕare's shădŏw fălls ;
Ă sēa thĭs ĭs—bĕwāre, whŏ vēntŭrēth !
Fŏr like ă fiōrd thĕ nărrŏw floōr ĭs lāid
Deĕp ās mĭd-ōceăn tō sheĕr mōuntăin wālls.

John Milton thus describes his own blindness in a sonnet of the regular model :

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

To Cyriack Skinner.

OCTAVE.

Whĕn Ĭ cŏnsĭdĕr how mў līght ĭs spēnt
Ĕre hālf mў dāys, ĭn thĭs dărk wōrld ănd wīde,
Ănd thăt ŏne tălĕnt, whĭch ĭs dēath tŏ hīde,
Lŏdged wĭth mĕ ūselĕss, thŏugh mў sōul mŏre bēnt

Tŏ sērve thĕrewĭth mў Mākĕr, ānd prĕsēnt
Mў trūe ăccōunt, lĕst Hē, rĕtūrnĭng, chīde ;
"Dŏth Gōd ĕxāct dăy-lābŏr, līght dĕnīed ?"
Ĭ fōndlў āsk. Bŭt Pātiĕnce, tŏ prĕvēnt

SESTETTE.

Thăt mūrmŭr soōn rĕplīes, "Gŏd dōth nŏt neēd
Ēithĕr măn's wōrk, ŏr his ŏwn gīfts ; whŏ bēst
Bĕar his mĭld yōke, thĕy sērve hĭm bēst. His state
Ĭs kīnglў ; thōusănds āt his bĭddĭng speēd, . .
Ănd pōst ŏ'er lānd ănd ōceăn wĭthōut rēst ;
Thĕy ālsŏ sērve whŏ ōnlў stānd ănd wāit !".

Longfellow has written many exquisitely charming sonnets.
None better than, "A Summer Day by the Sea : "

The sŭn ĭs sēt ; ănd īn hĭs lātĕst bēams
  Yŏn littlĕ clōud ŏf āshĕn grāy ănd gōld,
  Slōwlў ŭpōn thĕ āmbĕr āir ŭnrōlled,
The fāllĭng māntlĕ ōf thĕ Prŏphĕt seēms.
Frŏm thē dĭm hēadlănds māny ă līghthōuse glēams,
  Thĕ streēt-lămps ōf thĕ ōceăn ; ānd bĕhōld,
  Ŏ'erhēad thĕ bānnĕrs ōf thĕ night ŭnfōld ;
Thĕ dāy hăth pāssed ĭntō thĕ lānd ŏf drēams.
Ŏ sūmmĕr dāy, bĕsīde thĕ jōyoŭs sēa !
  Ŏ sūmmĕr dāy, sŏ wōndĕrfūl ănd whīte,
    Sŏ fūll ŏf glādnĕss ānd sŏ fūll ŏf pāin !
Fŏrēvĕr ānd fŏrēvĕr shālt thŏu bē
  Tŏ sōme thĕ grāvestŏne ōf ă dēad dĕlīght,
    Tŏ sōme thĕ lāndmărk ōf ă nēw dŏmāin.

The following by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a good example
of the sonnet :

Mĕthīnks ōfttĭmes mў heārt ĭs līke sŏme beē,
  Thăt gōes fŏrth throūgh thĕ sūmmĕr dāy ănd sīngs,
  Ănd gāthĕrs hōnĕy frŏm ăll grōwĭng things
Ĭn gārdĕn plŏt, ŏr ōn thĕ clōvĕr lēaf.
Whĕn thē lŏng āftĕrnoōn grŏws lāte, ănd shē
  Woŭld seēk hĕr hīve, shĕ cānnŏt lift hĕr wĭngs,
  Sŏ hēavĭlў thĕ toō sweĕt būrdĕn clĭngs,
Frŏm which shĕ woŭld nŏt, ānd yĕt woŭld, flў freē.
Sŏ wĭth mў fūll fŏnd heārt ; fŏr whĕn ĭt trĭes
  Tŏ lift ĭtsēlf tŏ pēace-crŏwned hēights ăbōve
    Thĕ cōmmŏn wāy whĕre cōuntlĕss feĕt hăve trŏd,
Lŏ ! thēn, thĭs būrdĕn ŏf dĕar hūmàn ties,
  Thĭs grōwĭng weĭght ŏf prēcioŭs ēarthlў lōve,
    Bĭnds dōwn thĕ spirĭt thăt woŭld sōar tŏ Gŏd.

The regular model is varied in the sestette. Below we give forms of these variations. '' Echo and Silence,'' is an excellent sonnet :

Ĭn ĕ͡ddўĭng cōurse, whĕn lēaves bĕgān tŏ flў,
Ănd Āutŭmn ĭn hĕr lāp thĕ stóre tŏ strēw,
Ăs 'mĭd wĭld scēnes Ĭ chānced thĕ Mūse tŏ woō,
Thrŏŭgh glēns ŭntrŏd, ănd woōds thăt frōwned ŏn hĭgh,
Twŏ sleēpĭng nўmphs wĭth wōnde͡rĭng mūte Ĭ spў !
Ănd, lō, shĕ's gōne—ĭn rōbe ŏf dârk-greĕn hūe,
'Twăs Ēchŏ frŏm hĕr sīstĕr Sĭlĕnce flēw,
Fŏr quīck thĕ hūntĕr's hōrn rĕsōundĕd tō thĕ skў !
Ĭn shāde ăffrīghtĕd Sĭlĕnce mēlts ăwāy.
Nŏt sō hĕr sīstĕr. Hārk ! fŏr ōnwărd stĭll,
Wĭth fâr-hĕard stēp, shĕ tākes hĕr līstenĭng wāy,
Bōundĭng frŏm rōck tŏ rōck, ănd hĭll tŏ hĭll.
Ăh, mārk thĕ mērrў māid ĭn mōckfŭl plāy
Wĭth thōusănd mĭmĭc tōnes thĕ lāughĭng fōrĕst fĭll !
                              Samuel Egerton Brydges.

Another elegant sonnet is:

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

Thĕ pŏĕtrў ŏf ēarth ĭs nēvĕr dĕad : *W*
  Whĕn āll thĕ bīrds ăre fāint wĭth thē hŏt sūn,
  Ănd hĭde ĭn coōlĭng trees, ă vōice wĭll rŭn
Frŏm hēdge tŏ hēdge ăbōut thĕ nēw-mŏwn mēad,
Thăt ĭs thĕ grässhŏppĕr's—hĕ tākes thĕ lēad
  Ĭn sūmmĕr lūxurў,—hē hăs nēvĕr dōne
  Wĭth hĭs dĕlīghts ; fŏr, whĕn tĭred ōut wĭth fŭn,
Hĕ rēsts ăt ēase bĕnēath sŏme plēasănt weēd.
Thĕ pŏĕtrў ŏf ēarth ĭs cēasĭng nēvĕr :
  Ŏn ā lŏne wĭntĕr ēvenĭng whĕn thĕ frŏst
    Hăs wrōught ă sĭlĕnce, frŏm thĕ stōve thĕre shrĭlls
Thĕ crĭckĕt's sōng, ĭn wārmth ĭncrēasĭng ēvĕr,
  Ănd seēms, tŏ ōne ĭn drōwsĭnĕss hălf lōst,
    Thĕ grässhŏppĕr's ămōng sŏme grässў hĭlls.
                              John Keats.

William Shakespeare deigned to trangress the laws of the Italian model and mold one of his own.   Can it not be said what was fit for Shakespeare's use is all sufficient for any person ?   These sonnets, one hundred fifty-four in number, are wonderful in composition and merit.   They are devoted to friendship and love.   Their form consists of three quatrains and a couplet.   Many of the best poets have written sonnets on the Shakesperian model :

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

Whĕn Ĭ dŏ cōunt thĕ clŏck thăt tēlls thĕ tĭme,
  Ănd seē thĕ brāve dăy sūnk ĭn hĭdeoŭs nĭght ;
Whĕn Ĭ bĕhōld thĕ vĭŏlēt păst prĭme,
  Ănd sāblĕ cūrls ăll sĭlvĕred ō'er wĭth whĭte ;
Whĕn lōftў treēs Ĭ seē bārrĕn ŏf lēaves,
  Whĭch ērst frŏm hēat dĭd cānŏpy thĕ hērd,
Ănd sūmmĕr's greēn ăll gĭrdĕd ūp ĭn shēaves,
  Bŏrne ōn thĕ biĕr wĭth whĭte ănd brĭstlў bēard ;
Thĕn ōf thў beaūtў dō Ĭ quēstĭŏn māke,
  Thăt thŏu ămōng thĕ wāstes ŏf tĭme mŭst gō,
Sĭnce sweēts ănd beaūtĭĕs dō thĕmsēlves fŏrsāke,
  Ănd dĭe ăs făst ăs thēy seĕ ōthĕrs grōw ;
Ănd nōthĭng 'gāinst Tĭme's scўthe căn māke dĕfēnce,
Săve breēd, tŏ brāve hĭm whēn hĕ tākes theē hēnce.
                              William Shakespeare.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, an English poet, has written a sonnet fashioned after the Shakesperian model. It is entitled, '' Love, Time and Death : ''

Ăh mē, drĕad friĕnds ŏf mĭne—Lŏve, Tĭme ănd Dēath !
  Sweĕt Lōve, whŏ cāme tŏ mē ŏn sheēnў wĭng,
Ănd gāve hĕr tō mў ārms—hĕr lĭps, hĕr brēath,
  Ănd āll hĕr gōldĕn rīnglĕts clŭstĕrĭng ;
Ănd Tĭme, whŏ gāthĕrs ĭn thĕ flўĭng yēars,
  Hĕ gāve mĕ āll—bŭt whēre ĭs āll hĕ gāve ?
Hĕ toōk mў Lōve ănd lĕft mĕ bārrĕn tēars ;
  Wēarў ănd lōne, Ĭ fōllŏw tŏ thĕ grāve.

Thĕre Dēath wĭll ēnd thĭs vīsiŏn hālf dĭvine,
  Wăn Dēath, whŏ wāits ĭn shādŏw ēvĕrmōre,
Ănd sīlĕnt ēre hĕ gāve thĕ sŭddĕn sīgn ;
  Ŏh, gēntlў lēad mĕ throūgh thў nārrŏw doōr,
Thŏu gēntlĕ Dēath, thŏu trūstĭĕst friēnd ŏf mīne.
  Ăh mē, fŏr Lōve wĭll Dēath mў Lōve rĕstōre ?

A fine sonnet after the same model is by Thomas Hood :

FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

Loŏk hōw thĕ lārk sŏars ŭpwărd ānd ĭs gŏne,
  Tŭrnĭng ă spĭrĭt ās hĕ nēars thĕ skў !
Hĭs vōice ĭs hēard, bŭt bōdў thēre ĭs nōne
  Tŏ fĭx thĕ vāgue ĕxcūrsiŏns ŏf thĕ eўe.
Sŏ pŏĕts' sōngs ăre wĭth ŭs, though thĕy dīe
  Ŏbscūred ănd hĭd bў dēath's ŏbliviŏŭs shrōud,
Ănd ēarth ĭnhērĭts thē rĭch mēlŏdў,
  Lĭke rāinĭng mūsĭc frŏm thĕ mōrnĭng clōud.
Yĕt, fēw thĕre bē whŏ pīpe sŏ sweēt ănd loŭd,
  Their vōicĕs rēach ŭs throūgh thĕ lāpse ŏf spāce ;
Thĕ nōisў dāy ĭs dēafĕned bў ă crōwd
  Ŏf ŭndĭstingŭĭshed bĭrds, ă twittĕrĭng rāce ;
Bŭt ōnlў lārk ănd nĭghtĭngāle fŏrlōrn
Fĭll ŭp thĕ sīlĕncēs ŏf nĭght ănd mōrn.

A granddaughter of the famous orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, herself famous as a poetess of extraordinary merit, pays this compliment to her loved treasures, in a sonnet :

TO MY BOOKS.

Sīlĕnt cŏmpāniŏns ōf thĕ lōnelў hōur,
  Friĕnds whō căn nĕvĕr āltĕr ōr fŏrsāke.
Whŏ fŏr ĭncōnstănt rōvĭng hăve nŏ pōwer,
  Ănd āll nĕglēct, pĕrfŏrce, mŭst cālmlў tāke,—
Lĕt mē rĕtūrn tŏ yoū ; thĭs tŭrmŏil ēndĭng
  Whĭch wōrldlў cāres hăve ĭn mў spĭrĭt wrōught.
Ănd, ō'er yoŭr ōld fămīliăr pāgĕs bēndĭng,
  Rĕfrēsh mў mĭnd wĭth mānў ă trānquĭl thōught,

Tĭll hăppў̆ meētĭng thēre, frŏm tĭme tŏ tĭme,
   Fāncĭĕs, thĕ ãudĭblĕ ēchŏ ŏf mў̆ ōwn,
'T wĭll bē lĭke hēarĭng ĭn ă fŏrĕign clĭme
   Mў̆ nātĭve lānguăge spōke ĭn friēndlў̆ tōne,
Ănd wĭth ă sŏrt ŏf wēlcŏme Ī shăll dwēll
Ŏn thēse, mў̆ ūnrĭpe mūsĭngs, tōld sŏ wēll.
                   Caroline Elizabeth Norton.

William Lisle Bowles furnishes a fine sonnet on the river Rhine. Mr. Bowles had great ability as a sonneteer :

THE RIVER RHINE.

'Twăs mōrn, ănd beaūteoŭs ōn thĕ mōuntăin's brōw
   [Hŭng wĭth thĕ bēamў̆ clŭstĕrs ŏf thĕ vĭne]
Strēamed thĕ blŭe lĭght, whĕn ōn thĕ spārklĭng Rhĭne
Wĕ bōundĕd, ānd thĕ whīte wāves rōund thĕ prōw
Ĭn mūrmŭrs pārted.   Vãryĭng ās wĕ gō,
   Lō, thĕ woŏds ōpĕn, ānd thĕ rōcks rĕtĭre,
   Sŏme cōnvĕnt's āncĭĕnt wālls ŏr glĭstenĭng spĭre
'Mĭd thē brĭght lāndscăpe's trăck ŭnfōldĭng slōw.
Hĕre dārk, wĭth fŭrrŏwed āspĕct, like dĕspāir,
   Frōwns thĕ blĕak clĭff ; thĕre ōn thĕ woŏdlănd's sĭde
   Thĕ shādowў̆ sŭnshĭne pōurs ĭts strēamĭng tĭde ;
Whĭle Hōpe, ĕnchāntĕd wĭth thĕ scēne sŏ fāir,
   Woŭld wĭsh tŏ lĭngĕr mãny ă sŭmmĕr's dăy,
   Nŏr heēd hŏw fāst thĕ prōspĕct wĭnds ăwāy.

Matthew Arnold's sonnet of ·· " Quiet Work " is a lesson in itself. It is not strictly a sonnet of the regular type, the difference, however, is very slight. The second and third lines of the first and second quatrains do not rhyme together, making more than two rhymes in the octave. Arnold's sonnets, twenty-three in number, are all first-class, but none of them strictly pure :

QUIET WORK.

Öne.lĕssŏn, Nātŭre, lĕt mĕ lĕarn ŏf theē,
  Ŏne lēssŏn whĭch ĭn ēverŷ wĭnd ĭs blōwn,
  Ŏne lēssŏn ŏf twŏ dūtĭes kĕpt ăt ōne
Throŭgh thĕ lŏud wōrld prŏclāim theĭr ēnmĭtȳ,
Ŏf tōil ŭnsēvĕred frōm trănquĭllĭtȳ ;
  Ŏf lăbŏr thăt ĭn lāstĭng frūit ŏutgrōws
  Făr nŏisiĕr schēmes, ăccōmplĭshed ĭn rĕpōse,
Toŏ greāt fŏr hăstĕ, toŏ high fŏr rĭvălrȳ.
Yĕs, whĭle ŏn ēarth ă thōusănd dĭscŏrds rĭng,
  Măn's sēnselĕss ūprŏar mĭnglĭng wĭth hĭs tōil,
  Stĭll dō thȳ quiĕt mĭnĭstĕrs mŏve ŏn,
Theĭr glōriŏŭs tăsks ĭn silĕnce pērfĕctĭng ;
  Stĭll wōrkĭng, blāmĭng stĭll ŏur vāin tŭrmōil,
  Lăbŏrērs thăt shăll nŏt fāil, whĕn mān ĭs gōne.

One of the finest sonnets in our language is entitled :

NIGHT.

Mȳstēriŏŭs Nĭght ! whĕn ōur fĭrst părĕnt knēw
  Theĕ frŏm rĕpōrt dĭvine, ănd hĕard thȳ nāme,
  Dĭd hē nŏt trĕmblĕ fŏr thĭs lŏvelȳ frāme,—
Thĭs glōriŏŭs cănŏpȳ ŏf lĭght ănd blūe ?
Yĕt 'nēath ă cūrtăin ŏf trănslūcĕnt dēw,
  Băthed ĭn thĕ rāys ŏf thĕ greăt sĕttĭng flāme,
  Hĕspērŭs, wĭth thĕ hōst ŏf hĕavĕn cāme,
Ănd lō ! crĕātĭon wĭdĕned ĭn măn's viēw.
Whŏ coŭld hăve thōught sŭch dārknĕss lāy cŏncēaled
  Wĭthĭn thȳ bēams, Ŏ Sūn ! ŏr whŏ coŭld fĭnd,
Whĭlst flȳ ănd lēaf ănd ĭnsĕct stoōd rĕvēaled,
  Thăt tō sŭch cōuntlĕss ōrbs thŏu măd'st ŭs blĭnd !
Whȳ dō wĕ thĕn shŭn dēath wĭth ānxiŏŭs strĭfe !
Ĭf lĭght căn thŭs dĕcēive, whĕrefŏre nŏt life ?
                Joseph Blanco White.

THE BALLADE.

The French ballade is radically different from the English ballad. Of late years it has come into general use, and it is now fairly well known to lovers of the poetic art. The ballade was attempted in England as early as the sonnet, more than three-hundred years ago, but it did not succeed. The ballade consists of three stanzas and a half stanza, clept an envoy, addressed to some prince or power, title or theme. The arrangement of the first stanza is repeated in the others ; and the burden or refrain concludes all three stanzas, as well as the envoy. Eight line stanzas using three rhymes are generally used ; but ten line stanzas using four rhymes are of frequent occurrence, and permissible. There is also a variety of the ballade known as the double ballade. It is simply a ballade of six stanzas of either eight or ten lines, repeating the arrangement of the first stanza, and the ballade may conclude with or without an envoy, as the writer may desire.

Then we have still another form of the ballade. It is a ballade with a double refrain. The stanzas are always of but eight lines ; and the fourth and eighth lines of the first stanza are repeated in the fourth and eighth lines of the other stanzas, while the envoy consists of two couplets, the first refrain occurring in the second line, and the second refrain occurring in the fourth line of the envoy.

BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA.

Thĕre's ă jŏy wĭthŏut cānkĕr ŏr cārk,
Thĕre's ă plēasŭre ĕtērnăllў nēw,
'Tĭs tŏ glōte ŏn thĕ glāze ănd thĕ mārk
Ŏf chĭnă thăt's āncĭĕnt ănd blūe ;

Ŭnchīpped ăll thĕ cēntŭrĭes throūgh
  Ĭt hăs pāssed, sīnce thĕ chīme ŏf ĭt rāng,
Ănd thĕy fāshiŏned ĭt, fĭgŭre ănd hūe,
  Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

Thĕse drăgŏns (thĕir tāils, yŏŭ rĕmārk,
  Ĭntŏ būnchĕs ŏf gĭllўflŏwers grēw)—
Whĕn Nōăh căme ōut ŏf thĕ ārk,
  Dĭd thēse līe ĭn wāit fŏr hĭs crēw?
Thĕy snōrtĕd, thĕy snāpped, ănd thĕy slēw,
  Thĕy wĕre mīghtў ŏf fĭn ănd ŏf fāng,
Ănd thĕir pōrtrăits Cĕlēstĭăls drēw
  Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

Hĕre's ă pōt wĭth ă cōt ĭn ă pārk,
  Ĭn ă părk whĕre thĕ pēach-blŏssŏms blēw,
Whĕre thĕ lŏvĕrs ĕlōped ĭn thĕ dārk,
  Līved, dīed, ănd wĕre chānged ĭntŏ twō
Brĭght bīrds thăt ĕtērnăllў flēw
  Throŭgh thĕ bōughs ŏf thĕ Māy, ăs thĕy sāng;
'Tĭs ă tāle wăs ŭndōubtĕdlў trūe
  Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

ENVOY.

Cŏme, snārl ăt mў ēcstăsĭes, dō,
  Kĭnd crĭtĭc, yŏŭr "tōngue hăs ă tāng"
Bŭt—ă sāge nĕvĕr heēdĕd ă shrēw
  Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

                              Andrew Lang.

THE BALLADE OF PROSE AND RHYME.

(BALLADE A DOUBLE REFRAIN).

Whĕn thĕ wāys ăre hēavў wĭth mīre ănd rūt,
  Ĭn Nŏvēmbĕr fōgs, ĭn Dĕcēmbĕr snōws,
Whĕn thĕ Nōrth Wĭnd hōwls ănd thĕ doōrs ăre shūt
  Thĕre ĭs plāce ănd ĕnoūgh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse;

Bŭt whĕnēvĕr ă scēnt frŏm thĕ whītethŏrn blōws,
    Ănd thĕ jāsmĭne-stārs ăt thĕ cāsemĕnt clĭmb,
Ănd ă Rōsălĭnd-fāce ăt thĕ lăttĭce shōws,
    Thĕn hēy !—fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

Whĕn thĕ brāin gĕts drȳ ăs ăn ēmptȳ nŭt,
    Whĕn thĕ rēasŏn stānds ŏn ĭts squārĕst tōes,
Whĕn thĕ mīnd (lĭke ă bēard) hăs ă "fōrmăl cūt,"—
    Thĕre ĭs plāce ănd ĕnōugh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse ;
Bŭt whĕnēvĕr thĕ Māy-blŏŏd stĭrs ănd glōws, .
    Ănd thĕ yōung yĕar drāws tŏ thĕ "gōldĕn prĭme,"·
Ănd Sĭr Rōmĕŏ stĭcks ĭn hĭs ēar ă rōse,—
    Thĕn hēy !—fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

Ĭn ă thēme whĕre thĕ thōughts hăve ă pēdănt strŭt,
    Ĭn ă chāngĭng quārrĕl ŏf "Āyes" ănd "Nōes,"
Ĭn ă stārchĕd prŏcēssĭŏn ŏf "Ĭf" ănd "Bŭt,"—
    Thĕre ĭs plāce ănd ĕnōugh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse ;
Bŭt whĕnēvĕr ă sŏft glănce sŏftĕr grōws
    Ănd thĕ lĭght hŏurs dānce tŏ thĕ trȳstĭng-tīme,
Ănd thĕ sēcrĕt ĭs tōld thăt "nō ŏne knōws,"—
    Thĕn hēy ! fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

ENVOY.

Ĭn thĕ wŏrk-ă-dăy wōrld,—fŏr ĭts neēds ănd wōes,
    Therĕ ĭs plāce ănd ĕnōugh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse;
Bŭt whĕnēvĕr thĕ Māy-bĕlls clāsh ănd chīme,
    Thĕn hēy ! fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !
                                    Austin Dobson.

THE CHANT ROYAL.

Another variation of the ballade is known as the Chant
Royal. It is a ballade of five stanzas of eleven lines, with
an envoy of five lines. It is not, however, a practical form
of verse and is difficult of construction. We give below a
very excellent Chant Royal by Mr. Austin Dobson :

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

(CHANT ROYAL, AFTER HOLBEIN).

"Contra vim Mortis
Non est Medicamen in hortis."

Hĕ ĭs thĕ dēspŏts' Dēspŏt. Āll mŭst bīde,
   Lātĕr ŏr soŏn, thĕ mēssăge ŏf hĭs mīght ;
Prīncĕs ănd pŏtĕntātes thĕir hēads mŭst hīde,
   Tŏuched bў thĕ āwfŭl sīgĭl ŏf hĭs rīght ;
Bĕsīde thĕ Kaīsĕr hē ăt ēve dŏth wāit
Ănd pŏurs ă pŏtiŏn ĭn hĭs cūp ŏf stāte ;
Thĕ stātelў Queēn hĭs bĭddĭng mūst ŏbēy,
Nŏ keēn-eўed Cārdĭnāl shăll hīm ăffrāy ;
   Ănd tō thĕ Dāme thăt wăntŏnēth hĕ sāith—
"Lĕt bē, Sweĕtheărt, tŏ jūnkĕt ănd tŏ plāy."
   Thēre ĭs nŏ kīng mŏre tērrĭblē thăn Dēath.

Thĕ lūstў Lŏrd, rĕjŏicĭng ĭn hĭs prīde,
   Hĕ drāwĕth dōwn ; bĕfōre thĕ ārmĕd Knīght
Wĭth jīnglĭng brīdăl-rēin hĕ stĭll dŏth rīde ;
   Hĕ crōssĕth thĕ strōng Cāptăin ĭn thĕ fīght ;
Hĕ bēckŏns thĕ grăve Ēldĕr frŏm dĕbāte ;
Hĕ hāils thĕ Ābbŏt bў hĭs shāvĕn pāte,
Nŏr fŏr thĕ Ābbĕss' wāilĭng will dĕlāy ;
Nŏ brāwlĭng Mēndĭcānt shăll sāy hĭm nāy ;
   Ĕ'en tō thĕ pўx thĕ Priēst hĕ fōllŏwĕth,
Nŏr cān thĕ Leēch hĭs chīllĭng fīngĕr stāy.
   Thēre ĭs nŏ kīng mŏre tērrĭblē thăn Dēath.

Ăll thĭngs mŭst bōw tŏ hĭm. Ănd wōe bĕtīde
   Thĕ Wine-bĭbbĕr—thĕ Rŏystĕrēr bў nīght ;
Hĭm thĕ fēast-măstĕr mānў bōuts dĕfīed,
   Hĭm 'twīxt thĕ plēdgĭng ānd thĕ cūp shăll smīte ;
Wōe tō thĕ Lēndĕr āt ŭsūriŏŭs rāte,
Thĕ hārd Rĭch Mān, thĕ hīrelĭng Ādvŏcāte ;
Wōe tō thĕ Jūdge thăt sēllĕth rīght fŏr pāy ;
Wōe tō thĕ thĭef thăt līke ă bēast ŏf prēy
   Wĭth creēpĭng trēad thĕ trăvĕlĕr hărrўēth :—
Thĕse, ĭn thĕir sīn, thĕ sūddĕn swōrd shăll slāy.
   Thēre ĭs nŏ kīng mŏre tērrĭblē thăn Dēath.

Hĕ hāth nŏ pītў,—nōr wĭll bē dĕnīed,
  Whĕn thē lŏw heārth ĭs gārnĭshēd ănd brīght,
Grīmlў hĕ flīngĕth thĕ dĭm pōrtăl wīde,
  Ănd stēals thĕ Ĭnfănt īn thĕ Mōthĕr's sīght ;
Hĕ hāth nŏ pītў fōr thĕ scōrned ŏf fāte :—
Hĕ spāres nŏt Lāzarŭs lўĭng āt thĕ gāte,
Năy, nōr thĕ Blīnd thăt stŭmblĕth ās hĕ māy ;
Năy, thē tĭred Plŏughmăn,—āt thĕ sīnkĭng rāy,
  Ĭn thē lăst fūrrŏw,—feēls ăn īcў brēath,
Ănd knōws ă hānd hăth tūrned thĕ tēam ăstrāy
  Thĕre īs nŏ kĭng mŏre tĕrrĭblē thăn Dēath.

Hĕ hāth nŏ pītў. Fōr thĕ nēw-măde Brīde,
  Blĭthe wĭth thĕ prŏmĭse ōf hĕr līfe's dĕlīght,
Thăt wāndĕrs glădlў bў hĕr Hūsbănd's sīde,
  Hĕ wĭth thĕ clăttĕr ōf hĭs drūm dŏth frīght ;
Hĕ scāres thĕ Vīrgĭn āt thĕ Cōnvĕnt grāte ;
Thĕ māid hălf-wōn, thĕ Lŏvĕr pāssiŏnāte ;
Hĕ hāth nŏ grāce fŏr wēaknĕss ānd dĕcāy :
Thĕ tēndĕr Wīfe, thĕ Wīdŏw bēnt ănd grāy,
  Thĕ feēblĕ Sīre whŏse foōtstĕp fāltĕrēth,—
Ăll thēse hĕ lēadĕth bў thĕ lōnelў wāy—
  Thĕre īs nŏ kĭng mŏre tĕrrĭblē thăn Dēath.

<div align="center">ENVOY.</div>

Yoŭth fōr whŏse ēar ănd mōnĭshĭng, ŏf lāte
Ĭ sāng ŏf Prŏdĭgăls ănd lōst ĕstāte,
Hăve thōu thў jŏy ŏf līvĭng ānd bĕ gāy ;
Bŭt knōw nŏt lēss thăt thēre mŭst cōme ă dāy,—
  Aўe, ānd pĕrchānce ĕ'en nōw ĭt hāstĕnēth,—
Whĕn thīne ŏwn heārt shăll spēak tŏ theē ănd sāy,—
  Thĕre īs nŏ kĭng mŏre tĕrrĭblē thăn Dēath.

THE RONDEAU.

The rondeau is a form of verse introduced from the French by the English. Its form dates back to the fourteenth century. The rondeau is composed of thirteen

verses or lines, of which eight have one rhyme and five another. These lines are divided in three unequal strophes ; the four first words of the first line serve as the refrain, and occur after the eighth and thirteenth lines. It is a delicate form of poetry and capable of the highest degree of excellence and finish. Many delight to use it for that reason, and have succeeded in producing poems of rare beauty. The practice of new meters and the study of new forms aids the poet and enables him to rise higher in his art. Form and precision are necessary to a high degree of excellence. The rondeau in its true type, has a fixed exotic form, susceptible of a highly English polish. Lope de Vega and Hurtado de Mendoza wrote sonnets on sonnet making; Voiture imitated them as regards the rondeau. Here is a paraphrase of Voiture :

Yoŭ bĭd mĕ trȳ, Blŭe Eȳes, tŏ write
Ă rōndeaŭ. Whāt !—fŏrthwĭth ?—tŏnight ?
  Rĕflēct. Sŏme skĭll Ĭ hāve, 'tĭs trūe ;—
  Bŭt thĭrteĕn lines !—ănd rhȳmed ŏn twō !
" Rĕfrāin," ăs wĕll. Ăh, hāplĕss plight !
Stĭll, thĕre ăre fíve línes,—rānged ăright.
Thĕse Gāllĭc bŏnds, Ĭ fēared, woŭld frĭght
  Mȳ ēasȳ Mūse. Thĕy dĭd, tĭll yoŭ—
      Yoŭ bĭd mĕ trȳ !

Thăt mākes thĕm ēight. Thĕ pŏrt's ĭn sĭght ;—
'T ĭs āll bĕcāuse yoŭr eȳes ăre bright !
  Nŏw jŭst ă pāir tŏ ēnd ĭn "oō,"—
  Whĕn māids cŏmmānd, whăt cān't wĕ dō !
Bĕhōld !—thĕ rōndeaŭ, tāstefŭl, lĭght,
      Yoŭ bĭd mĕ trȳ !

TO A JUNE ROSE.

Ŏ rōyăl Rōse ! thĕ Rōmăn drēssed
Hĭs fēast wĭth theē ; thў pētăls prēssed
  Aŭgūstăn brōws ; thĭne ŏdŏr fĭne,
  Mĭxed wĭth thĕ threē-tĭmes mĭnglĕd wĭne,
Lēnt thĕ lŏng Thrāciăn drāught ĭts zēst.
Whăt mārvĕl thēn, ĭf hōst ănd guēst,
Bў Sōng, bў Jōy, bў Theē cărēssed,
  Hălf-trēmblĕd ōn thĕ hălf-dĭvīne,
      Ŏ rōyăl Rōse !

Ănd yēt—ănd yēt—Ĭ lōve theĕ bēst
Ĭn ōur ŏld gārdĕns ōf thĕ Wēst,
  Whēthĕr ăbōut mў thātch thŏu twīne,
  Ŏr Hērs, thăt brōwn-eўed māid ŏf mīne,
Whŏ lūlls theĕ ōn hĕr lāwnў brēast,
      Ŏ rōyăl Rōse !
                    Austin Dobson.

FOR MY DEAR LOVE.

(AN OPAL.)

Fŏr mў dĕar lōve Ĭ lōng tŏ brĭng ❙
Sŏme rāre ănd dāintў ŏffĕrĭng. ◢
  Ĭ'll stēal ă rāinbŏw frŏm thĕ skў↲
  Tŏ pāint mў jōy whĕn shē ĭs nīgh ↝
Thĕ fāirnĕss ōf hĕr fŏrm tŏ sĭng, ❙
Ĭ'll mōunt mĕ ōn a pōĕt's wĭng ; ◂
Thrŏŭgh wĭntĕr frŏst, ĕach flōwer ŏf sprĭng ❘
  Shăll spēak ănd tĕll hĕr hōw Ĭ sĭgh ☞ ·
      Fŏr mў dĕar lōve.

Năy, nāy, thĭs ĭs bŭt loĭtĕrĭng ;
Seĕ, hēre, ă tīnў, rōundĕd thĭng,
  Whēre ăll sweĕt shādes ĭmprĭsŏned līe,
  Hĕr blūsh, thĕ flōwers, thĕ rāinbŏw skў ;
Nŏw, Ĭ wĭll sēt thĭs ĭn ă rĭng,
      Fŏr mў dĕar lōve.
Margaret B. Logan—"The Magazine of Poetry."

THE RONDEL.

The rondel is a poem, in two rhymes, containing fourteen lines. The refrain of the rondel is but a repetition of the first and second lines as the seventh and eighth, and again as the thirteenth and fourteenth. It is the original form of the rondeau.

THE WANDERER.

Lŏve cōmes băck tō hĭs vācănt dwēllĭng,—
　Thĕ ōld, ŏld Lōve thăt wĕ knēw ŏf yōre !
　Wĕ seē hĭm stānd bў thĕ ōpĕn doŏr,
Wĭth hĭs greăt eўes săd, ănd hĭs bōsŏm swēllĭng.

Hĕ mākes ăs thoūgh ĭn ŏur ārms rĕpēllĭng,
　Hĕ fāin woŭld līe ăs hĕ lāy bĕfōre ;—
Lŏve cōmes băck tō hĭs vācănt dwēllĭng,—
　Thĕ ōld, ŏld Lōve thăt wĕ knēw ŏf yōre !

Ăh, whō shăll hēlp ŭs frŏm ōvĕr-tēllĭng
　Thăt sweēt fŏrgōttĕn, fŏrbīddĕn lōre !
　Ĕ'en ās wĕ dōubt ĭn ŏur heārt ŏnce mōre,
Wĭth ă rūsh ŏf teārs tŏ ŏur eўelĭds wēllĭng,
Lŏve cōmes băck tō hĭs vācănt dwēllĭng.
Austin Dobson.

RONDEL.

Thĕse mānў yēars sĭnce wē bĕgān tŏ bē,
Whăt hăve thĕ gōds dŏne wĭth ŭs ? whăt wĭth mē ?
Whăt wĭth mў lōve ? Thĕy hăve shōwn mĕ fātes ănd feārs,
Hărsh sprīngs, ănd fōuntăins bĭttĕrĕr thăn thĕ sēa,
Griĕf ă fīxed stār, ănd jŏy ă vāne thăt veērs,
　　Thĕse mānў yēars.

Wĭth hēr, mў lōve, wĭth hēr hăve thĕy dŏne wēll ?
Bŭt whō shăll ānswĕr fōr hĕr ? whō shăll tēll
Sweĕt thĭngs ŏr săd, sŭch thĭngs ăs nō măn heārs ?
Măy nō teărs fāll ; ĭf nō teărs ēvĕr fĕll,
Frŏm eўes mŏre deār tŏ mē thăn stārrĭĕst sphēres
　　Thĕse mānў yēars.

Bŭt ĭf tĕars ēvĕr toūched, fŏr ānÿ grĭēf,
Thŏse eȳelĭds fōldĕd lĭke ă whīte-rŏse lēaf,
Deĕp dōublĕ shēlls whĕre throūgh thĕ eȳe-flŏwer peērs,
Lĕt thēm weĕp ōnce mŏre ōnlÿ, sweēt ănd brĭēf,
Brĭēf tēars ănd brīght, fŏr ōne whŏ gāve hĕr tēars
          .Thĕse mānÿ yēars.

A. C. Swinburne.

THE ROUNDEL.

Another variation of the rondeau is the Roundel. It is
formed of three stanzas of three lines each, containing only
two rhymes. A refrain composed of the first four or five
words or syllables of the first line constituting the refrain or
burden, which is at the end of both the first and third
stanzas :

THE ROUNDEL.

Ă Rōundĕl ĭs wrōught ăs ă rīng ŏr ă stăr-brīght sphēre,
    Wĭth crāft ŏf dĕlīght ănd wĭth cŭnnĭng ŏf sōund ŭnsōught,
  Thăt thĕ heārt ŏf thĕ hēarĕr măy smīle ĭf tŏ plēasŭre hĭs ēar
        Ă rōundĕl ĭs wrōught.

Ĭts jēwĕl ŏf mūsĭc ĭs cārvĕn ŏf āll ŏr ŏf āught—
    Lŏve, lāughtĕr ŏr mōurnĭng—rĕmēmbrănce ŏf rāptŭre ŏr fēar—
  Thăt făncÿ măy făshiŏn tŏ hāng ĭn thĕ ēar ŏf thōught.

Ăs ă bīrd's quĭck sōng rŭns rōund, ănd thĕ heārts ĭn ŭs hēar—
    Păuse ānswĕrs tŏ pāuse, ănd ăgāin thĕ sāme strāin cāught
  Sŏ mōves thĕ dĕvīce whĕnce, rōund ăs ă pēarl ŏr tēar,
        Ă rōundĕl ĭs wrōught.

A. C. Swinburne.

THE VILLANELLE.

The villanelle is still another form of French poetry
introduced and adopted by our English writers. It is a

poem of but two rhymes written in tercets. The first and
third lines of the first stanza alternating as the third line in
each successive stanza, and at the close forming a couplet.

VILLANELLE.

(TO M. JOSEPH BOULMIER, AUTHOR OF "LES VILLANELLES.")

Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt thŏu mūte?
Hāth thĕ sĭngĕr cēased tŏ sĭng?
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?

Mãny ă pīpe ănd scrănnĕl flūte
Ŏn thĕ breēze thĕir dĭscŏrds flĭng;
Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt *thŏu* mūte?

Sōund ŏf tūmŭlt ānd dĭspūte,
Nŏise ŏf wār thĕ ēchŏes brĭng;
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?

Ŏnce hĕ sāng ŏf būd ănd shoōt
Ĭn thĕ sēasŏn ŏf thĕ Sprīng;
Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt thŏu mūte?

Fādĭng lēaf ănd fāllĭng frūit
Sāy, " Thĕ yēar ĭs ōn thĕ wĭng,
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?"

Ĕre thĕ āxe lĭe āt thĕ roōt,
Ĕre thĕ wīntĕr cōme ăs kĭng,
Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt thŏu mūte?
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?

Andrew Lang.

FOR A COPY OF THEOCRITUS.

(VILLANELLE.)

Ŏ Sĭngĕr ŏf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld,
Thĕōcrĭtŭs! Păn's pīpe wăs thīne—
Thĭne wăs thĕ hăppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld.

Fŏr theē thĕ scēnt ŏf nēw-tŭrned mōuld.
    Thĕ beē-hĭves ānd thĕ mŭrmurĭng pine,
Ŏ Sīngĕr ŏf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld !

Thŏu sāng'st thĕ sīmplĕ fēasts ŏf ōld,—
    Thĕ beēchĕn bōwl mǎde glād wĭth wine—
Thĭne wās thĕ hāppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld.

Thŏu bād'st thĕ rūstĭc lōves bĕ tōld,—
    Thŏu bād'st thĕ tūnefŭl reēds cŏmbine,
Ŏ Sīngĕr ŏf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld !

Ănd rōund theĕ, ēvĕr-lāughĭng, rōlled
    Thĕ blīthe ănd blūe Sĭcĭlĭan brine—
Thĭne wās thĕ hāppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld.

Ǎlās fŏr ūs ! Ŏur sōngs ǎre cōld ;
    Ŏur Nōrthĕrn sūns toŏ sādlў shine :—
Ŏ Sīngĕr ŏf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld,
Thĭne wās thĕ hāppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld !
                                        Austin Dobson.

THE SESTINA.

The sestina or sestine is another French form of verse,
quaint and difficult. It, like many others, is from Provence,
France, hence termed Provencial. It had its origin in the
thirteenth century, and was invented by Arnauld Daniel,
a troubadour. As its name indicates it is a stanza com-
posed of six lines, each line or verse ending in the same six
words arranged in a prescribed order, but not rhyming.
The sestina concludes with an envoy of three lines, which
must contain all six of the final words ; three of these words
must be in the body of the verses and three at the end of the
verses or lines. Mr. Swinburne varies this form by making
the six final rhyme by threes. We give his poem at length :

SESTINA.

Ĭ sāw mў sōul ăt rēst ŭpōn ă dāy
    Ăs ā bĭrd sleēpĭng īn thĕ nēst ŏf nĭght,
Ămōng sŏft lēaves thăt give thĕ stārlĭght wāy
    Tŏ toŭch ĭts wings but nŏt ĭts eЎes wĭth light ;
Sŏ thāt ĭt knēw ăs ōne ĭn vīsiŏns māy,
    Ănd knēw nŏt ās mĕn wākĭng, ōf dĕlĭght. ·

Thĭs wās thĕ mēasŭre ōf mў sōul's dĕlĭght ;
    Ĭt hās nŏ pōwer ŏf jōy tŏ flЎ bў dāy,
Nŏr pārt ĭn thē lărge lōrdshĭp ōf thĕ light ;
    Bŭt in ă sēcrĕt, moōn-bĕhōldĕn wāy
Hăd āll ĭts wĭll ŏf drēams ănd plēasănt nĭght,
    Ănd āll thĕ lōve ănd life thăt sleēpĕrs māy.

Bŭt sūch lĭfe's triŭmph ās mĕn wākĭng māy
    Ĭt mĭght nŏt hăve tŏ feēd ĭts fāint dĕlĭght
Bĕtweēn thĕ stārs bў nĭght ănd sūn bў dāy,
    Shŭt ūp wĭth greēn lĕaves ānd ă littlĕ light :
Bĕcāuse ĭts wāy wăs ās ă lōst stăr's wāy,
    Ă wōrld's nŏt whōllЎ knōwn ŏf dāy ŏr nĭght.

Ăll lōves, ănd drēams, ănd sōunds, ănd glēams ŏf nĭght
    Măde ĭt ăll mūsĭc thāt sŭch mĭnstrĕls māy,
Ănd āll thĕy hăd thĕy gāve ĭt ōf dĕlĭght ;
    Bŭt ĭn thĕ fūll făce ōf thĕ fĭre ŏf dāy
Whăt plăce shăll bĕ fŏr ānў stārrЎ light,
    Whăt pārt ŏf hēaven ĭn āll thĕ wĭde sŭn's wāy ?

Yĕt thē sŏul wōke nŏt, sleēpĭng bў thĕ wāy,
    Wātched ăs ă nŭrslĭng ōf thĕ lārge-eЎed nĭght,
Ănd sōught nŏ strēngth nŏr knōwlĕdge ōf thĕ dāy,
    Nŏr clōsĕr tōuch cŏnclūsĭve ōf dĕlĭght,
Nŏr mĭghtiĕr jōy, nŏr trūĕr thăn drēamĕrs māy,
    Nŏr mōre ŏf sōng thăn thĕy, nŏr mōre ŏf light.

Fŏr whō sleĕps ōnce, ănd seēs thĕ sēcrĕt līght
   Whērebȳ sleĕp shōws thĕ sōul ă fāirĕr wāy
Bĕtweēn thĕ rīse ănd rēst ŏf dāy ănd nīght,
   Shăll cāre nŏ mōre tŏ fāre ăs āll mĕn māy,
Bŭt bē hĭs plāce ŏf pāin ŏr ŏf dĕlīght,
   Thĕre shāll hĕ dwēll, bĕhōldĭng nīght ăs dāy.

Sŏng, hāve thȳ dāy, ănd tāke thȳ fĭll ŏf līght
   Bĕfōre thĕ nīght bĕ fāllĕn ăcrōss thȳ wāy ;
Sĭng whīle hĕ māy, măn hāth nŏ lōng dĕlīght.
               Algernon Charles Swinburne.

SESTINA.

Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello gi an maestro d'amor.
                       —PETRARCH.

Ĭn fāir Prōvĕnce, thĕ lānd ŏf lūte ănd rōse,
Ārnăut, greăt măstĕr ōf thĕ lōre ŏr lŏve,
Fĭrst wrōught sĕstīnes tŏ wĭn hĭs lādȳ's heārt,
Fŏr shē wăs dēaf whĕn sĭmplĕr stāves hĕ sāng,
Ănd fŏr hĕr sāke hĕ brōke thĕ bōnds ŏf rhȳme,
Ănd ĭn thĭs sūbtlĕr mēasŭre hĭd hĭs wōe.

"Hărsh bē mȳ līnes," crĭed Ārnăut, "hārsh thĕ wōe,
Mȳ lādȳ, thăt ĕnthōrned ănd crūĕl rōse,
Ĭnflĭcts ŏn hĭm thăt māde hĕr lĭve ĭn rhȳme ! "
Bŭt throŭgh thĕ mētĕr spāke thĕ vōice ŏf Lōve,
Ănd līke ă wīld-woŏd nīghtĭngāle hĕ sāng
Whŏ thōught ĭn crābbĕd lāys tŏ ēase hĭs heārt.

Ĭt īs nŏt tōld ĭf hĕr ŭntōwărd heārt
Wăs mēltĕd bȳ thĕ pōĕt's lȳrĭc wōe,
Ŏr ĭf ĭn vāin sŏ āmŏroŭslȳ hĕ sāng ;
Pĕrchānce throŭgh cloŭd ŏf dārk cŏncēits hĕ rōse
Tŏ nōblĕr heīghts ŏf phĭlŏsōphĭc lŏve,
Ănd crōwned hĭs lātĕr yēars wĭth stērnĕr rhȳme.

Thĭs thĭng ălōne wĕ knōw ; thĕ trĭplĕ rhȳme
Ŏf hīm whŏ bāred hĭs vāst ănd pāssĭŏnăte heārt
Tŏ āll thĕ crōssĭng flāmes ŏf hāte ănd lŏve,
Wĕars ĭn thĕ mĭdst ŏf āll ĭts stōrm ŏf wōe—
Ăs sōme lŏud mōrn ŏf Mārch măy beār ă rōse—
Thĕ īmprĕss ŏf ă sōng thăt Ārnăut sāng.

"Smĭth ŏf hĭs mōthĕr-tōngue," thĕ Frēnchmăn sāng
Ŏf Lāuncelŏt ānd ŏf Gălăhād, thĕ rhȳme
Thăt bēat sŏ blŏōd-lĭke āt ĭts cōre ŏf rōse,
Ĭt stĭrred thĕ sweēt Frăncēscă's gēntlĕ heārt
Tŏ tāke thăt kĭss thăt brōught hĕr sō mŭch wōe,
Ănd sēaled ĭn fīre hĕr mārtȳdōm ŏf lŏve.

Ănd Dāntĕ, fūll ŏf hēr ĭmmōrtăl lŏve,
Stăyed hĭs dĕar sōng, ănd sōftlȳ, sweētlȳ sāng
Ăs thōugh hĭs vōice brŏke wĭth thăt weīght ŏf wōe;
Ănd tō thĭs dāy wĕ thīnk ŏf Ārnăut's rhȳme
Whĕnēvĕr pītȳ āt thĕ lābŏrĭng heārt
Ŏn fāir Frăncēscă's mēmorȳ drōps thĕ rōse.

Ăh ! Sōverĕign Lōve, fŏrgīve thĭs wēakĕr rhȳme !
Thĕ mēn ŏf ōld whŏ sāng wĕre greāt ăt heārt,
Yĕt hāve wĕ toō knŏwn wōe, ănd wōrn thȳ rōse."

E. W. Gosse.

THE TRIOLET.

Another form borrowed from the French is the triolet.
It is a short poem of eight lines. Its peculiarity consists in
the first lines being repeated as the fourth and again as the
seventh lines ; while the second line is repeated as the
eighth.

A KISS.

Rōse kĭssed mē tŏdāy.
  Wīll shĕ kīss mĕ tŏmōrrŏw?
Lēt ĭt bē ăs ĭt māy,
  Rōse kĭssed mē tŏdāy.

Būt thĕ plēasŭre gǐves wāy
Tō ă sāvoŭr ŏf sōrrŏw ;
Rōse kǐssed mē tŏdāy.—
Wĭll shĕ kǐss mĕ tŏmōrrŏw ?

Austin Dobson.

Ălās, thĕ strōng, thĕ wǐse, thĕ brāve,
 Thăt bōast thĕmsēlves thĕ sōns ŏf mēn !
Ŏnce thēy gŏ dōwn ǐntō thĕ grāve—
Ălās, thĕ strōng, thĕ wǐse, thĕ brāve,
Thĕy pērǐsh ānd hăve nōne tŏ sāve,
 Thĕy āre sŏwn, ānd ăre nŏt rāised ăgāin ;
Ălās, thĕ strōng, thĕ wǐse, thĕ brāve,
 Thăt bōast thĕmsēlves thĕ sōns ŏf mēn !

Andrew Lang.

VIRELAY.

The virelay is an ancient French song or short poem. Ow-
ing to the peculiarities of its formation it is termed the Veer-
ing Lay. The French form contained only two rhymes, one
of which is made to lead at the beginning and the other at
the end of the poem The English virelay is composed of
more than two rhymes, and the rhymes change place or
alternate. Here is a specimen of an ancient little poem of
this type.

Thŏu crūĕl f āir, Ĭ gō,
Tŏ seēk ŏut ānў f āte bŭt theē ;
 Sǐnce thēre ǐs nōne căn woūnd mĕ sō,
Nŏr thāt hăs hālf thў crūĕltў,
 Thŏu crūĕl f āir, Ĭ gō.

Fŏrēvĕr, thēn, fărewēll !
'Tǐs ā lŏng lēave Ĭ tāke ; bŭt ōh !
 Tŏ tārrў wǐth theĕ hēre ǐs hēll,
Ănd twēntў thōusănd hēlls tŏ gō—
 Fŏrēvĕr, thēn, fărewēll.

Cotton.

Here is another specimen of one of our early virelays.   It is a stanza of an old song of the fifteenth century :

> Rŏbĭn săt ōn thĕ goōd greĕn hĭll,
>   Keēpĭng ă flōck ŏf fīe,[1]
> Mērrȳ Mākȳn sāid hĭm tĭll,[2]
>   Rŏbĭn, rūe ŏn mē,
> Ĭ hāve lŏved theē, ĭn speēch ănd stĭll,[3]
>   Thēse yĕars twō ŏr threē,
> Mȳ sēcrĕt sōrrŏw ŭnlĕss thŏu dĕll[4]
>   Dōubtlĕss ĭn soōth Ĭ dē.[5]

Robert Henryson.

[1] Sheep.   [2] Unto or to.   [3] Silence.   [4] Assuage.   [5] Die.

THE PANTOUM.

French poets anxious for something new adopted a Malayan form, the Pantoum.   It is not of much practical use, but serves to illustrate the quaint and peculiar in verse. It is best adapted to the light, airy and frivolous things of life, and used in describing comic or ludicrous affairs.   Mr. Austin Dobson has exercised his ingenuity and literary skill writing a pantoum entitled '' In Town.''   It will be perceived the pantoum consists of a series of quatrains ; the second and fourth lines of the first stanza reappear as the first and third lines of the second stanza, and the second and third lines of the second stanza reappear as the first and fourth lines of the third stanza, and so on until the end of the poem.   The first and third lines of the first stanza are again used as the third and fourth lines of the last stanza. Mr. Dobson's pantoum is in dactylic rhythm and is here given :

ĬN TOWN.

The blue fly sung in the pane.—TENNYSON.

Tōilĭng ĭn Tōwn nŏw ĭs "hŏrrĭd,"
  (Thēre ĭs thăt wōmăn ăgāin!)—
Jūne ĭn thĕ zēnĭth ĭs tŏrrĭd,
  Thōught gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ brāin.

Thēre ĭs thăt wōmăn ăgāin :
  "Strāwbĕrrĭes! fōurpĕnce ă pŏttlĕ!"
Thōught gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ brāin;
  Ĭnk gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ bōttlĕ.

"Strāwbĕrrĭes! fōurpĕnce ă pŏttlĕ!"
  Ŏ fōr thĕ greēn ŏf ă lāne!—
Ĭnk gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ bōttlĕ;
  "Būzz" gŏes ă flȳ ĭn thĕ pāne!

Ŏ fōr thĕ greēn ŏf ă lāne,
  Whēre ŏne mĭght lie ănd bĕ lāzȳ!
"Būzz" gŏes ă flȳ ĭn thĕ pāne;
  Blūebŏttlĕs drīve mĕ crāzȳ!

Whēre ŏne mĭght lie ănd bĕ lāzȳ,
  Cārelĕss ŏf tōwn ănd ăll-ĭn ĭt!—
Blūebŏttlĕs drīve mĕ crāzȳ;
  Ī shăll gŏ mād ĭn ă mīnŭte!

Cārelĕss ŏf tōwn ănd ăll ĭn ĭt,
  Wĭth sōme ŏne tŏ soōthe ănd tŏ stĭll yoŭ;—
Ī shăll gŏ mād ĭn ă mīnŭte;
  Blūebŏttlĕ, thēn Ĭ shăll kĭll yoŭ!

Wĭth sōme ŏne tŏ soōthe ănd tŏ stĭll yoŭ; —
  Ăs ōnlȳ ŏne's fēmĭnĭne kĭn dŏ,—
Blūebŏttlĕ, thēn Ĭ shăll kĭll yoŭ :
  Thēre nŏw! Ĭ've brōkĕn thĕ wĭndŏw!

Ăs ōnlў ŏne's fēmĭnĭne kĭn dŏ,—
  Sŏme mūslĭn-clăd Mābĕl ŏr Māy !—
Thēre nŏw, Ĭ've brōkĕn thĕ wĭndŏw !
  Blūebŏttlĕ's ōff ănd ăwāy !

Sŏme mūslĭn-clăd Mābĕl ŏr Māy,
  Tŏ dāsh ŏne wĭth eaū dĕ Cŏlōgne ;—
Blūebŏttlĕ's ōff ănd ăwāy ;
  Ănd whў shoŭld Ĭ stāy hĕre ălōne !

Tŏ dāsh ŏne wĭth eaū dĕ Cŏlōgne,
  Ăll ōvĕr ŏne's ēmĭnĕnt fōrehĕad ;—
Ănd whў shoŭld Ĭ stāy hĕre ălōne !
  Tōilĭng ĭn Tōwn nŏw ĭs ''hōrrĭd.''

BLANK VERSE.

Blank verse is without rhyme. It is, however, a favorite
form of poetic art with many writers of verse. All poetry
was in blank verse until rhyming was introduced by
Chaucer. For a long while its devotees condemned rhyme.
Rhyming was termed frivolous and its practice and use dis-
countenanced by some of the best writers of early English
poetry. It gradually gained favor, however, until today,
instead of our best and sweetest thoughts finding expression
in blank verse, as was formerly the case, we find them
expressed in rhyme. To blank verse, however, the world
of literature is greatly indebted. It was in blank verse
Milton wrote '' Paradise Lost '' and Bryant '' Thanatopsis.''
The first may be termed the first and greatest of English
poems in blank verse. For while it was used in Greek and
Latin poetry, it was in little use in English poetry, until the
appearance of Milton's '' Paradise Lost.'' It immediately
came into general favor in writing epic poetry. Before this
its chief use in English was its use in dramatic composition.

The second, "Thanatopsis," is justly termed one of the best and grandest of conceptions of an elegiac character. Blank verse is ten-syllabled, that is, composed of five poetic feet. It is also termed Heroic verse, and is iambic pentameter. Blank verse usually ends with an important word.

THANATOPSIS.

Tŏ hĭm whŏ īn thĕ lōve ŏf Nātŭre hōlds
Cŏmmūnĭŏn wĭth hĕr vīsĭblĕ fōrms shĕ spēaks
Ă vărĭŏŭs lănguăge ; fōr hĭs gāyĕr hōurs
Shĕ hās ă vōice ŏf glādnĕss, ānd ă smīle
Ănd ēlŏquēnce ŏf beaūtў, ānd shĕ glīdes
Īntŏ hīs dărk mūsĭngs wĭth ă mīld
Ănd gēntlĕ sўmpăthў thăt stēals ăwāy
Thĕir shārpnĕss ēre hĕ īs ăwāre.

William Cullen Bryant.

LIFE.

Līfe īs thĕ trănsmĭgrātĭŏn ōf ă sōul
Thrŏūgh vărĭŏŭs bōdĭes, vărĭŏŭs stātes ŏf bēĭng :
Nĕw mănnĕrs, pāssĭŏns, nēw pŭrsūits ĭn ēach ;
Ĭn nōthĭng, sāve ĭn cōnscĭoŭsnēss, thĕ sāme.
Īnfăncў, ădŏlēscĕnce, mānhoŏd, āge,
Ăre ālwăy mōvĭng ōnwărd, ālwăy lōsĭng
Thĕmsēlves ĭn ōne ănōthĕr, lōst ăt lēngth
Līke ūndŭlātĭŏns ōn thĕ strānd ŏf dēath.

James Montgomery.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hăil, hōlў Light, ŏffsprĭng ŏf Hēaven, fĭrst-bōrn,
Ŏr ŏf thĕ ĕtērnăl, cō-ĕtērnăl bēam,
Măy Ī ĕxprēss theĕ ŭnblāmed ? sĭnce Gōd ĭs līght,
Ănd nĕvĕr būt ĭn ūnăpprōachĕd līght
Dwĕlt frōm ĕtērnĭtў, dwĕlt thēn ĭn theĕ,
Brĭght ēfflŭĕnce ŏf brĭght ēssĕnce ĭncrĕāte.

John Milton.

MEN.

Mĕn āre bŭt chĭldrĕn ōf ă lārgĕr grŏwth ;
Ŏur āppĕtītes ăs āpt tŏ chānge ăs thēirs,
Ănd fūll ăs crāvĭng, toō, ănd fūll ăs vāin ;
Ănd yēt thĕ sōul shŭt ŭp ĭn hēr dărk roōm,
Viēwĭng sŏ clēar ăbrōad, ăt hōme seĕs nōthĭng ;
Bŭt līke ă mōle ĭn ēarth, būsў ănd blĭnd,
Wŏrks āll hĕr fŏllў ŭp, ănd cāsts ĭt ōutwărd
Tŏ thē wŏrld's viēw.

John Dryden.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

Hŏw blēst thĕ mān whŏ ĭn thĕse pēacefŭl plāins,
Plŏughs hĭs pătĕrnăl fiēld ; făr frŏm thĕ nōise,
Thĕ cāre, ănd būstlĕ ōf ă būsў wŏrld !
Ăll ĭn thĕ sācrĕd, sweēt sĕquēstĕred vāle
Ŏf sōlĭtūde, thĕ sēcrĕt prĭmrŏse-păth
Ŏf rūrăl life, hĕ dwĕlls ; ănd wĭth hĭm dwĕll
Pĕace ānd Cŏntēnt, twĭns ōf thĕ sўlvăn shāde,
Ănd āll thĕ grăcĕs ōf thĕ gōldĕn āge.

Michael Bruce.

CHAPTER X.

MEASURES EXEMPLIFIED.

Trochaic.

Tāstefŭl, grācefŭl, plēasĭng mēasŭre
Ānd tŏ wrīte theĕ ĭs ă plēasŭre.

THERE is real music about a well written poem com-
posed in this measure. The stress or accent is laid
on the odd syllables, and the even ones are unaccented or
short.

Trochees are often mixed with iambuses, but that can
make no difference in the scansion, as the number of feet
in a verse or line must be reckoned by the number of
accented syllables. Trochaic verse admits of the cutting off
of the final syllable ; of the use of single rhymed endings, or
in other words, single rhymed trochaic omit the final or un-
accented syllable. While a foot may end in one accented
syllable, a foot in no instance can be permitted to commence
with simply one syllable. This is true in trochaic, iambic,
or any other kind of measure. Frequently we find a line
ending in one syllable in dimeter, trimeter, or tetrameter
verse. Hence we have lines of three, five and seven sylla-
bles. Trochaic retrenched of the last unaccented syllable is,
however, trochaic still.

Iambuses are admitted frequently in trochaic verse as we
have already noticed. It is not usual, however, to intro-

duce a trochaic line with an iambic foot, although it is per-
missible.   Double rhymes are always less frequent than
single ones; hence lines oftener terminate in trochaic meas-
ures catalectic than in full trochaic.   But the accented sylla-
ble is always counted a foot.   The inconvenience that
naturally results from writing a line of full trochees is at
once apparent.   There must always be a double ending to
the rhymes.   This cannot always happen.   It is also use-
less.   There is no good reason why trochaic of any length
should not be allowed to terminate in a single rhyme.

One or more unaccented syllables are termed hyper-
metrical.

When trochaic ends in a single accented syllable, consti-
tuting a foot, such accented syllable is not to be termed an
"additional" syllable.   The verse is simply catalectic.

No additional, unaccented syllable is ever allowed before
the first foot.   By permitting this you destroy all distinction
between iambic and trochaic.   It is well to observe also, in
this connection, that iambic measure is never shorn of the
unaccented syllable in the first foot.   Iambic measure never
commences with a single accented syllable.   It must always
commence with a regular foot, and so, too, must trochaic.

Measure, Monometer.

Rhythm, Trochaic.

Formula, Ab.

Sign, — ‿

EXAMPLE (1).

1.	2.	3.
Hĕltĕr,	Sĭngĭng,	Hŭrrў,
Skĕltĕr,	Swĭngĭng,	Skŭrrў,
Skātĕrs gō.	Thēy gŏ bȳ.	Seē thĕm glide.
Chāngĭng,	Whĭskĭng,	Rāttlĭng,
Rāngĭng,	Frĭskĭng,	Bāttlĭng,
Ĭn ă rōw.	Ās thĕy flȳ.	Skātĕr's prīde.
		"The Skaters."

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 2.
Sign, — ◡ × 2.

<div style="text-align:center">EXAMPLE (1).</div>

Nōne dŏ hēar
Ūse tŏ sweār :
Ōaths dŏ frāy
Fīsh ăwāy ;
Wē sĭt stĭll,
Wātch oŭr quĭll :
Fīshĕrs mŭst nŏt wrānglĕ.

<div style="text-align:right">*Chalkhill*—"The Angler."</div>

One peculiarity of the above poem, many of its lines
might be termed safely anapestic meter. The trochaic
foot, however, prevails and the poem is trochaic.

A fine specimen of trochaic dimeter is furnished in the
following, with single rhyme :

<div style="text-align:center">EXAMPLE (2).</div>

In ă māze   Seē hĭm strīde
Lōst, Ĭ gāze :   Vāllĕys wīde;
Cān ŏur ēyes   Ōvĕr woōds,
Rēach thў sīze ?   Ōvĕr floōds.
Māy mў lāys   Whēn hĕ trēads,
Swēll wĭth prāise   Mōuntăin hēads,
Wōrthў theē !   Grōan ănd shāke :
Wōrthў mē !   Ārmĭes quāke,
Mūse, ĭnspīre   Lēst hĭs spūrn
Āll thў fīre !   Ōvĕrtūrn
Bārds ŏf ōld   Mān ănd steēd.
Ŏf hĭm tōld,   Troōps, tăke heēd ;
Whēn thĕy sāid   Lēft ănd rĭght
Ātlăs' hēad   Speēd yoŭr flĭght,
Prōpped thĕ skīes. Lēst ăn hōst,
Seē ! ănd bĕliēve yoŭr ēyes !   Bĕnēath hĭs foŏt bĕ lōst.

<div style="text-align:right">*John Gay*—"A Lilliputian Ode."</div>

This poem is also attributed to Alexander Pope and it is published in his works.

Measure, Trimeter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 3.
Sign, — ‿ × 3.

EXAMPLE (1).

Gō nŏt, hăppÿ dāy,
  Frŏm thĕ shīnĭng fiēlds,
Gō nŏt, hăppÿ dāy,
  Tĭll thĕ māidĕn yiēlds.
Rōsÿ īs thĕ Wēst,
  Rōsÿ īs thĕ Sōuth,
Rōsĕs āre hĕr cheēks,
  Ānd ă rōse hĕr mōuth.
Whĕn thĕ hăppÿ Yēs
  Fāltĕrs frōm hĕr lĭps,
Pāss ănd blūsh thĕ nēws
  Ō'er thĕ blōwĭng shīps,
Ōvĕr blōwĭng sēas,
  Ōvĕr sēas ăt rēst,
Pāss thĕ hăppÿ nēws,
  Blūsh ĭt thrō' thĕ Wēst,
Tĭll thĕ rēd măn dānce
  Bÿ hĭs rĕd cēdăr-treē,
Ānd thĕ rĕd măn's bābe
  Lēap, bĕyōnd thĕ sēa.
Blūsh frŏm Wēst tŏ Ēast,
  Blūsh frŏm Ēast tŏ Wēst,
Tĭll thĕ Wēst ĭs Ēast,
  Blūsh ĭt thrō' thĕ Wēst.
Rōsÿ īs thĕ Wēst,
  Rōsÿ īs thĕ Sōuth,
Rōsĕs āre hĕr cheēks,
  Ānd ă rōse hĕr mōuth.

Alfred Tennyson—" Maud."

EXAMPLE (2).

LYRICS AND EPICS.

Ĭ woŭld bē thĕ Lȳrĭc,
　Ĕvĕr ōn thĕ līp,
Rāthĕr thān thĕ Ĕpĭc
　Mēmŏrȳ lĕts slīp !
Ĭ woŭld bē thĕ dīamŏnd
　Āt mȳ lādȳ's ēar,
Rāthĕr thān thĕ Jūne-rŏse
　Wŏrn bŭt ōnce ă yĕar !
Thomas Bailey Aldrich—" Lyrics and Epics."

EXAMPLE (3).

Swīngĭng ōn ă bīrch-treĕ
　Tō ă sleēpȳ tūne,
Hūmmĕd bȳ āll thĕ breēzĕs
　Ĭn thĕ mōnth ŏf Jūne !
Lĭttlĕ lēaves ă-flŭttĕr,
　Sōund līke dāncĭng drŏps
Ŏf ă broōk ŏn pēbblĕs ;
　Sōng thăt nēvĕr stŏps.
Lucy Larcom—" Swinging On a Birch Tree."

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 4.
Sign, — ⌣ × 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

" Your Mission " is an excellent poem in trochaic tetra-
meter.　We select the last stanza

" Dō nŏt, thēn, stănd ĭdlў wāitĭng
  Fŏr sŏme greātĕr wōrk tŏ dō ;
Fŏrtŭne ĭs ă lāzў gŏddĕss,
  Shē wĭll nēvĕr cōme tŏ yoū.
Gō ănd tōil ĭn ānў vĭneyărd,—
  Dō nŏt fēar tŏ dō ănd dāre,
Ĭf yoŭ *wănt* ă fiēld ŏf lābŏr,
  Yoū căn fĭnd ĭt ānўwhēre."

Ellen M. H. Gates.

EXAMPLE (2).

Sōund, sweĕt sōng, frŏm sōme făr lānd,
Sīghĭng sōftlў clŏse ăt hānd,
  Nōw ŏf jōy, ănd nōw ŏf wŏe !
  Stārs ăre wōnt tŏ glĭmmĕr sō.
Soōnĕr thŭs wĭll goōd ŭnfōld ;
Chĭldrĕn yoūng ănd chĭldrĕn ōld
  Glādlў hēar thў nūmbĕrs flŏw.

Goethe—" Sound, Sweet Song."

Another poem that will never die illustrates this measure. In addition to its perfect versification there is something of heaven's own music, something supernal, in the poem. Its lines are so elevating and pure, with a sweet tenderness of expression unsurpassed :

" Ēverў tĭnklĕ ōn thĕ shĭnglĕs
  Hās ăn ēchŏ ĭn thĕ heārt."

EXAMPLE (3).

The fifth of six stanzas is here given :

Ānd ănōthĕr cōmes, tŏ thrĭll mĕ
  Wĭth hĕr ēyes' dĕlĭcioŭs blūe ;
Ānd Ĭ mīnd nŏt—mūsĭng ōn hĕr,
  Thăt hĕr heārt wăs āll ŭntrūe ;

I rĕmēmbĕr būt tŏ lŏve hĕr
  With ă pāssiŏn kĭn tŏ pāin,
Ănd mў heărt's quĭck pŭlsĕs vĭbrăte
  Tŏ thĕ pāttĕr ŏf thĕ rāin.
            Coates Kinney—" Rain on the Roof."

Measure, Pentameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 5.
Sign, — ‿ × 5.

EXAMPLE (1).

Tăll thĕ plūmăge ŏf thĕ rūsh-flŏwer tŏssĕs ;
  Shārp ănd sŏft ĭn mānў ă cūrve ănd līne,
Glēam ănd glŏw thĕ sēa-cŏlōred mărsh-mŏssĕs,
  Sālt ănd splĕndĭd frŏm thĕ cīrclĭng brine ;
Strēak ŏn strēak ŏf glĭmmerĭng sēa shĭne crŏssĕs
  Ăll thĕ lānd sĕa-sātŭrăte ās wĭth wīne.
           A. C. Swinburne—" By the North Sea."

EXAMPLE (2).

" Mōthĕr, dēar, whăt ĭs thĕ wātĕr sāyĭng ?
  Mōthĕr, dēar, whў dōes thĕ wĭld sĕa rōar ? "
Crў thĕ chĭldrĕn ōn thĕ whīte sănd plāyĭng,—
  Ŏn thĕ whīte sănd, hālf ă mīle frŏm shōre,
" Lĭttlĕ ōnes, Ĭ fēar ă stŏrm ĭs grŏwĭng.
  Cōme ăwāy ! Ŏh, lĕt ŭs hāstĕn hōme ! "
Cālls thĕ mōthĕr ; ănd thĕ wĭnd ĭs blŏwĭng ;
  Flāshĭng ūp ă mĭllĭon ēyes ŏf fōam.
           Anonymous — " The High Tide."

The following poem is by one of our best authors, and
the poem from which selection is taken one of his best lyrics.
The measures are mixed and present an example of :

1st, Dimeter ; 2nd, Trimeter ; 3rd, Pentameter ; 4th, Dimeter ; 5th, Pentameter.

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (3).</div>

> Jĭnglĕ ! Jĭnglĕ !
>   Hōw thĕ fiēlds gŏ bȳ !
> Ēarth ănd āir ĭn snōwȳ sheēn cŏmmĭnglĕ,
>   Fār ănd nīgh ;
> Ĭs thĕ grōund bĕnēath ŭs, ōr thĕ skȳ ?
>   *Edmund Clarence Stedman*—"The Sleigh Ride."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 6.
Sign, — ⌣ × 6.

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (1).</div>

> Nēvĕr yēt hăs pōĕt sūng ă pĕrfĕct sōng,
>   Būt hĭs life wăs roōtĕd like ă treē's, ămōng
> Ēarth's greăt feēdĭng fōrcĕs—ēvĕn ăs crāgs ănd mōuld,
>   Rhȳthms thăt stīr thĕ fōrĕst bȳ fĭrm fĭbrĕs hōld.
>   *Lucy Larcom*—"The Trees."

From the works of the same author we take another example—the first and third stanzas :

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (2).</div>

> Hāppȳ fiēlds ŏf sūmmĕr, āll yŏur āirȳ grāssĕs
> Whĭspĕrĭng ănd bōwĭng whēn thĕ Wēst wĭnd pāssĕs,
> Hāppȳ lārk ănd nĕstlĭng, hĭd bĕnēath thĕ mōwĭng,
> Roōt sweĕt mūsĭc in yŏu, tō thĕ white clŏuds grōwĭng.

> Hāppȳ lĭttlĕ chĭldrĕn, skīes ăre brīght ăbōve yŏu,
> Treēs bĕnd dōwn tŏ kĭss yŏu, breēze ănd blŏssŏm lōve yŏu;
>   Ānd wĕ blĕss yŏu, plāyĭng in thĕ fiēld-păths māzȳ,
> Swĭngĭng wĭth thĕ hārebĕll, dāncĭng wĭth thĕ dāisȳ !
>   *Lucy Larcom*—"Happy Fields of Summer."

EXAMPLE (3).

Nōw thĕ hāre ĭs snāred ănd dēad bĕsīde thĕ snōw-yărd,
Ānd thĕ lārk bĕsīde thĕ drēarў wĭntĕr sēa,
Ānd mў bābў ĭn hĭs crādlĕ ĭn thĕ chūrch-yărd
Wāitĕth thēre ŭntĭl thĕ bēlls brĭng mē.

Charles Kingsley—"The Merry Lark."

Each couplet of the trochaic hexameter is sometimes divided into alternate lines of six and five syllables, forming the trochaic 11s of our hymns.

Measure, Heptameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 7.
Sign, — ◡ × 7.

Iambic heptameter is what is termed ballad meter, being lines of tetrameter and trimeter alternately. There can be no good reason shown why trochaics can not also be used in the same manner. One thing, however, must necessarily be observed, where it is thus divided, every other line becomes iambic   While the first and third lines will be trochaic and catalectic, the second and fourth will be iambic and hypermeter.

Trochaics of seven feet are exceedingly rare. We find few examples. It is not certainly on account of the extreme length, for trochaics octometer of late years are plentiful and can no longer be termed "prosodial anomalies," as they were formerly termed.

This is the 7s and 6s of our hymns :

" Stōp, poŏr sīnnĕr, stōp ănd thīnk,"
Bĕfōre yoŭ fūrthĕr gō ;
Wĭll yoŭ spōrt ŭpōn thĕ brīnk
Ŏf ēvĕrlāstĭng wōe ? "

It will be observed the second and fourth lines are iambic. If, however, the lines were not alternated they would be trochaic.

EXAMPLE (1).

Clĕŏn seēs nŏ chārms ĭn nātŭre, ĭn ă dāisў Ī ;
Clĕŏn hēars nŏ ānthĕm rĭngĭng ĭn thĕ sēa ănd skȳ ;
Nātŭre sīngs tŏ mē fŏrēvĕr, eārnĕst lĭstenĕr Ī ;
Stāte fŏr stāte, wĭth āll ăttēndănts, whō woŭld chānge ?   Nŏt Ī.
Charles Mackay—"Cleon and I."

EXAMPLE (2).

Hōlў, hōlў, hōlў !   Thōugh thĕ dārknĕss hide Theĕ,
Thōugh thĕ ēye ŏf sīnfŭl mān Thў glōrў māy nŏt seē,
Ōnlў Thōu, Ŏ Gōd, ărt hōlў ; thēre ĭs nōne bĕsīde Theĕ,
Pĕrfĕct Thōu ĭn pōwer, ĭn lŏve ănd pūrĭtў !
Reginald Heber—"Trinity Hymn."

EXAMPLE (3).

Hāstĕn sīnnĕr tŏ rĕpēnt theĕ, tūrn tŏ Gōd ănd līve,
Seēk fŏr mērcў, bēg fŏr pārdŏn, Gōd ălōne căn gīve ;
Lĕave thĕ sīnfŭl thrōng fŏrēvĕr, sīnnĕr, whȳ dĕlāy ?
Seēk fŏrgīvenĕss, seēk hĭs blēssĭng, hāste theĕ, hāste ăwăy!—

Trūst Hĭm, sīnnĕr, hē wĭll blēss theĕ, ōnlў mērcў crāve
Trūst thў lŏvĭng, lŏvĭng Sāvioŭr, Hē ălōne căn sāve.
Cōme tŏ Jēsŭs, tŏ thў Sāvioŭr, plēad bĕfōre toŏ lāte,
Cōme ĭn sōrrŏw, cōme rĕpēntănt, dŏ nŏt lōngĕr wāit.

Chrīst hăs lēft a trūe rĕlĭgiŏn, thăt wĕ māy nŏt ērr,
Cōme ănd shāre ĭt, choōse ĭt, sīnnĕr, will yoŭ nŏt prĕfēr
Ā rĕlĭgiŏn thăt căn sāve yoŭ ĭn thăt wŏrld ăbōve ?
Whēre ĭs blĭss ănd ēndlĕss plĕasŭre—Gōd ălōne ĭs lŏve.
"Hasten Sinner to Repent Thee."

Measure, Octometer.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 8.
Sign, — ‿ × 8.

EXAMPLE (1).

Shĕ wăs wālkĭng ĭn thĕ spring-tĭme, ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng-tīde ŏf lĭfe,
Lĭttlĕ rēckonĭng ŏf thĕ joūrnĕy, ŏf ĭts pērĭls ănd ĭts strĭfe ;
Fōr thĕ flōwers wĕre peēpĭng cōylŷ, ănd thĕ sūnshĭne glīstĕned
    brĭght,
Ānd thĕ dēwdrŏps lĭngĕred, quĭvĕrĭng, lĭke fāirŷ bēlls ŏf lĭght.
Nŏt ă clōud wăs ĭn thĕ hēavĕns, nŏt ă sūrge wăs ōn thĕ deĕp,
Fōr thĕ rĭmplĕd sēa lăy brēathĭng ĭn ăn ūnĭmpāssiŏned sleĕp,
Ānd thĕ frēsh greēn lĕaves wĕre nōddĭng, tō thĕ whĭspĕrs ōf thĕ
    breēze —
"Ōh ! thĕ wōrld mŭst bē ă pārădīse wĭth prŏmĭsēs lĭke thēse !
Thēre's nŏ cānkĕr ĭn thĕ blōssŏms, ānd nŏ blīght ŭpōn thĕ treēs."
                    Hunter — " The Curtain."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ĭn thĕ sprīng ă fŭllĕr crĭmsŏn cōmes ŭpōn thĕ rōbĭn's brēast ;
Ĭn thĕ sprīng thĕ wāntŏn lāpwĭng gēts hĭmsēlf ănōthĕr crēst ;
Ĭn thĕ sprīng ă lĭvelĭĕr ĭrĭs chāngĕs ōn thĕ būrnĭshed dōve ;
Ĭn thĕ sprīng ă yoŭng măn's fāncŷ lĭghtlŷ tūrns tŏ thōughts ŏf lōve.
                    Alfred Tennyson — " Locksley Hall."

EXAMPLE (3).

Āh, dĭstĭnctlŷ Ĭ rĕmēmbĕr, ĭt wăs ĭn thĕ blēak Dĕcēmbĕr,
    Ānd ĕach sēparăte dŷĭng ēmbĕr wrōught ĭts ghōst ŭpōn thĕ floōr.
Ēagĕrlŷ Ĭ wĭshed thĕ mōrrŏw ; vāinlŷ Ĭ hăd sōught tŏ bōrrŏw
    Frōm mŷ boŏks sŭrcēase ŏf sōrrŏw, — sōrrŏw fōr thĕ lōst
        Lĕnōre, —
Fōr thĕ rāre ănd rādiănt māidĕn whōm thĕ āngĕls nāme Lĕnōre, —
        Nāmelĕss hēre fŏrēvĕr mōre.
                    Edgar A. Poe — " The Raven."

IAMBIC.

As before observed the iambic measure is used more than all others combined. Accent in iambic verse is placed on the even syllables, and the odd ones are unaccented.

This measure must always be commenced with a regular foot of two syllables, although the first may be a trochee, and often is. However, the first foot cannot be commenced with a single syllable. By an attempt to commence the first foot of the verse with a single accented syllable, you will simply change the measure to trochaic. A single sylla-ble not accented, frequently is added to the end of the verse. It is, however, not to be reckoned as anything but super-numerary unless we should term the ending an amphibrach.

Dactyls and anapests, where they serve to explain the meter of a line of poetry should be used, as it is far better to do so than to have recourse to extra metrical syllables.

It is sometimes difficult to tell the prevailing foot. However, only the accents are to be counted, and where a proper scan-sion is made the introduction of other feet causes no trouble. A dactyl may be often employed instead of a trochee, an anapest for an iambus. This usually occurs where one un-accented vowel precedes another in what we usually regard as separate syllables, and both are clearly heard, although uttered in such quick succession that both syllables occupy only half the time in utterance a long syllable would require, as :

<blockquote>
Fŭll <i>mănỹ ă</i> gēm ŏf pūrĕst rāy sĕrēne.
<div align="right">"Gray's Elegy."</div>

Thĕ <i>mŭrmŭrĭng</i> wĭnd, thĕ <i>quĭverĭng</i> lēaf,
Shăll sōftlỹ tēll ŭs thŏu ărt nēar !
<div align="center"><i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>—" Hymn of Trust."</div>
</blockquote>

The words " murmuring " and " quivering " are pro-
nounced naturally with more rapidity.   So too "many a"
in the first example.

Lines may contain ten syllables and yet be only iambic
tetrameter.   The last two syllables being hypermetrical, as:

> Thĕre wās ăn āncĭĕnt sāge Phĭlōsŏphĕr
> Whŏ hād rĕad Ālĕxāndĕr Rōss ŏvĕr.
> > *Butler's* "Hudibras."

Extra metrical syllables can, however, occur, and are per-
missible only at the end of a line, or verse.   Such syllables
are always unaccented.

Measure, Monometer.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA.
Sign, ◡ —.

Poems in this measure are very rare.   The measure is
often used, however, to construct a single line, in combi-
nation with other lines in forming a stanza.

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (1).</div>

Thŭs Ī	Ăs ōne	Ĭ'm māde
Păss bȳ	Ŭnknōwn	Ă shāde,
Ănd dīe.	Ănd gōne !	Ănd lāid

Ĭ' th' grāve ;	Whĕre tĕll
Thĕre hāve	Ĭ dwēll.
Mў cāve :	Fărewēll.

> *Robert Herrick*—"Upon His Departure Hence."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ăt mōrn,
  Ĭ hēar
Thў nōte,
  Sŏ cheēr,
Sweĕt Thrŭsh.

Thĕ whīle
  Ĭ drēam,
Ĭn sōng
  Yoŭ teēm,
Blĭthe Thrŭsh.

Gŏd māde
  Thĕ ēarth
Tŏ jŏy
  Ĭn mīrth
Dĕar Thrŭsh.

Ănd thȳ
  Găy trĭll
Ĭs·bŭt
  Hĭs wĭll,
Ŏ Thrŭsh !

Măy Ī
  Bĕ hēard,
Lĭke theē,
  Fŏnd bīrd,
Brĭght Thrŭsh :

Tŏ sīng
  Gŏd's prāise,
Sweĕt ās
  Thў lāys,
Brŏwn Thrŭsh.
      "The Thrush."

EXAMPLE (3).

Ănd hē
Whŏm wē
Seĕ dĕjēctĕd,
Nĕxt dāy
Wĕ māy
Seĕ ĕrēctĕd.
    Herrick—"Anacreontic."

EXAMPLE (4).

Hărk ! hīst !
Ăroŭnd
Ă līst !
Thĕ boŭnds
Ŏf spāce
Ăll trāce,
Ĕffāce
Ŏf sōund.
    Victor Hugo—"The Djinns."

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 2.
Sign, ⌣ — × 2.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ŏnce throūgh thĕ fŏrĕst
  Ălōne Ĭ wēnt ;
Tŏ seēk fŏr nōthĭng
  Mў thōughts wĕre bēnt.

Ĭ sāw ĭn thĕ shădŏw
  Ă flōwer stănd thēre ;
Ăs stărs ĭt glīstĕned,
  Ăs ēyes 'twăs fāir.

Ĭ soūght tŏ plūck ĭt,—
  Ĭt gēntlў sāid :
" Shăll Ī bĕ gāthĕred
  Ŏnlў tŏ fāde ? "

Wĭth āll ĭts roōts
  Ĭ dūg ĭt wĭth cāre,
Ănd toōk ĭt hōme
  Tŏ mў gārdĕn fāir.

Ĭn sīlĕnt cōrnĕr
  Soŏn ĭt wăs sēt ;
Thĕre grōws ĭt ēvĕr—
  Thĕre bloōms ĭt yēt.
         Goethe—" Fŏund."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thŏugh cāre ănd strīfe
  Ĕlsewhĕre bĕ rīfe,
Ŭpŏn mў wōrd Ĭ dō nŏt heēd 'ĕm ;
  Ĭn bēd Ĭ līe
  Wĭth boōks hărd bў,
Ănd wīth ĭncrēasĭng zēst Ĭ rēad 'ĕm.
       Eugene Field—" De Amicitiis."

Measure, Trimeter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 3.
Sign, ‿ — × 3.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ŏh yoū thĕ vīrgĭns nīne,
Thăt dō ŏur sōuls ĭnclīne
Tŏ nōblĕ dīscĭplīne.
Nŏd tō thĭs vōw ŏf mīne !
Cŏme thēn, ănd nōw ĭnspīre
Mў vĭŏl ānd mў lўre
Wĭth yoūr ĕtērnăl fīre,
Ănd māke mĕ ōne ĕntīre
Cŏmpōsĕr ĭn yŏur chōir.
Thĕn Ī'll yŏur āltărs strēw
Wĭth rōsĕs sweēt ănd nēw,
Ănd ēvĕr līve ă trūe
Ăcknōwlĕdgēr ŏf yoū.
  Robert Herrick—"A Hymn to the Mūses."

EXAMPLE (2).

Lōst ! lōst ! lōst !
  Ă gēm ŏf cōuntlĕss prīce
Cŭt frōm thĕ līvĭng rōck,
  Ănd grāved ĭn Pārădīse,
Sĕt roūnd wĭth threē tĭmes ēight
  Lărge dīamŏnds, clēar ănd brīght,
Ănd ēach wĭth sīxtў smāllĕr ōnes,
  Ăll chāngefŭl ās thĕ light.
  Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney—"A Lost Day."

EXAMPLE (3).

Cŏme, āll yĕ jŏllў shēphĕrds
  Thăt whĭstlĕ throūgh thĕ glēn,
Ĭ'll tēll yŏŭ ŏf ă sēcrĕt
  Thăt cōurtiĕrs dĭnnă kēn :
Whăt īs thĕ greātĕst bliss
  Thăt thĕ tōngue ŏf mān căn nāme?
'Tĭs tŏ woō ă bōnnĭe lāssiĕ
  Whēn thĕ kўe cŏmes hāme !
    James Hogg—"When the Kye Comes Hame."

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA $\times$ 4.
Sign, $\smile — \times$ 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

Fŏr whīle thŏu lĭngerĕst in dĕlīght,—
Ăn īdlĕ pŏĕt, wĭth thў rhўme,
Thĕ sūmmĕr hōurs wĭll tāke thĕir flīght
Ănd lēave theĕ ĭn ă bārrĕn clime.
    Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"Song Time."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ĭ ōnce knĕw āll thĕ bĭrds thăt cāme
  Ănd nēstĕd īn ŏur ōrchărd treēs ;
Fŏr ēverў flŏwĕr Ĭ hād ă nāme—
  Mў friĕnds wĕre woōd-chŭcks, tōads, ănd beēs ;
Ĭ knĕw whĕre thrīved ĭn yŏndĕr glēn—
  Whăt plănts woŭld soōthe ă stōne-brŭised tōe-
Ŏh ! Ĭ wăs vērў lĕarnĕd thēn ;
  Bŭt thăt wăs vĕrў lŏng ăgō !
    Eugene Field—"Long Ago."

EXAMPLE (3).

Hăve yoū nŏt hēard thĕ pŏĕts tēll
 Hŏw cāme thĕ dāintў Bābў Bĕll
 Ĭntŏ thĭs wŏrld ŏf ōurs?
Thĕ gātes ŏf hēaven wĕre lēft ăjār :
Wĭth fōldĕd hănds ănd drēamў ēyes,
Wănderĭng ōut ŏf Părădise,
Shĕ sāw thĭs plānĕt, lĭke ă stār,
 Hŭng ĭn thĕ glĭstenĭng dēpths ŏf ēvĕn—
Ĭts brĭdgĕs, rŭnnĭng tō ănd frō,
Ŏ'er whĭch thĕ whĭte-wĭnged Āngĕls gō,
 Bēarĭng thĕ hōlў dēad tŏ hēavĕn.
Shĕ toūched ă brĭdge ŏf flōwĕrs—thŏse feēt
Sŏ lĭght thĕy dĭd nŏt bēnd thĕ bēlls
Ŏf thē cĕlēstĭal āsphŏdēls,
Thĕy fēll lĭke dēw ŭpōn thĕ flōwers ;
Thĕn āll thĕ āir grĕw strāngelў sweēt !
Ănd thūs căme dāintў Bābў Bĕll
 Ĭntŏ thĭs wŏrld ŏf ōurs.
           Thomas Bailey Aldrich—" Baby Bell."

EXAMPLE (4).

" Măn wănts bŭt lĭttlĕ hēre bĕlōw,
 Nŏr wănts thăt lĭttlĕ lōng."
'Tĭs nōt wĭth mē ĕxāctlў sō,
 Bŭt 'tĭs sŏ ĭn thĕ sōng.
Mў wănts ăre mānў, ānd ĭf tōld,
 Woŭld mūstĕr mānу ă scōre :
Ănd wēre ĕach wĭsh ă mĭnt ŏf gōld,
 Ĭ stĭll shoŭld lōng fŏr mōre.
        John Quincy Adams, " The Wants of Man."

EXAMPLE (5).

Mў dāys ămōng thĕ dēad ăre pāssed ;
 Ăroūnd mĕ Ĭ bĕhōld,
Whĕre'ēr thĕse cāsŭăl eўes ăre cāst,
 Thĕ mīghtў mīnds ŏf ōld :

Mў nĕvĕr-fāilĭng friĕnds ăre thēy
Wĭth whōm Ĭ cōnvĕrse nĭght ănd dāy.

Wĭth thēm Ĭ tāke dĕlīght ĭn wēal,
    Ănd seēk rĕliĕf ĭn wōe ;
Ănd whīle Ĭ ūndĕrstānd ănd feēl
    Hŏw mŭch tŏ thēm Ĭ ōwe,
Mў cheēks hăve ŏftĕn beēn bĕdēwed
Wĭth tēars ŏf thōughtfŭl grātĭtūde.
                   Robert Southey—" The Library."

<center>EXAMPLE (6).</center>

Thĕ Fāys thăt tō mў chrĭstenĭng cāme
    (Fŏr cōme thĕy dĭd, mў nŭrsĕs tāught mĕ,)
Thĕy dĭd nŏt brīng mĕ wēalth ŏr fāme,
    'Tĭs vērў lĭttlĕ thăt thĕy brōught mĕ.
Bŭt ōne, thĕ crōssĕst ōf thĕ crēw,
    Thĕ ūglў ōld ŏne, ūnĭnvītĕd,
Săid, "Ĭ shăll bē ăvēnged ŏn *yoŭ*,
    Mў chīld ; yoŭ shăll grŏw ŭp shŏrt-sīghtĕd ! "
Wĭth māgĭc jūicĕs dĭd shĕ lāve
    Mĭne eÿes, ănd wrōught hĕr wĭckĕd plēasŭre.
Wĕll, ōf ăll gĭfts thĕ Fāirĭes gāve,
    Hĕrs is thĕ prēsĕnt thăt Ĭ trēasŭre !

Thĕ bōre whŏm ōthĕrs feār ănd fleē,
    Ĭ dō nŏt feār, Ĭ dō nŏt fleē hĭm ;
Ĭ pāss hĭm cālm ăs cālm căn bē;
    Ĭ dō nŏt cūt—Ĭ dō nŏt seē hĭm !
Ănd wĭth mў feēblĕ eÿes ănd dīm,
    Whĕre *yoŭ* seĕ pātchў fiēlds ănd fēncĕs,
Fŏr mē thĕ mīsts ŏf Tūrnĕr swīm—
    Mў " āzŭre dīstănce " soōn cŏmmēncĕs !
Năy, ās Ĭ blĭnk ăboŭt thĕ streēts
    Ŏf thīs bĕfōggĕd ănd mĭrў cītў,
Whў, ālmŏst ēverў gĭrl ŏne meēts
    Seĕms prētĕrnātŭrāllў prĕttў !

" Trȳ spēctăclēs," ŏne's friĕnds ĭntōne ;
  " Yoŭ'll seē thĕ wōrld cŏrrēctlȳ throŭgh thĕm."
Bŭt Ī hăve vīsiŏns ŏf mȳ ōwn,
  Ănd nōt fŏr wōrlds woŭld Ī ŭndō thĕm.
                    Andrew Lang—" The Fairy's Gift."

EXAMPLE (7).

Ăs, bȳ sŏnıe tȳrănt's stērn cŏmmănd,
Ă wrētch fŏrsākes hĭs nātĭve lānd,
Ĭn fōrĕign clīmes cŏndēmned tŏ rōam
Ăn ēndlĕss ēxĭle frōm hĭs hōme :
Pēnsĭve hĕ trēads thĕ dēstĭned wāy,
Ănd drēads tŏ gō, nŏr dāres tŏ stāy ;
Tĭll ōn sŏme nēighborĭng mōuntăin's brōw
Hĕ stōps, ănd tūrns hĭs eȳes bĕlōw ;
Thĕre, mēltĭng āt thĕ wēll-knōwn viēw,
Drōps ă lăst tēar, ănd bĭds ădieŭ ;
Sŏ, Ī thŭs doōmed frŏm theē tŏ pārt,
Găy queēn ŏf fāncȳ ānd ŏf ārt,
Rĕlūctănt mōve, wĭth dōubtfŭl mīnd,
Ŏft stōp, ănd ŏftĕn loōk bĕhīnd.
Sir William Blackstone—"A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse."

Measure, Pentameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 5.
Sign, ⌣ — × 5

EXAMPLE (1).

Făir īnsĕct ! thăt, wĭth thrēad-līke lēgs sprĕad ōut,
  Ănd bloōd-ĕxtrăctĭng bĭll, ănd fīlmȳ wĭng,
Dŏst mūrmŭr, ās thoŭ slōwlȳ sāil'st ăbōut,
  Ĭn pītĭlĕss ēars fŭll mănȳ ă plāintĭve thĭng ;
Ănd tēll'st hŏw lĭttlĕ ōur lărge vēins shoŭld bleēd,
Woŭld wē bŭt yiēld thĕm freēlȳ ĭn thȳ neēd.
                    Bryant—" To a Mosquito."

Example (2).

Ĕtērnăl Hōpe ! whĕn yōndĕr sphēres sŭblīme
Pēaled thĕir fĭrst nōtes tŏ sōund thĕ mārch ŏf Tīme,
Thў jōyŏŭs yoŭth bĕgān—bŭt nŏt tŏ fāde.
Whĕn āll thĕ sīstĕr plānĕts hāve dĕcāyed,
Whĕn wrāpt ĭn fire thĕ rēalms ŏf ēthĕr glōw
Ănd hēaven's lăst thūndĕr shākes thĕ wōrld bĕlōw,
Thŏu, ūndĭsmāyed, shălt ō'er thĕ rūĭns smīle,
Ănd light thў tōrch ăt Nātŭre's fūnerăl pīle.

> *Thomas Campbell*—" Pleasures of Hope."

Example (3).

Ĭn āll mў wānderĭngs roūnd thĭs wōrld ŏf cāre,
Ĭn āll mў griēfs—ănd Gōd hăs gīven mў shāre—
Ĭ stīll hăd hōpes mў lātĕst hŏurs tŏ crōwn,
Ămīdst thĕse hŭmblĕ bōwers tŏ lāy mĕ dōwn ;
Tŏ hŭsbănd ŏut lĭfe's tāpĕr āt thĕ clōse,
Ănd, keēp thĕ flāme frŏm wāstĭng bў rĕpōse :
Ĭ stīll hăd hōpes, fŏr prīde ăttĕnds ŭs stīll,
Ămīdst thĕ swāins tŏ shōw mў boōk-lĕarned skĭll,
Ăroūnd mў fĭre ăn ēvenĭng groūp tŏ drāw,
Ănd tĕll ŏf āll Ĭ fĕlt, ănd āll Ĭ sāw ;
Ănd, ās ă hāre, whŏm hŏunds ănd hōrns pŭrsūe,
Pănts tō hĭs plăce frŏm whēnce ăt first shĕ flĕw.
Ĭ stīll hăd hōpes, mў lōng vĕxātĭŏns pāst,
Hĕre tō rĕtūrn—ănd dīe ăt hōme ăt lāst.

> *Oliver Goldsmith*—" Deserted Village."

Example (4).

Whăt īs't tŏ ūs, ĭf tāxĕs rīse ŏr fāll ?
Thănks tō ŏur fōrtŭne, wē păy nōne ăt āll.
Lĕt mŭckwŏrms, whō ĭn dĭrtў ācrĕs dēal,
Lămēnt thŏse hārdshĭps whĭch wĕ cānnŏt feēl.
Hĭs Grāce, whŏ smārts, măy bĕllŏw ĭf hĕ plēase,
Bŭt mūst Ĭ bĕllŏw toō, whŏ sīt ăt ēase ?

Bў cūstŏm sāfe, thĕ pŏĕt's nūmbĕrs flōw
Freĕ ās thĕ light ănd āir sŏme yēars ăgō.
Nŏ stătesmăn ē'er wĭll find ĭt wōrth hĭs pāins
Tŏ tāx ŏur lābŏrs ānd ĕxcīse ŏur brāins.
Būrthĕns lĭke thēse, vĭle ēarthlў buĭldĭngs beār ;
Nŏ trĭbŭte lāid ŏn cāstlĕs ĭn thĕ āir !

    Charles Churchill—"The Poverty of Poets."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 6.
Sign, ‿ — × 6.

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (1).</div>

Bĕsīde thĭs māssĭve gātewăy
 Buĭlt ūp ĭn yēars gŏne bў,
Ŭpōn whŏse tōp thĕ clōuds
 Ĭn ĕtērnăl shādŏw līe,
Whĭle strēams thĕ ēvenĭng sūnshĭne
 Ŏn thĕ quīĕt woōd ănd lēa,
Ĭ stānd ănd cālmlў wāit
 Tĭll thĕ hingĕs tūrn fŏr mē.

  William Cullen Bryant—"Waiting by the Gate."

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (2).</div>

Ădōre nŏ Gōd bĕsīdes mĕ, tō prŏvōke mĭne eỹes ;
Nŏr wōrshĭp mē ĭn shāpes ănd fōrms thăt mēn dĕvīse ;
Wĭth rēverĕnce ūse mў nāme, nŏr tūrn mў wōrds tŏ jĕst ;
Ŏbsērve mў Sābbăth wēll, nŏr dāre prŏfāne mў rēst ;
Hōnŏr ănd dūe ŏbēdiĕnce tō thў pārĕnts gĭve ;
Nŏr spĭll thĕ guĭltlĕss bloōd, nŏr lĕt thĕ guĭltў live ;
Prĕsērve thў bōdў chāste, ănd fleĕ thĕ ŭnlāwfŭl bĕd ;
Nŏr stēal thў nēighbŏr's gōld, hĭs gārmĕnt, ōr hĭs brēad ;
Fŏrbeār tŏ blāst hĭs nāme wĭth fālsehoŏd ōr dĕcēit ;
Nŏr lĕt thў wishĕs loŏse ŭpōn hĭs lārge ĕstāte.

  Dr. Isaac Watts—"The Ten Commandments Versified."

EXAMPLE (3).

Whăt āils theĕ, yoŭng Ŏne? whāt ? Whў pūll sŏ āt thў cōrd ?
Ĭs ĭt nŏt wĕll wĭth theë ? wĕll bōth fŏr bĕd ănd bōard ?
Thў plŏt ŏf grāss ĭs sŏft, ănd greĕn ăs grāss căn bĕ ;
Rĕst, lĭttlĕ yoŭng Ŏne, rĕst ; whăt ĭs't thăt āilĕth theĕ ?
                    Wordsworth—" The Pet Lamb."

The iambic hexameter is seldom employed by our poets,
except in combination with other measures. It is used to
form the last line of the Spenserian stanza.

Measure, Heptameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 7.
Sign, ‿ — × 7.

This is our regular ballad meter. For greater conven-
ience, owing to its length, it is generally written in alternate
lines of four and three feet.

It is a favorite measure, and perhaps more examples may
be found in it than almost any other kind.

Dr. Holmes, always a felicitous writer, has few better
poems than the one from which we quote the first stanza.
It is in ballad meter :

EXAMPLE (1).

Ŏ fŏr ŏne hōur ŏf yoūthfŭl jŏy !
   Gĭve bāck mў twēntĭĕth sprĭng !
Ĭ'd rāthĕr lāugh ă brĭght-hăired bŏy
   Thăn rĕign ă grāy-bĕard kĭng !
                    " The Old Man Dreams."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thĕ Sōuth-wĭnd brēathes, ănd lŏ ! yoŭ thrŏng
Thĭs rŭggĕd lānd ŏf ōurs:
Ĭ *th*ĭnk thĕ pāle blŭe clōuds ŏf Māy
Drŏp dōwn, ănd tūrn tŏ flōwers.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich—" The Bluebells of New England."

EXAMPLE (3).

Ăs ōne whŏ cōns ăt ēvĕnĭng ō'er ăn ālbŭm āll ălōne,
Ănd mūsĕs ōn thĕ fācĕs ŏf thĕ frĭends thăt hē hăs knōwn,
Sŏ Ĭ tūrn thĕ lēaves ŏf făncŷ tĭll, ĭn shădŏwŷ dĕsĭgn,
Ĭ fĭnd thĕ smĭlĭng fēatŭres ŏf ăn ōld sweĕtheărt ŏf mīne.
James Whitcomb Riley—" An Old Sweetheart."

EXAMPLE (4).

Thĕ mātrŏn ăt hĕr mĭrrŏr, wĭth hĕr hānd ŭpōn hĕr brŏw,
Sĭts gāzĭng ōn hĕr lŏvelŷ fāce—ăy, lŏvelŷ ēvĕn nōw ;
Whŷ dŏth shĕ lēan ŭpōn hĕr hānd wĭth sūch ă loŏk ŏf cāre ?
Whŷ stēals thăt tēar ăcrōss hĕr cheēks ?—Shĕ seĕs hĕr fĭrst grăy
hăir.
Thomas H. Bayly—" The First Gray Hair."

Measure, Iambic.
Rhythm, Octometer.
Formula, bA $\times$ 8.
Sign, $\smile$ — $\times$ 8.

Owing to the length of the lines we usually find this
measure written in stanzas of four lines, rhyming alternately : .

EXAMPLE (1).

Ĭt wās thĕ tīme whĕn lĭlĭes blōw,
Ănd clōuds ăre hĭighĕst ŭp ĭn āir,
Lŏrd Rōnăld brōught ă lĭlŷ-whĭte dōe
Tŏ gĭve hĭs coŭsĭn, Lādŷ Clāre.
Alfred Tennyson—" Lady Clare."

Example (2).

Thĕ lĭght ŏf smīles shăll fĭll ăgāin
Thĕ līds thăt ōvĕrflōw wĭth tēars ;
Ănd wēarȳ hōurs ŏf wōe ănd pāin
Ăre prŏmĭsēs ŏf hăppĭĕr yēars.
        Bryant—"Blessed Are They That Mourn."

DACTYLIC.

Verse in dactylic rhythms is not so common as in other rhythms. It is, however, capable of great results. It is a stately rhythm, and one in which some of our best battle hymns are written. Love, pathos, grief and all the tender emotions are expressed in this rhythm with durable effect. Patriotism finds true expression in dactylic accents. Tetrameter verse is the favorite measure of writers of this rhythm. Dactylic with single rhymes end with a caesura or single foot ; while double rhymes end with a trochee ; full dactylic usually form triple rhymes. Dactylic poetry is seldom pure and regular.

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Dactylic.
Formula, Abb × 2.
Sign, — ᴗ ᴗ × 2.

Example (1).

Līttlĕ whīte Līlȳ
  Sāt bȳ ă Stōne,
Drōōpĭng ănd wĭltĭng
  Tĭll thĕ sŭn shōne.
Līttlĕ whīte Līlȳ
  Sūnshĭne hăs fēd ;
Līttlĕ whīte Līlȳ
  Ĭs lĭftĭng hĕr hēad.
George Mac Donald—"The White Lily."

EXAMPLE (2).

Māke nŏ deĕp scrūtĭnў
Ĭntŏ hĕr mūtĭnў,
Rāsh ănd ŭndūtĭfŭl :
Pāst ăll dĭshōnŏr,
Dēath hăs lĕft ōn hĕr
Ŏnlў thĕ beaūtĭfŭl.
Thomas Hood—" Bridge of Sĭghs."

EXAMPLE (3).

" Roōm fŏr hĭm ĭntŏ thĕ
Rānks ŏf hŭmānĭtў;
Give hĭm ă plāce ĭn yoŭr
Kĭngdŏm ŏf vānĭtў !
Wēlcŏme thĕ strāngĕr wĭth
Kĭndlў ăffēctĭŏn ;
Hōpefŭllў, trūstfŭllў,
Nōt wĭth dĕjēctĭŏn."
"My Boy."

EXAMPLE (4).

Rĭsĭng ănd lēapĭng,
Sīnkĭng ănd creēpĭng,
Swēllĭng ănd sweēpĭng,
Shōwerĭng ănd sprĭngĭng,
Flўĭng ănd flĭngĭng,
Wrīthĭng ănd rĭngĭng,
Ēddyĭng ănd whĭskĭng,
Spōutĭng ănd frĭskĭng,
Tūrnĭng ănd twĭstĭng,
Ărōund ănd ărōund—
Wĭth ēndlĕss rĕbōund !
Robert Southey—" The Cataract of Lodore."

EXAMPLE (5).

Hălf ă lĕague, hălf ă lĕague,
Hălf ă lĕague ōnwărd,
Āll ĭn thĕ vāllĕy ŏf Dēath
 Rōde thĕ sĭx hūndrĕd.
"Fōrwărd, thĕ Līght Brĭgāde !
Chārge fŏr thĕ gūns," hĕ sāid :
Ĭntŏ thĕ vāllĕy ŏf Dēath
 Rōde thĕ sĭx hūndrĕd.
Tennyson—"The Charge of the Light Brigade."

EXAMPLE (6).

Bĭrd ŏf thĕ wĭldĕrnĕss,
Blĭthesŏme ănd cūmbĕrlĕss,
Sweēt bĕ thy mātĭn, ŏ'er moōrlănd ănd lēa !
Ĕmblĕm ŏf hāppĭnĕss,
Blēst ĭs thy dwēllĭng plăce—
Ō, tŏ ăbĭde ĭn thĕ dēsĕrt wĭth theē !
 Wĭld ĭs thy lāy ănd loūd
 Fār ĭn thĕ dōwny cloŭd,
Lōve gĭves ĭt ēnĕrgy, lōve găve ĭt bĭrth.
 Whēre, ŏn thy dēwy wĭng,
 Whēre ărt thŏu jōurnĕyĭng ?
Thy lāy ĭs ĭn hēavĕn, thy lōve ĭs ŏn ēarth.

 Ō'er fĕll ănd foūntăin sheēn
 Ō'er moŏr ănd moūntăin greēn,
Ō'er thĕ rĕd strēamĕr thăt hērălds thĕ dāy,
 Ŏvĕr thĕ cloūdlĕt dĭm,
 Ŏvĕr thĕ rainbŏw's rĭm,
Mūsĭcăl chērŭb, sŏar, sĭngĭng ăwāy !
 Thĕn, whĕn thĕ gloāmĭng cōmes,
 Lōw ĭn thĕ hēathĕr bloōms
Sweēt wĭll thy wēlcŏme ănd bĕd ŏf lŏve bĕ !
 Ĕmblĕm ŏf hāppĭnĕss,
 Blēst ĭs thy dwēllĭng plăce—
Ō, tŏ ăbĭde ĭn thĕ dēsĕrt wĭth theē !
James Hogg—"The Sky Lark."

The above is dimeter, trimeter and tetrameter.

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Dactylic.
Formula, Abb × 4.
Sign, — ◡ ◡ × 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

Cŏvĕr thĕm ōvĕr wĭth beaūtĭfŭl flōwĕrs ;
Dēck thĕm wĭth gārlănds, thŏse brōthĕrs ŏf ōurs ;
Lўĭng sŏ sīlĕnt, bў nīght ănd bў dāy,
Sleēpĭng thĕ yēars ŏf thĕir mānhoŏd ăwāy :
Yēars thĕy hăd mārked fŏr thĕ jōys ŏf thĕ brāve ;
Yēars thĕy mŭst wāste ĭn thĕ slōth ŏf thĕ grāve.
Āll thĕ brĭght lāurĕls thĕy fōught tŏ māke bloōm
Fēll tŏ thĕ ēarth whĕn thĕy wēnt tŏ thĕ tōmb.
Gīve thĕm thĕ meēd thĕy hăve wōn ĭn thĕ pāst ;
Gīve thĕm thĕ hōnŏrs thĕir mērĭts fŏrecāst ;
Gīve thĕm thĕ chāplĕts thĕy wōn ĭn thĕ strīfe ;
Gīve thĕm thĕ lāurĕls thĕy lōst wĭth thĕir līfe.
Cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr—yĕs, cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr—
Pārĕnt, ănd hŭsbănd, ănd brōthĕr, ănd lōvĕr :
Crōwn ĭn yoŭr heārt thĕse dĕad hērŏes ŏf ōurs,
Ănd cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr wĭth beaūtĭfŭl flōwers.
Will Carleton—"Cover Them Over."

EXAMPLE (2).

Wēarў wăy-wāndĕrĕr, lănguĭd ănd sīck ăt heărt,
Trāvĕllĭng pāinfŭllў ōvĕr thĕ rŭggĕd rŏad,—
Wīld-vĭsăged wāndĕrĕr ! Gŏd hĕlp theē, wrētchĕd ŏne !
Robert Southey — "The Soldier's Wife."

EXAMPLE (3).

Hāil tŏ thĕ Chiēf whŏ ĭn triŭmph ădvāncĕs !
Hōnŏred ănd blēssed bĕ thĕ ēvĕrgreĕn pine !
Lōng măy thĕ treē, ĭn hĭs bānnĕr thăt glāncĕs
Floŭrĭsh, thĕ shēltĕr ănd grāce ŏf ŏur līne !
Sir Walter Scott—"Boat Song."

EXAMPLE (4).

Cōme tŏ mĕ, dēar, ĕre Ĭ dīe ŏf mў̆ sōrrŏw,
Rīse ŏn mў̆ gloōm līke thĕ sūn ŏf tŏ-mōrrŏw.
Strŏng, swĭft ănd fōnd ăs thĕ wōrds thăt Ĭ spēak, lŏve
Wĭth ă sōng ŏn yoŭr lĭp ănd ă smīle ŏn yoŭr cheēk, lŏve.
Cōme, fŏr mў̆ heārt ĭn yoŭr ābsĕnce ĭs wēarў̆ —
Hāste, fŏr mў̆ spĭrĭt ĭs sīckĕned ănd drēarў̆ —
Cōme tŏ thĕ ārms whĭch ălōne shoŭld cărĕss theĕ,
Cōme tŏ thĕ heārt whĭch ĭs thrōbbĭng tŏ prĕss theĕ !
            Joseph Brennan — " Come to Me, Dearest."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Dactylic.
Formula, Abb $\times$ 6.
Sign, $—\ \smile\ \smile \times 6$.

EXAMPLE (1).

Beaūtĭfŭl wās thĕ nĭght.   Bĕhīnd thĕ blăck wāll ŏf thĕ fōrĕst,
Tĭppĭng ĭts sŭmmĭt wĭth sĭlvĕr, ărōse thĕ moōn.   Ŏn thĕ rĭvĕr
Fĕll hĕre ănd thēre throŭgh thĕ brānchĕs ă trĕmŭloŭs glēam ŏf thĕ
      moōnlĭght,
Līke thĕ sweēt thōughts ŏf lōve ŏn ă dārkĕned ănd dĕvĭoŭs spĭrĭt.
Nēarĕr ănd rōund ăbōut hĕr, thĕ mānĭfōld flōwers ŏf thĕ gārdĕn
Pōured ŏut thĕir soūls ĭn ōdŏrs, thăt wēre thĕir prāyers ănd
      cōnfēssiŏns
Ŭntŏ thĕ nīght, ăs ĭt wēnt ĭts wāy, līke ă sīlĕnt Cărthūsiăn.
Fŭllĕr ŏf frāgrănce thăn thēy, ănd ăs hēavy wĭth shădŏws ănd
      nīght dĕws,
Hŭng thĕ heārt ŏf thĕ māidĕn.   Thĕ cālm ănd thĕ māgĭcăl moōn-
      lĭght
Seēmed tŏ ĭnŭndăte hĕr soūl wĭth ĭndēfĭnāblĕ lōngĭngs,
Ăs, throŭgh thĕ gārdĕn gāte, ănd bĕneāth thĕ shāde ŏf thĕ ōak
      treĕs
Pāssed shĕ ălōng thĕ pāth tŏ thĕ ēdge ŏf thĕ mēasŭrelĕss prāriĕs.
      Henry Wadsworth Longfellow —" Evangeline on the Prairie."

ANAPESTIC.

Anapestic measure is growing in favor year by year, and the tumbling meter of King James is one of the beautiful rhythms of modern verse. It is interchangeable with the iambus, as well as other measures, especially the dactylic and amphibrach. An iambus is frequently the first foot of anapestic measure. Anapestic tetrameter is very smooth flowing, a rhythm some of our poets use with admirable effect, producing verse of both melody and vigor. It is well adapted to cheerful and humorous verse.

Measure, Monometer.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA.
Sign, ⌣ ⌣ —.

Anapestic monometer is rarely met with except where it is used as a refrain or in combination with other measures of verse. It is so near akin to trochaic catalectic dimeter, that it is often extremely difficult to distinguish it from that measure. Anapestic verse is very often mixed, and its measure can only be determined by a careful scansion, and, by the prevailing primary measure or foot.

EXAMPLE (1).

In thĕ slēigh   Mŭsĭc-swĕlls
Hīe ăwāy !   Ŏf thĕ bĕlls
Hĕre wĕ gō   In thĕ nīght
Ŏn thĕ snòw.   Gĭve dĕlīght.

In ă trānce,   In ă dāze
Hŏw wĕ dānce   Hŏw wĕ gāze
Stĕĕds ăwāy   In ă māze
Ŏh hŏw gāy '   Ăt thĕ slēighs !

Nŏw wĕ rĭde,   'Tĭs ă trēat,
Nŏw wĕ glĭde,   Ŏn thĕ sleēt—
Swĭft gŏ bȳ   Wĭth yoŭr Sweēt
Hŏw wĕ flȳ!   Tŏ gŏ slēighĭng!
                        "The Sleigh Ride."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thĕn wĕ gō
Tŏ ănd frō,
Wĭth ŏur knăcks
Ăt ŏur băcks,
Tŏ sŭch strēams
Ăs thĕ Thāmes
Ĭf wĕ hāve thĕ lēisŭre.
             Chalkhill—"The Angler."

"The Angler" is a trochaic poem, although these lines are readily scanned as anapestic monometer.

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA × 2.
Sign, ◡ ◡ — × 2.

EXAMPLE (1).

Hĕ ĭs gōne! Hĕ ĭs gōne!
Lĭke thĕ lēaf frŏm thĕ treē,
Ŏr thĕ dōwn thăt ĭs blōwn
Bȳ thĕ wĭnd ŏ'er thĕ lēa.
Hĕ ĭs flēd, thĕ lĭght-heārtĕd!
Yĕt ă tēar mŭst hăve stārtĕd
Tŏ hĭs eȳes, whĕn hĕ pārtĕd
Frŏm lŏve strĭckĕn mē.
      Motherwell—"He is Gone—He is Gone."

The stanza below from the " Heathen Chinee " is anapestic dimeter, trimeter and tetrameter :

EXAMPLE (2).

Whĭch Ĭ wĭsh tŏ rĕmārk—
Ănd mў lănguăge ĭs plāin—
Thăt fŏr wāys thăt ăre dārk
Ănd fŏr trĭcks thăt ăre vāin,
Thĕ hēathĕn Chĭneē ĭs pĕcūlĭăr :
Whĭch thĕ sāme Ĭ woŭld rĭse tŏ ĕxplāin.
    Bret Harte—"Plain Language from Truthful James."

EXAMPLE (3).

Thĕ blēssĕd ŏld fĭre-plăce ! hŏw brĭght ĭt ăppēars,
Ăs băck tŏ mў bōyhoŏd Ĭ gāze,
Ŏ'er thĕ dēsŏlăte wăste ŏf thĕ vănĭshĭng yēars,
Frŏm thĕ gloōm ŏf thĕse lōne lăttĕr-dāys ;
Ĭts lĭps ăre ăs rŭddў, ĭts heārt ĭs ăs wārm
Tŏ mў fāncў tŏnĭght ăs ŏf yōre,
Whĕn wĕ cūddlĕd ăroŭnd ĭt ănd smiled ăt thĕ stōrm,
Ăs ĭt shōwed ĭts whĭte tēeth ăt thĕ doŏr.
    James Newton Matthews—"The Old Fireplace."

This stanza is anapestic trimeter and tetrameter.

Measure, Trimeter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA × 3.
Sign, ‿ ‿ — × 3.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ĭ ăm mōnărch ŏf āll Ĭ sŭrvēy,
Mў rĭght thĕre ĭs nōne tŏ dĭspūte ;
Frŏm thĕ cēntrĕ ăll rōund tŏ thĕ sēa,
Ĭ ăm lōrd ŏf thĕ fōwl ănd thĕ brūte.

Ŏ Sŏlĭtŭde ! whēre ăre thĕ chārms
That săgĕs hăve seēn ĭn thy̆ fāce ?
Bĕttĕr dwēll ĭn thĕ mīdst ŏf ălārms
Thăn rēign ĭn thĭs hŏrrĭblĕ plāce.
          William Cowper—" Alexander Selkirk."

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (2).</div>

Ŏh, Lōve ĭs ă wŏndĕrfŭl wĭzărd !   ı
Hĕ căn seē by̆ hĭs ōwn keēn lĭght,
Hĕ lāughs ăt thĕ wrāth ŏf thĕ tĕmpĕst,
Hĕ hăs nĕvĕr ă fēar ŏf thĕ nīght.
Twŏ lives thăt ăre wĕddĕd lĕagues hōld nŏt ăpārt,—
Lŏve căn hēar, ĕ'en throŭgh thūndĕr, thĕ bēat ŏf ă heārt.
          Lucy Larcom—"On the Misery Islands."

This stanza is trimeter and tetrameter :

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA × 4.
Sign, ◡ ◡ — × 4.

<div align="center">EXAMPLE (1).</div>

Mr. 'Liakĭm Smĭth wăs ă hārd-fĭstĕd fārmĕr
     Ŏf mōdĕrăte wēalth,
     Ănd ĭmmōdĕrăte hēalth,
Whŏ fĭfty̆-ŏdd yēars ĭn ă stūb ănd twĭst ārmŏr
Ŏf cāllŏŭs ănd tān, hăd fōught lĭke ă mān
Hĭs ŏwn dōggĕd prŏgrĕss throŭgh triăls ănd cāres,
Ănd lōg-hĕaps, ănd brūsh-hĕaps, ănd wĭld căts ănd bēars,
Ănd āgŭes ănd fēvĕrs, ănd thĭstlĕs ănd briars,
Poŏr kĭnsmăn, rĭch fōemăn, fălse sāints, ănd trŭe lĭars ;
Whŏ ŏft, lĭke " thĕ mān ĭn ŏur tōwn," ŏvĕrwīse,
Throŭgh thĕ brāmblĕs ŏf ĕrrŏr hăd scrātched ŏut hĭs ey̆es,
Ănd when thĕ ŭnwēlcŏme rĕsŭlt hĕ hăd seĕn,
     Hăd āltĕred hĭs nōtiŏn,
     Rĕvērsĭng thĕ mōtiŏn

Ănd scrătched thĕm bŏth ĭn ăgāin, pērfĕct ănd clēan ;
Whŏ hăd wēathĕred sŏme stōrms, ăs ă sāilŏr mĭght sāy,
Ănd tācked tŏ thĕ lĕft ănd thĕ rĭght ŏf hĭs wāy,
Tĭll hĕ foŭnd hĭmsĕlf ānchŏred, păst tĕmpĕsts ănd breākĕrs,
Ŭpōn ă goŏd fārm ŏf ă hūndrĕd-ŏdd ācrĕs.

Will Carleton—"The Three Lovers."

EXAMPLE (2).

Whĕn thĕ cāndlĕs bŭrn lōw, ănd thĕ cōmpăn̄y's gōne,
Ĭn thĕ sĭlĕnce ŏf nīght ăs Ĭ sĭt hĕre ălōne —
Ĭ sĭt hĕre ălōne, bŭt wĕ yĕt āre ă pāir —
Mȳ Fānnȳ Ĭ seē ĭn mȳ cāne-bŏttŏmed chāir.

William Makepeace Thackeray — "The Cane-Bottomed Chair."

EXAMPLE (3).

Mȳ heārt's ĭn thĕ Hīghlănds, mȳ heārt ĭs nŏt hēre ;
Mȳ heārt's ĭn thĕ Hīghlănds ă-chāsĭng thĕ deēr ;
Chāsĭng thĕ wĭld deĕr, ănd fŏllŏwĭng thĕ rōe,
Mȳ heārt's ĭn thĕ Hīghlănds whĕrēvĕr Ĭ gō.
Fărewēll tŏ thĕ Hīghlănds, fărewēll tŏ thĕ Nōrth,
Thĕ bĭrth-plăce ŏf vālŏr, thĕ coūntrȳ ŏf wōrth ;
Whĕrēvĕr Ĭ wăndĕr, whĕrēvĕr Ĭ rōve,
Thĕ hĭlls ŏf thĕ Hīghlănds fŏrēvĕr Ĭ lōve.

Robert Burns—"My Heart's in the Highlands."

EXAMPLE (4).

Ŏ yoūng Lŏchĭnvār ĭs cŏme oūt ŏf thĕ wēst;
Throŭgh āll thĕ wīde bōrdĕr, hĭs steēd wăs thĕ bĕst ;
Ănd sāve hĭs goŏd brŏadswŏrd hĕ wēapŏns hăd nōne,
Hĕ rōde āll ŭnārmed, ănd hĕ rōde āll ălōne.
Sŏ fāithfŭl ĭn lōve ănd sŏ dāuntlĕss ĭn wār,
Thĕre nĕvĕr wăs knīght līke thĕ yoūng Lŏchĭnvār.

Sir Walter Scott—"Lochinvar."

<div align="center">Example (5).</div>

Thĕ goŏd shĭp Ărbēllă ĭs lēadĭng thĕ flēet,
Ăwāy tŏ thĕ wēstwărd throŭgh rāin-stŏrm ănd sleēt ;
Thĕ whĭte clĭffs ŏf Ēnglănd hăve drŏpped oŭt ŏf sīght :
Ăs bīrds frŏm thĕ wārmth ŏf thĕir nēsts tākĭng flīght
Ĭntŏ wīdĕr hŏrīzŏns ĕach flŭtterĭng sāil
Fōllŏws fāst whĕre thĕ Māyflŏwer flēd ŏn thĕ gāle
Wĭth hĕr rēsŏlŭte Pīlgrĭms, ŏn wintĕrs bĕfōre ;
Ănd thĕ fīre ŏf theĭr fāith lĭghts thĕ sēa ănd thĕ shōre.
<div align="right">*Lucy Larcom*—"The Lady Arbella."</div>

Meaѕure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bb A × 6.
Sign, ‿ ‿ — × 6.

<div align="center">Example (1).</div>

Mȳ sīstĕr 'll bĕ dōwn ĭn ă mĭnŭte, ănd sāys yoŭ're tŏ wāit, ĭf yoŭ
   plēase,
Ănd sāys Ĭ mĭght stāy tĭll shĕ cāme, ĭf Ĭ'd prŏmĭse hĕr nēvĕr tŏ
   tēase
Nŏr spēak tĭll yoŭ spŏke tŏ mĕ fīrst, bŭt thăt's nōnsĕnse, fŏr hōw
   woŭld yoŭ knōw
Whăt shĕ tōld mĕ tŏ sāy ĭf Ĭ dĭdn't ? Dŏn't yoŭ rēallȳ ănd trŭlȳ
   thĭnk sō?
<div align="right">*Bret Harte*—" Entertaining her Big Sister's Beau."</div>
</div>

CHAPTER XI.

IMITATION OF CLASSICAL MEASURES.

MANY of our modern poets have experimented in the classical meters. Cowper, Southey, Kingsley, Swinburne, Longfellow and Tennyson, have all imitated classic measures. The results in most instances are not practical, and have furnished us only with curiosities in literature. There are said to be some twenty-nine Greek and Latin meters. As all Latin and Greek verse depended upon quantity, and English verse depends upon accent, we do not believe classical measures can be successfully adopted in English.

In addition to Latin Pentameters and Hexameters, some English poets have imitated Greek Sapphics and Alcaics. Álkaios was a lyric poet born in Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who flourished B. C. 606 years. He was supposed to have been the inventor of the Alcaic Ode, an ode written in the Alcaic meter composed of several strophes, each consisting of four lines. An Alcaic strophe consisted of two Alcaic hendekasyllables, one Alcaic enneasyllable, and one Alcaic decasyllable. The following imitation by the poet laureate of England is given :

> Ŏ mīghtў̆ mōuthed ĭnvēntŏr ŏf hārmŏnĭes,
> Ŏ skīlled tŏ sīng ŏf Tīme ŏr Ĕtērnĭtў̆,
>   Gŏd-gīftĕd ōrgăn-vōice ŏf Ĕnglănd,
>   Mīltŏn, ă nāme tŏ rĕsoūnd fŏr āgĕs.
>
> *Tennyson*—" Milton."

The Sapphic meter is a kind of verse said to have been invented by Sappho, a Greek poetess, nearly contemporaneous with Alkaios, born at Mitylene, in the Island of Lesbos, B. C. 600. The Sapphic verse consisted of eleven syllables in five feet, of which the first, fourth and fifth are trochees, the second a spondee, and the third a dactyl. This verse, or line, is thrice repeated and followed by an Adonic. The following lines imitate the Sapphic :

> Cōld wăs thĕ nīght-wĭnd, drīftĭng fāst thĕ snōw fĕll,
> Wīde wĕre thĕ dōwns, ănd shēltĕrlēss ănd nākĕd,
> Whēn ă poŏr Wāndĕrĕr strŭgglĕd ōn hĕr joūrneў,
>   Wēarў ănd wāy-sŏre.
> > > *Southey*—" The Widow.'

Here is still another imitation of this measure :

> Āll thĕ nĭght slēep cămĕ nōt ŭpōn mў eўelĭds,
> Shēd nŏt dĕw, nōr shoŏk nōr ŭnclōsed ă fēathĕr,
> Yēt wĭth lĭps shūt clŏse ănd wĭth eўes ŏf īrŏn
>   Stōod ănd bĕhēld mĕ.
> > > *Swinburne*—" Sapphics."

Dr. Watts gives a vivid picture of the last day, in Sapphics :

> Tēars thĕ strŏng pīllărs ōf thĕ vāult ŏf hēavĕn,
> Brēaks ŭp ŏld mārblĕ, thē rĕpōse ŏf prīncĕs ;
> Sēe thĕ grăves ōpĕn, ānd thĕ bōnes ărisĭng.
>   Flāmes ăll ărōund thĕm !
> > > *Watts*—" The Day of Judgment."

Hexameter verse was the heroic verse of the classics. It consists of six feet properly dactyls, the last of which is shortened by one syllable and so became a trochee, or, as

the final syllable is long by position, a spondee. This
form was not always observed strictly, and the first four
feet were indifferently dactyls or spondees, the former
being used to produce the idea of rapid, the latter of slow,
laborious movement. The fifth foot should always be a
dactyl, sometimes, though rarely, it is replaced by a spon-
dee, in which case the fourth foot must be a dactyl.

Ŏvĕr thĕ sēa, p̆ăst Crēte, ŏn thĕ Sȳrĭăn shōre tŏ thĕ sōuthw̆ărd,
Dwēlls ĭn thĕ wēll-tĭlled lōwlănd ă dārk-hăired Ǣthĭŏp pēoplĕ,
Skīllfŭl wĭth nēedlĕ ănd lōom, ănd thĕ ārts ŏf thĕ dȳĕr ănd cārvĕr,
Skīllfŭl, bŭt fēeblĕ ŏf heărt ; fŏr thĕy knōw nŏt thĕ lŏrds ŏf
    Ŏlȳmpŭs.
Lŏvĕrs ŏf mēn ; nĕithĕr brōad-brŏwed Zĕūs, nŏr Pāllăs Ăthēnĕ,
Tēachĕr ŏf wīsdŏm tŏ hērŏes, bĕstōwĕr ŏf mĭght ĭn thĕ băttlĕ ;
Shāre nŏt thĕ cūnnĭng ŏf Hērmĕs, nŏr lĭst tŏ thĕ sōngs ŏf Ăpŏllŏ.
                 Kingsley—"Andromeda."

Thĕse lāme hĕxāmĕtĕrs thĕ strŏng-wĭnged mūsĭc ŏf Hōmĕr !
Nō—bŭt ă mŏst bŭrlĕsque bārbarŏŭs ĕxpērĭmĕnt.
Whĕn wăs ă hārshĕr sōund ĕvĕr hēard, yĕ Mūsĕs ŏf Ēnglănd ?
Whĕn dĭd ă frŏg cōarsĕr crōak ŭpŏn oŭr Hēlĭcōn ?
Hĕxāmĕtĕrs nŏ wōrse thăn dărĭng Gērmănȳ găve ŭs,
Bārbarŏŭs ĕxpērĭmĕnt, bārbarŏŭs hĕxāmĕtĕrs.
          Tennyson—" Hexameters and Pentameters."

Ărt thoŭ sŏ nēar ūntŏ mĕ, ănd yĕt Ĭ cănnŏt bĕhōld theĕ ?
Ărt thoŭ sŏ nēar ūntŏ mĕ, ănd yĕt thȳ vōice dŏes nŏt rēach mĕ ?
Ăh ! hŏw ŏftĕn thȳ fēet hăve trŏd thĭs păth tŏ thĕ prāiriĕ !
Ăh ! hŏw ŏftĕn thĭne ēyes hăve loōked ŏn thĕ woŏdlănds ărōund
    mĕ !
Ăh ! hŏw ŏftĕn bĕnēath thĭs ōak, rĕtūrnĭng frŏm lăbŏr,
Thoŭ hăst lāin dŏwn tŏ rēst ănd to drēam ŏf mĕ in thȳ slŭmbĕrs !
Whĕn shăll thēse ĕyes bĕhōld, thēse ārms bĕ fōldĕd ăboŭt thĕe ?
Loŭd ănd sŭddĕn ănd nēar thĕ nōte ŏf ă whĭp-pŏor-wĭll sōundĕd

Like ă flūte ĭn thĕ wōods ; ănd ănōn, throŭgh thĕ neĭghbŏrĭng
　　thĭckĕts,
Fărthĕr ănd fărthĕr ăwāy ĭt flōatĕd ănd drōppĕd ĭntŏ sīlĕnce.
" Pātiĕnce ! " whĭspĕred thĕ ōaks frŏm ŏrācŭlăr căvĕrns ŏf dārk-
　　nĕss ;
Ănd, frŏm thĕ mōonlĭt mēadŏw, ă sīgh rĕspōndĕd. " Tŏmōrrŏw ! "
　　　　　　　　　　Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—" Evangeline."

A Hendecasyllable is a verse of eleven syllables. It does
not occur in Horace. In Catullus it sometimes has a
trochee or an iambus in the first place.

EXAMPLE (1)

Ō yoŭ chōrŭs ŏf ĭndŏlēnt rĕviēwĕrs,
Ĭrrĕspōnsĭblĕ, ĭndŏlēnt rĕviēwĕrs,
Loōk, Ĭ cōme tŏ thĕ tēst, ă tīnў pōĕm
Āll cŏmpōsed ĭn ă mētĕr ŏf Cătūllŭs,
Āll ĭn quāntĭtў, cārefŭl ŏf mў mōtiŏn,
Like thĕ skātĕr ŏn īce thăt hārdlў bēars hĭm,
Lĕst Ĭ fāll ŭnăwāres bĕfōre thĕ pēoplĕ,
Wākĭng lāughtĕr ĭn ĭndŏlēnt rĕviēwĕrs.
Shoŭld Ĭ flōundĕr ăwhīle wĭthōut ă tūmblĕ
Thrŏ' thĭs mētrĭfĭcātiŏn ōf Cătūllŭs,
Thēy shoŭld spēak tŏ mĕ nōt wĭthōut ă wēlcŏme,
Āll thăt chōrŭs ŏf ĭndŏlēnt rĕviēwĕrs.
Hărd, hărd, hārd ĭs ĭt, ōnlў nōt tŏ tūmblĕ,
Sō făntăstĭcăl ĭs thĕ dāintў mētĕr.
Whĕrefōre slĭght mĕ nŏt whōllў, nŏr bĕliēve mĕ
Toŏ prĕsūmptŭoŭs, ĭndŏlēnt rĕviēwĕrs.
Ŏ blātănt Măgăzīnes, rĕgārd mĕ rāthĕr—
Sĭnce Ĭ blūsh tŏ bĕlāud mўsēlf ă mōmĕnt—
Ăs sōme răre littlĕ rōse, ă piēce ŏf ĭnmŏst
Hōrtĭcūltŭrăl ārt, ŏr hālf cŏquĕtte-lĭke
Māidĕn, nōt tŏ bĕ greētĕd ūnbĕnīgnlў.
　　　　　　　　—*Tennyson*—" Hendecasyllabics."

E X A M P L E (2).

Ĭn thĕ mōnth ŏf thĕ lōng dĕclīne ŏf rōsĕs,
Ĭ, bĕhōldĭng thĕ sūmmĕr dēad bĕfōre mĕ,
Sĕt mȳ fāce tŏ thĕ sēa, ănd jōurnĕyed sĭlĕnt,
Gāzĭng ēagĕrlȳ whēre, ăbōve thĕ sēa-mărk,
Flāme ăs fiērce ăs thĕ fĕrvĭd eȳes ŏf lĭŏns
Hālf-dĭvīdĕd thĕ eȳelĭds ōf thĕ sūnsĕt ;
Tĭll Ĭ hēard, ăs ĭt wēre, ă nōise ŏf wātĕrs
Mōvĭng trĕmŭloŭs ūndĕr feēt ŏf āngĕls
Mūltĭtūdĭnoŭs, ōut ŏf āll thĕ hēavĕns ;
Knēw thĕ flŭttĕrĭng wīnd, thĕ flūttĕred fōliăge,
Shākĕn fĭtfŭllȳ, fūll ŏf sōund ănd shādŏw ;
Ănd săw, trōddĕn ŭpōn bȳ nōiselĕss āngĕls,.
Lōng mȳstĕrĭoŭs rēachĕs fēd wĭth moōnlĭght,
Sweēt săd strāits ĭn ă sŏft sŭbsīdĭng chānnĕl,
Blōwn ăbōut bȳ thĕ lĭps ŏf wīnds Ĭ knēw nŏt,
Wīnds nŏt bōrn ĭn thĕ nōrth nŏr ănȳ quārtĕr,
Wīnds nŏt wārm wĭth thĕ sōuth nŏr ănȳ sūnshĭne ;
Hēard bĕtweēn thĕm ă vōice ŏf ēxŭltātiŏn,
"Lō, thĕ sūmmĕr ĭs dēad, thĕ sūn ĭs fādĕd,
Ēvĕn līke ăs ă lēaf thĕ yēar ĭs wĭthĕred,
Āll thĕ frūits ŏf thĕ dāy frŏm āll hĕr brānchĕs
Gāthĕred, nēithĕr ĭs ānȳ lĕft tŏ gāthĕr.
Swinburne—"Hendecasyllabics."

What the ingenuity of man may yet invent is hard to
tell. We may say therefore, look to the Greek and Latin
measures still for models, some ingenious mortal may be
richly rewarded.

It is claimed Edgar Allan Poe caught the inspiration of
the rhythm of his "The Raven," from Latin lines :

Ōnce ŭpōn ă mĭdnĭght drēarȳ
Lēc-tŏr cāst-ĕ cāth-ŏ-līc-ĕ
Whĭle Ĭ pōndĕred wēak ănd wēarȳ.
Āt-quĕ ōb-sĕs āth-lĕt-īc-ĕ.

This same great master of English rhythm in his
"Rationale of Verse," also stated, "That if he were per-
mitted to use the Spondee, the Trochee, the Iambus, the
Anapest and the Dactyl, together with the Caesura, he
would engage to scan correctly any true rhythm human
ingenuity could invent." His statement after years of time,
who can gainsay?

CHAPTER XII.

POETICAL LICENSES.

Many are the peculiarities and licenses granted to the writers of poetry, not accorded to the writers of prose. These peculiarities add a charm and a freshness to our poetry. and are employed freely by the best writers, and this freedom is often necessary to meet the requirements of accent and rhythm, and to it we owe much of the beauty of poetry. There is nothing which adds more grace to our language than these peculiarities of speech, and every student of poetry should become thoroughly familiar with them. While they are recognized violations of the regular rules of speech, they are not so extensive but that they will admit of classification. These peculiarities are usually the conceptions of our master minds, who vary from the regular construction and become, so to speak, inventors of new usages, which afterwards become by common acceptance recognized licenses in our language.

(1) Poetry differs from prose in the fact that every verse or line always commences with a capital letter, as :

> Shăll hē ălōne, whŏm rātiŏnāl wĕ cāll,
> Bĕ blēssed wĭth nōthĭng, ĭf nŏt blēssed wĭth āll?
>   *Pope* — " Essay on Man."

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(2) For the sake of brevity or meter the article is not infrequently omitted, as :

> Whăt drēadfŭl plēasŭre ! Thēre tŏ stānd sŭblīme,
> Līke shĭp-wrĕcked mărĭnēr ŏn dēsĕrt cōast !
> *Beattie*—"The Minstrel."

(3) Interjections are oftener employed in poetry than in prose, as :

> Ŏ grāy ŏblĭvĭoŭs Rĭvĕr !
> Ŏ sŭnsĕt-kĭndlĕd Rĭvĕr !
> Dŏ yoū rĕmēmbĕr ēvĕr
>   Thĕ eȳes ănd skīes sŏ blūe
> Ŏn ă sŭmmĕr dāy thăt shōne hĕre,
> Whĕn wē wĕre āll ălōne hĕre,
> Ănd thĕ blūe eȳes wēre toŏ wīse
>   Tŏ spēak thĕ lōve thĕy knēw ?
>   *John Hay*—"The River."

(4) The noun "self" is introduced after another noun of the possessive case, as :

> Thōughtlĕss ŏf beaūtȳ, shē wăs beaūtȳ's sēlf.
>   *Thomson* — "The Seasons."

(5) The use of a kind of compound adjective ending in "like," as :

> Thĕ prōud dĭctātŏr ōf thĕ *stāte-līke* woōd—
> Ĭ mēan thĕ sōverĕign ōf ăll plănts, thĕ ōak—
> Droŏps, dīes, ănd fălls wĭthōut thĕ clēavĕr's strōke.
>   *Herrick*—"All Things Decay and Die."

> Whŏ swims wĭth vĭrtŭe, hē shăll still bĕ sūre,
> Ŭlȳssĕs-like, ăll tēmpĕsts tō ĕndūre,
> Ănd 'mĭdst ă thōusănd gŭlfs tŏ bē sĕcūre.
>   *Herrick*—"No Shipwreck of Virtue."

Crōwned wĭth trāilĭng plūmes ŏf sāblĕ, rĭght ă-frŏnt mў stāndĭng-
    plāce
Mōved ă swārthў ōceăn-stēamĕr ĭn hĕr stŏrm-rĕsīstĭng grāce.
Prŏphĕt-līke, shĕ clōve thĕ wātĕrs tōwărd thĕ āncĭĕnt mōthĕr-lānd,
Ānd Ĭ hēard hĕr clāmŏroŭs ēngĭne ānd thĕ ēchŏ ŏf cŏmmānd,
Whīle thĕ lōng Ătlāntĭc bĭllŏws tō mў feēt cămĕ rōllĭng ōn,
Wĭth thĕ mūltĭtūdĭnoŭs mūsĭc ŏf ă thōusănd āgĕs gōne.
               Stedman—"Flood-Tide."

(6) The comparative degree is used joined to the positive
before a verb, as :

    "Nēar ănd mŏre nēar thĕ ĭntrĕpĭd beaŭtў prĕssed "
                       Merrick.

(7) The conjunctions "or—or," and "nor—nor" are
used as correspondents, as :

        Nŏt āll thĕ āutŭmn's rūstlĭng gōld,
        Nŏr sūn, nŏr moōn, nŏr stār shăll brĭng
        Thĕ jōcŭnd spīrĭt whĭch ŏf ōld
        Mădĕ ĭt ăn ēasў jŏy tŏ sĭng !
               Aldrich—"Song-Time."

Thĕ hānd ŏf Gōd cămĕ tō hĭm, ānd hĕ rōse :
    "Gŏ trēnch thĕ vāllĕy ; thōugh yoŭ māy nŏt feēl
    Ŏr wīnd ŏr rāin, thĕ wātĕrs shāll bĕ pōured
Thrŏŭghōut thĕ cāmps ĭn strēams. Nŏr heēd thĕ fōes,
    Fŏr Mōăb shāll bĕ gĭvĕn tō yoŭr steēl,
    Thĕ chōicĕst cītĭes spōiled, thĕ frūit treĕs scōred,
Thĕ wēlls chŏked ŭp, thĕ gārdĕns mārred wĭth stōnes ! "
    Ĭn āwe thĕy hēard thĕ pŏtĕnt wōrds. Ălās,
Fŏr hōmes fŏredoōmed tŏ fāll wĭth ēvĭl thrōnes,
    Fŏr, ās hĕ hăd fŏretōld, ĭt cāme tŏ pāss !
            Joseph O' Conner—"Bring Me a Minister."

(8) The use of "and—and" for "both—and," as :

    "Ănd thĕ stārlĭght ănd moōnlĭght."

(9) The preposition is placed after the object, as :

> I lŏunge ĭn thĕ īlĕx shādŏws,
> I seē thĕ lādў lēan,
> Ŭnclāspĭng hĕr sīlkĕn gīrdlĕ,
> Thĕ cūrtăin's fōlds bĕtweēn.
>   *Aldrich*—"Nocturne."

(10) Prepositions and their adjuncts are not unfrequently placed before the words on which they depend, as :

> Ăgāinst yoŭr fāme wĭth fōndnĕss hāte cŏmbīnes;
> Thĕ rĭvăl bāttĕrs ānd thĕ lōvĕr mīnes.
>   **Samuel Johnson.**

(11) Compound epithets are frequently used, as :

> Hēbe's hĕre, Māy ĭs hēre !
> Thĕ āir ĭs frēsh ănd sūnnў ;
> Ănd thĕ *mĭsĕr-beēs* ăre būsў
> Hōardĭng gōldĕn hōnĕy.
>   *Aldrich*—"May."

> "*Blūe-ĕyed, strānge-vŏiced, shārp-bĕaked, ĭll-ŏmened* fōwl
> Whāt ărt thōu ? ' Whăt I ŏught tŏ bē, ăn ōwl.' "

(12) Inversions are very common in poetry, as:

> *Fēw* ănd *shŏrt* wĕre thĕ prāyers wĕ sāid,
> Ănd wĕ spōke nŏt ă wōrd ŏf sōrrŏw;
> Bŭt wĕ stēadfăstlў gāzed ŏn thĕ fāce ŏf thĕ dēad,
> Ănd wĕ bĭttĕrlў thōught ŏf thĕ mōrrŏw.
>   *Charles Wolfe*—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

(13) Superfluous pronouns are freely used, as:

> Thĕre cāme ă būrst ŏf thūndĕr sōund ;
> Thĕ bŏy,— ŏh ! whēre wăs hē?
> Āsk ŏf thĕ wīnds, thăt fār ăroūnd
> Wĭth frāgmĕnts strēwed thĕ sēa.
>   *Felicia Hemans*—"Casabianca."

(14) Foreign idioms are not unfrequently used, as :

> "Fŏr nōt tŏ hāve beĕn dĭpped ĭn Lēthĕ lāke
> Coŭld sāve thĕ sŏn ŏf Thētĭs *frŏm tŏ dĭe.*"

(15) The adjective is placed after the noun, as :

> "Ăcrōss thĕ mēadŏws bāre ănd·brōwn."

(16) The adjective is placed before the verb " to be," as:

> "Sweēt ĭs thĕ brēath ŏf vērnăl shōwers."

(17) The antecedent is not infrequently omitted, as :

> Whŏ nēvĕr fāsts, nŏ bānquĕt ē'er ĕnjōys,
> Whŏ nēvĕr tōils ŏr wātchĕs, nēvĕr sleēps.
> *Armstrong.*

(18) The relative is omitted, as :

> " 'Tĭs Fāncӯ in hĕr fĭerӯ cār,
> Trănspōrts mĕ tō thĕ thĭckĕst wār."

(19) The verb precedes the nominative, as :

> Thĕn *shoōk* thĕ hĭlls wĭth thūndĕr rĭvĕn,
> Thĕn *rŭshed* thĕ steēds tŏ băttlĕ drĭvĕn,
> Ănd loŭdĕr thān thĕ bōlts ŏf hēavĕn,
> Făr *flăshed* thĕ rēd ărtĭllĕrӯ.
> *Thomas Campbell*—" Hohenlinden."

(20) The verb follows the accusative, as :

> Hĭs *prāyer* hĕ *saĭth*, thĭs hōlӯ mān.
> *Keats.*

(21) The infinitive is placed before the word on which it depends, as :

> Whĕn fĭrst thў sīre, *tŏ sēnd* ŏn ēarth .
> Vīrtŭe, hĭs dārlĭng chĭld, dĕsīgned.
> ### Thomas Gray.

(22) The use of the first and third persons in the impera-tive mood, as :

> *Bĕ* mān's pĕcūlĭăr *wŏrk* hĭs sōle dĕlīght.
> ### Beattie.

> *Tŭrn wē* ă mōmĕnt făncў's rāpĭd flight.
> ### Thomson.

(23) The pronoun is expressed with the imperative, as :

> "Hŏpe *thŏu* ĭn Gŏd."

(24) The object precedes the verb, as :

> Lănds hē coŭld mēasŭre, tĭmes ănd tĭdes prĕsāge.
> ### Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

(25) Adverbs are placed before' the words which they modify, as :

> Thĕ plōwmăn hōmewărd plōds hĭs wēarў wāy.
> ### Gray's Elegy.

(26) The introductory adverb is not unfrequently omitted, as :

> Wăs nāught ărŏund bŭt ĭmăgēs ŏf rēst.
> ### Thomson.

(27) The use of personal pronouns and afterwards intro-
ducing their nouns, as :

> Ĭt cūrled nŏt Tweēd ălōne, thăt *breēze.*
> > *Scott.*

(28) The use of the second person singular oftener than
prose writers, as :

> Bŭt *thōu,* ŏf tēmplĕs ōld, ŏr āltărs nēw,
> *Stāndĕst* ălōne—wĭth nōthĭng līke tŏ theē.
> > *Lord Byron.*

> Ŏ Lūcĭfēr, thŏu sōn ŏf mōrn,
> Ălīke ŏf Hēaven ănd mān thĕ fōe;
> > Hēaven, mĕn, ănd āll,
> > Nŏw prēss thў fāll,
> Ănd sīnk thĕ lōwĕst ōf thĕ lōw.
> > *Oliver Goldsmith—*" The Captivity."

(29) The use of antiquated words and modes of expres-
sion, as :

> Jŏhn Gĭlpĭn wās ă cītĭzēn
> > Ŏf crēdĭt ānd rĕnōwn,
> Ă trāin-bănd cāptăin *ēke* wăs hē
> > Ŏf fāmoŭs Lōndŏn tōwn.
> *Cowper—*" The Diverting History of John Gilpin."

(30) The use of many words not used by prose writers or
that are used but rarely :

(i) Nouns, as—benison, boon, emprise, fane, guerdon, guise, ire,
ken, lore, meed, sire, steed, welkin, yore.

(ii) Adjectives, as—azure, blithe, boon, dank, darkling, dark-
some, doughty, dun, fell, rife, rapt, rueful, sear, sylvan, twain,
wan.

(iii) Verbs, as—appall, astound, brook, cower, doff, ken, wend, ween, trow.

(iv) Adverbs, as—oft, haply, inly, blithely, cheerily, deftly, felly, rifely, starkly.

(v) Prepositions, as—adown, aloft, aloof, anear, aneath, askant, aslant, aslope, atween, atwixt, besouth, traverse, thorough, sans.

(34) The formation of many adjectives in y, not common, as :

Dimply, dusky, gleamy, heapy, moony, paly, sheety, stilly, spiry, steepy, towery, vasty, writhy.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

FIGURES OF SPEECH COMMON TO POETRY.

FIGURES OF ETYMOLOGY.

Apheresis.

The cutting off of one or more letters from the beginning of a word, as :

'Neath for beneath, 'gan for began, 'gainst for against 'thout for without, 'ghast for aghast, 'mazed for amazed, 'fore for before, 'feeble for enfeeble, 'dure for endure, 'venge for avenge, 'Nelope for Penelope, 'sdained for disdained, 'Frisco for San Francisco, woe's for woe is, he's for he is, what's for what is, 'twas for it was, I'll for I will, she's gone for she is gone, devil's for devil is, she'll for she will, world's for world is, I'm for I am, you're for you are, there's for there is, I'd for I would, soul's for soul is.

> Thĕ glōw-wŏrm shōws thĕ mātĭn tō bĕ nēar,
> Ănd 'gĭns tŏ pāle hĭs ĭnĕflēctŭăl fīre.
> *Shakespeare*—" Hamlet, Act 5."

> Thĕ moōn's thĕ ēarth's ĕnāmoŭred brīde ;
>   Trūe tŏ hĭm ĭn hĕr vērў chāngĕs,
>   Tŏ ōthĕr stārs shĕ nēvĕr rāngĕs :
>   Thŏugh, crōssed bў hĭm, sŏmetĭmes shĕ dĭps
> Hĕr lĭght ĭn shōrt, ŏffēndĕd pride,
>   Ănd fāints tŏ ān ĕclīpse.
>   *Campbell*—" Moonlight."

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APOCOPE

Is the elision of a letter or letters at the end of a word, as:

Tho' for though, th' for the, t'other for the other, thro' for through, Pont' for Pontus, Lucrece for Lucretia, obstruct for obstruction, Per for Persia, Ind for India, Adon for Adonis, conduct for conductor, amaze for amazement, Moroc for Morocco, addict for addicted, Pat for Patrick, wretch for wretched, sads for saddens, sult for sultry, swelt for swelter, potates for potatoes, after for afterwards.

Wŏe ! wŏe ! ĕach heärt shăll bleēd—shăll breāk !
Shĕ woūld hăve hūng ŭpŏn hĭs nĕck,
　　Hăd hĕ cōme bŭt yēstĕr-ēvĕn ;
Ănd hē hăd clāsped thŏse peērlĕss chārms
Thăt shăll nēvĕr, nēvĕr fĭll hĭs ārms,
　　Ŏr meēt hĭm būt ĭn hēavĕn.
　　　　　　Campbell—" The Brave Roland."

Bŭt time wĭll tēach the Rūss, ĕv'n cōnquerĭng Wār
·Hăs hāndmăid ārts.
　　　　　　Campbell—" The Power of Russia."

EPENTHESIS.

Is the inserting of a letter or letters in the middle of a word, as :

Thĕ weariĕd sēntĭnēl
Ăt ēve măy ōvĕrloōk thĕ crōuchĭng fŏe,
Tĭll, ēre hĭs hānd căn sōund thĕ ălārŭm bēll,
Hĕ sīnks bĕnēath thĕ ūnĕxpēctĕd blōw;
·Bĕfōre thĕ whĭskĕr ŏf grĭmālkĭn fēll,
When slūmberĭng ōn hĕr pōst, thĕ mōuse măy gō ;
Bŭt wōmăn, wākefŭl wōmăn's nēvĕr wēarў ;
Ăbōve ăll, when shĕ wāits—tŏ thūmp hĕr dēarў.
　　　　　　R. H. Barham.

"U" is inserted in "alarum." The "y" at the end of the word "dear-y" furnishes also a fine example of Annexation or Paragoge.

PARAGOGE.

Is the annexing of an expletive syllable to a word. A satire on Sir John Suckling furnishes us a fine example of this figure. Sir John Suckling was a courtier and poet at the court at the time of King Charles I, in the seventeenth century. He was well educated and refined in his taste for that day, writing the purest and brightest poetry of his time. Sir John, in response to a call from his majesty, the King, raised a troop of one hundred men and equipped them at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. Gaily caparisoned as were his troops, they ran off the field at the first approach of the Scotch covenanters in their first and only skirmish. Some one given to satire thus describes Sir John. It will be noticed annexation assists the ridicule intended with pleasing effect :

> "Sĭr Jōhn, hĕ gōt hĭm ăn āmblĭng nāg,
>   Tŏ Scōtlănd fōr tŏ rīde-ă,
> Wĭth ă hŭndrĕd hŏrse mōre, ăll hĭs ōwn hĕ swōre,
>   Tŏ guărd him ŏn ēverў sīde-ă."

Another stanza runs thus :

> "Thĕ lādĭes răn āll tŏ thĕ wĭndŏws tŏ seē
>   Sŏ gāllănt ănd wărlĭke hĭs sīght-ă,
> Ănd ăs hē prĕssed bȳ thĕy crīed wĭth ă sīgh,
>   'Sĭr Jōhn whȳ wĭll yoū gŏ fīght-ă?'"

PROSTHESIS.

The prefixing of one or more letters to the beginning of a word, as :

Amid for mid, yclept, yclad, ypowdered.

Lĕt fāll ădōwn hĭs sīlvĕr bēard sŏme tēars.
Thomson.

Thĕ grōund wăs greēn, ўpōwĕred wīth thĕ dāisў.
Chaucer.

SYNCOPE.

Is the elision of a letter or letters from the middle of a word, as :

Ca't for called, r'ally for really, med'cine for medicine, e'en for even or evening, o'er for over, conq'ring for conquering, s'en night for seven night, ha' penny for half penny, de'il for devil.

Fĭrst, thēn, ă wōmăn wīll, ŏr wōn't, dĕpēnd ŏn't ;
Ĭf shē wĭll dō't, shĕ wīll ; ănd thēre's ăn ēnd ŏn't.
Bŭt ĭf shĕ wōn't, sĭnce sāfe ănd sōund yoŭr trūst ĭs,
Fĕar īs ăffrōnt, ănd jēaloŭ-ў ūnjūst ĭs.
Hill—"Woman."

SYNAERESIS.

Is the joining together of two syllables with one, as :

I'll for I will, 'tis for it is, spok'st for spokest.

Ōnlў ă lĭttlĕ mōre
Ĭ hāve tŏ wrīte,
Thĕn Ĭ'll gĭve ō'er,
Ănd bĭd thĕ wōrld goŏd-nīght.

'Tĭs būt ă flȳĭng mīnŭte
Thăt Ī mŭst stāy,
Ŏr lĭngĕr īn ĭt ;
Ănd thēn Ĭ mūst ăwāy.

Herrick.

TMESIS.

The inserting of a word between the parts of a compound
or between two words which should be united if they stood
.together, as:

Yoŭ sāy tŏ mē-wărds yoūr ăffēctiŏn's strōng ;
Prăy lōve mĕ ă littlĕ, sō yoŭ lōve mĕ lōng.
Slōwlў gŏes fārre ; thĕ mëane ĭs bēst ; dĕsīre
Grŏwn vĭŏlēnt, dŏ's ēithĕr dīe, ŏr tīre.

Herrick.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.

ELLIPSIS.

An omission ; a figure by which one or more words are
·omitted, which the hearer or reader can supply, and which
are necessary to a full construction of a sentence. Words
thus omitted are said to be understood. It is a figure very
common in the language, and serves to avoid repetitions.
When, however, the ellipsis would have a tendency to
obscure the meaning or weaken the force of the sentence it
should be avoided. The ellipsis may be of the substantive,
adjective, article, pronoun, verb, adverb, preposition or
conjunction. The following is an excellent illustration of
this figure :

Ōne mŏre ŭnfōrtŭnăte,
Wēarў ŏf brēath ;
Rāshlў ĭmpōrtŭnăte,
Gōne tŏ hĕr dēath.

Hood—" Bridge of Sighs."

In the following couplet the antecedent pronoun is omitted, as :

Whŏ hās nŏ īnwărd beaūtў, nōne pĕrcēives,
Thŏugh āll ărōund bĕ beaūtĭfŭl.
Richard Henry Dana.

One of our greatest American poets in his conception of the wild mystic, furnishes in the stanza following an instance of the omission of the verb :

Ōnce ŭpōrĭ ă mīdnĭght drēarў, whīle Ĭ pōndĕred wēak ănd wēarў
Ōvĕr māny ă quāint ănd cūrĭoŭs vōlŭme ōf fŏrgōttĕn lōre,
Whīle Ĭ nōddĕd nēarlў năppĭng, sūddĕnlў thĕre cāme ă tăppĭng,
Ās ŏf sōme ŏne gēntlў răppĭng, răppĭng āt mў chămbĕr dōōr ;
Ōnlў thīs ănd nōthĭng mōre.
Edgar Allan Poe—"The Raven."

The subject of the verb is often omitted, as in the following stanza :

Dĭd thē grēĕn īsles
Dĕtāin theĕ lōng ? Ŏr 'mīd thĕ pālmў grōves
Ŏf thē brīght Sōuth, whĕre Nātŭre ēvĕr smīles,
Dĭdst sīng thў lōves
Pickering.

The following will serve as an example of the omission of the participle :

Hĭs knōwlĕdge mēasŭred tō hĭs stāte ănd plāce,
Hĭs tīme ă mōmĕnt, ānd ă pōint hĭs spāce.
Alexander Pope.

An Ellipsis of the adverb :

Shĕ shōws ă bōdў răthĕr thān ă life ;
Ă stātŭe thān ă brōthĕr.
Shakespeare—" Anthony and Cleopătra."

ENALLAGE.

Is the use of one part of speech, or of one modification for another.

(1) Substituting a noun for an adjective :

Frŏm thў Glōrў-thrōne.
Palgrave.

Glory-throne used instead of glorious throne, Seraph-sound for Seraphic sound, Carthage-queen for Carthagenian queen.

(2) A phrase for a noun :

Cŏme, cūddlĕ yoŭr hēad ŏn mў shōuldĕr, dēar,
Yoŭr hēad lĭke thĕ gōldĕn-rōd,
Ănd wĕ wĭll gŏ sāilĭng ăwāy frŏm hēre
Tŏ thĕ beaūtĭfŭl Lānd ŏf Nōd.
Ăwāy frŏm lĭfe's hŭrrў, ănd flŭrrў, ănd wōrrў,
Ăwāy frŏm ĕarth's shādŏws ănd gloŏm,
Tŏ ă wōrld ŏf făir wēathĕr wĕ'll flōat ŏff tŏgēthĕr,
Whĕre rōsĕs ăre ālwăys ĭn bloōm.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox—" The Beautiful Land of Nod."

" Land of Nod " is here substituted for the noun "sleep."

Hăd shĕ tōld mĕ fĭftў shĭllĭngs,
Ĭ mīght (ănd woūldn't yoū?)
Hăve rĕfērred tŏ thăt drĕss ĭn ă wāy fŏlks ĕxprēss
Bў ăn ēlŏquĕnt dāsh ŏr twō :
Bŭt thĕ guīlefŭl lĭttlĕ crēatŭre
Knĕw wēll hĕr tāctĭcs whēn
Shĕ cāsuăllў sāid thăt thăt drēam ĭn rēd
Hăd cōst bŭt twō pŏunds tēn.
Eugene Field—" The Tea-Gown."

(3) The use of an adverb for a noun :

Tō thĕ lānd ŏf thē hĕreāftĕr.
Longfellow—" Hiawatha."

The adverb '' hereafter '' used as a noun, viz : to heaven.

Ă bēttĕr Whēre tŏ fīnd.
Shakespeare.

Where instead of place or home.

(4) Noun for a verb :

'' Ĭ'll *queēn ĭt* nō ĭnch fārthĕr."

Viz : I'll walk or go no inch farther.

Bĕdāwn ŏur skȳ.
Shakespeare.

Dawn, a noun, changed to a verb by prefix be-dawn.

Noun for a verb :

Crīmsŏned wĭth flōwĕrs ănd dārk wĭth lēafȳ shāde.
Vaughan.

(5) An adjective for a noun :

Thȳ pāth ĭs hīgh ŭp ĭn hēavĕn ; wĕ cānnŏt gāze
Ŏn thē *ĭntēnse ŏf lĭght* thăt gīrds thȳ cār.
Percival—'' Apostrophe to the Sun.''

Viz : the sun.

(6) An adjective for a verb :

Ĭt *lānks* thĕ cheēk ănd pāles thĕ frēshĕst sīght.
Giles Fletcher.

Thĭs dāy wĭll *gēntlĕ* hīs cŏndĭtiŏn.
Shakespeare.

(7) An eighth variety is to compare with -er and -est adjec-
tives that are compared by more and most, or vice versa.

Tŏ hēar yoŭr mŏst sweĕt mūsĭc mīrăclē.
Mrs. E. B. Browning—"Seraphim."

(8) An adjective for an adverb :

Bŭt sŏft ! mĕthīnks Ĭ scēnt thĕ mŏrnĭng's āir.
Shakespeare—" Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 5."

Whĕn sŏft wăs thĕ sūn.
" Piers Plowman."

Soft for softly.

(9) A noun and a preposition for an adjective.

Ă thĭng ŏf beaūtў īs ă jŏy fŏrēvĕr.
Keats.

Of beauty for a beauteous thing.

(10) A preposition for an adjective :

Wĭth thĕ spleēn
Ŏf āll thĕ *ŭndĕr* fiēnds.
Shakespeare.

(11) An adverb for a pronoun :

Whēre ăgāinst
Mў grăined āsh ă hūndrĕd tīmes hăth brŏke.
Shakespeare.

(12) A preposition is used for a noun :

Ŏ nŏt lĭke mē
Fŏr mĭne's bĕyōnd Beyōnd.
Shakespeare.

(13) Adverb and a preposition in place of a preposition :

Fŏr thāt Ĭ ām sŏme twēlve ŏr fōurteĕn moōnshĭnes *Lăg ŏf* ă brōthĕr.
                                                                    Shakespeare.

(14) A verb is used as a noun :

With ēverў gāle ănd vārў ōf thĕir māstĕrs.
                                                                    Shakespeare.

(15) An adjective used as a participle :

Lĕt thē *blŏat* kīng tĕmpt yoū.
                                                                    Shakespeare.

(16) Usages similar to " Meseems : "

Mĕthĭnks hĕr pātiĕnt sōns bĕfōre mĕ stānd.
                                        Goldsmith—"Traveler."

(17) Change of prepositions.   Using "of" instead of "by:"

Ĭ ām sŏ wrāpt, ănd thōrŏughlў lāpt
Ŏf jŏllў goŏd āle ănd ōld.
                                                                    John Still.

(18) Participles are turned into adjectives and actions ascribed to them which do not belong to them, as :

Whĕre smĭlĭng sprĭng ĭts ēarliĕst vĭsĭt pāid,
Ănd pārtĭng sŭmmĕr's lĭngerĭng bloōms dĕlāyed.
                           , Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

Ănd pāssĭng rĭch wĭth fōrtў pōunds ă yēar.
                                        Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

(19) The use of transitive verbs as intransitive, as :

Thĭs mĭnstrĕl-gōd, wĕll-plēased, ămĭd thĕ chōir
Stoŏd proud tŏ *hymn*, ănd tūne hĭs yoūthfŭl lȳre.
Pope.

(20) The use of intransitive verbs as transitive, as :

Lăng āftĕr kēnned ŏn Cārrĭck shōre;
Fŏr mōnȳ ă bēast tŏ *dēad* shĕ shŏt,
Ănd *pērĭshed* mōnȳ ă bōnnĭe bōat.
Burns—"Tam O'Shanter."

Stĭll ĭn hărmōnĭoŭs ĭntĕrcōurse, thĕy *lĭved*
Thĕ rūrăl dăy, ănd *tālked* thĕ flōwĭng heārt.
Thomson.

(21) The use of the auxiliary after its principal, as :

Thĕ mān whŏ sŭffĕrs, lōudlȳ măy cŏmplāin;
Ănd *rāge* hĕ *māy*, bŭt hē shăll rāge ĭn vāin.
Pope.

(22) The use of can, could and would as principal verbs transitive, as :

Whăt wōuld thĭs mān? Nŏw ūpwărd wĭll hĕ sōar,
Ănd, lĭttlĕ lĕss thăn āngĕl, wōuld bĕ mōre.
Pope.

HYPERBATON OR INVERSION.

A figurative construction inverting the natural and proper order from words and sentences. The following stanza furnishes us with a fine example :

Ĭn Ĕnglănd rīvĕrs āll ăre māles,
    Fŏr ĭnstance, Fāthĕr Thāmes ;
Whŏēvĕr ĭn Cŏlūmbiă sāils
    Fĭnds thĕm mămsēlles ănd dāmes.
Yĕs, thēre thĕ sŏftĕr sĕx prĕsides—
    Ăquātĭc, Ĭ ăssūre yoŭ ;
Ănd Mrs. Sīppy̆ rŏlls hĕr tīdes
    Rĕspōnsĭve tō Mĭss Soŭrĭ.

<div align="right">*James Smith.*</div>

Milton furnishes us a fine example of an inversion at the very commencement of his great epic :

Ŏf mān's fĭrst dĭsŏbēdiĕnce ānd thĕ frūit
Ŏf thāt fŏrbīddĕn treē, whŏse mōrtăl tāste
Brŏught dēath intō thĕ wōrld ănd āll ŏur wōe,
Sĭng, hēavenly̆ Mūse.

<div align="right">"Paradise Lost."</div>

PLEONASM.

The use in speaking or writing of more words than are necessary to express the thought. From Thomas Hood we have the following, in the second line Pleonasm can be detected:

Ănd whēn Ĭ spēak, my̆ vōice ĭs weāk ;
    Bŭt hĕrs, shĕ mākes ă gōng of ĭt ;
Fŏr Ĭ ăm smāll ănd shĕ ĭs tāll,
    Ănd thāt's thĕ shōrt ănd lōng of ĭt.

SYLLEPSIS.

A figure of speech by which we conceive the sense of words otherwise than the words import, and construe them

according to the intention of the author—the taking of
words in two senses at once, the literal and the metaphorical.
The following is an example of this figure :

> Whĭle Prōvĭdēnce sŭppōrts,
> Lĕt sāints sĕcūrelȳ dwēll ;
> Thăt hănd whĭch beārs ăll Nātŭre ūp,
> Shăll guīde hĭs chĭldrĕn wēll.
>> *Philip Doddridge.*

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

ALLEGORY.

Is the narration of fictitious events, designed to represent
and illustrate important realities.   It is continued metaphor,
representing objects and events that are intened to be sym-
bolical of other objects and events having usually moral and
spiritual character.

The following beautiful allegory by Longfellow, starting
with the metaphorical representation of the state as a ship,
expands the metaphor into a complete description :

> Thŏu toō, săil ōn, Ŏ Shĭp ŏf Stāte !
> Săil ōn, Ŏ Ūnĭŏn, strōng ănd greāt !
> Hŭmănĭtȳ, wĭth ăll ĭts fēars,
> Wĭth ăll ĭts hōpes ŏf fūtŭre yēars,
> Ĭs hāngĭng brēathlĕss ōn thȳ fāte !
> Wĕ knōw whăt Māstĕr lāid thȳ keēl,
> Whăt Wōrkmĕn wrōught thȳ rĭbs ŏf steēl,
> Whŏ māde ĕach māst, ănd sāil, ănd rōpe,
> Whăt ānvĭls rāng, whăt hāmmĕrs bēat,
> Ĭn whăt ă fōrge ănd whăt ă hēat
> Wĕre shāped thĕ ānchŏrs ŏf thȳ hōpe !
> Fĕar nōt ĕach sūddĕn sōund ănd shōck —
> 'Tĭs ŏf thĕ wāve ănd nōt thĕ rōck ;

'Tĭs bŭt thĕ flăppĭng ōf thĕ sāil,
Ănd nōt ă rēnt măde bȳ thĕ gāle !
Ĭn spīte ŏf rŏck ănd tēmpĕst's rōar,
Ĭn spīte ŏf fālse lĭghts ōn thĕ shōre,
Săil ōn, nŏr fēar tŏ brēast thĕ sēa !
Ŏur heārts, ŏur hōpes, ăre āll wĭth theē,
Ŏur heārts, ŏur hōpes, ŏur prāyers, ŏur tēars,
Ŏur fāith trĭūmphănt ō'er ŏur fēars,
Ăre āll wĭth theē ! ăre āll wĭth theē !

APOSTROPHE.

Literally a turning away from the natural course of one's thoughts or ideas to address the absent or dead as if present, former ages, future ages, some person or thing. It is closely allied to Personification with which it is often combined. Objects personified, however, are not addressed ; objects apostrophized are addressed.

Rŏll ōn, thŏu deēp ănd dārk blŭe ōceăn,—rōll !
Tĕn thōusănd fleēts sweĕp ōvĕr theē ĭn vāin ;
Măn mārks thĕ ēarth wĭth rŭĭn,—hĭs cŏntrōl
Stŏps wĭth thĕ shōre;—ŭpōn thĕ wāterȳ plāin
Thĕ wrēcks ăre āll thȳ deēd, nŏr dōth rĕmāin
Ă shădŏw ōf măn's rāvăge, sāve hĭs ōwn,
Whĕn, fōr ă mōmĕnt, lĭke ă drōp ŏf rāin,
Hĕ sĭnks ĭntō thȳ dĕpths wĭth bŭbblĭng grōan,
Wĭthōut ă grāve, ŭnknēlled, ŭncōffĭned, ănd ŭnknōwn.
                    Byron—" Childe Harold.

Rŏll ōn, yĕ stārs ! Ĕxūlt ĭn yoūthfŭl prīme ;
Mărk with brĭght cūrves thĕ prĭntlĕss stĕps ŏf Tīme.
Nĕar ānd mŏre nēar yoŭr bēamȳ cārs ăpprōach,
Ănd lēssenĭng ōrbs ŏn lēssenĭng ōrbs ĕncrōach.
Flōwers ŏf thĕ skȳ ! yĕ toō tŏ āge mŭst yiēld,
Frāil ăs yoŭr sīlkĕn sĭstĕrs ōf thĕ field !

Stăr ăftĕr stār frŏm hĕaven's hĭgh ārch shăll rŭsh,
Sŭns sĭnk ŏn sūns, ănd sỹstĕms sỹstĕms crŭsh,
Tĭll ō'er thĕ wrĕck, ĕmērgĭng frōm thĕ stŏrm,
Ĭmmōrtăl nātŭre lĭfts hĕr chăngefŭl fŏrm ;
Mŏunts frōm hĕr fūnerăl pỹre ŏn wĭngs ŏf flāme,
Ănd sōars ănd shīnes, ănōthĕr ănd thĕ sāme.

Erasmus Darwin.

Ăy, teār hĕr tăttĕred ēnsĭgn dōwn !
    Lŏng hās ĭt wāved ŏn hīgh,
Ănd māny ăn eỹe hăs dānced tŏ seē
    Thăt bānnĕr īn thĕ skỹ ;
Bĕnēath ĭt rūng thĕ băttlĕ-shŏut,
    Ănd būrst thĕ cānnŏn's rōar ;
Thĕ mēteŏr ŏf thĕ ōcĕan āir
    Shăll sweēp thĕ clōuds nŏ mōre !

Holmes—" Old Ironsides."

Hăil, hōlỹ Light, ōffsprĭng ŏf Hĕaven fĭrst-bōrn !
· Ŏr ŏf thĕ Ĕtērnăl cō-ĕtērnăl bēam
Măy Ĭ ĕxprĕss theĕ ŭnblāmed ? sĭnce Gōd ĭs light,
Ănd nĕvĕr būt ĭn ŭnăpprōachĕd līght
Dwĕlt frōm ĕtērnĭtỹ, dwĕlt thĕn ĭn theē,
Brĭght ēfflŭĕnce ŏf brĭght ēssĕnce ĭncrĕāte !
Ŏr hĕar'st thŏu rāthĕr pūre ĕthēreăl strēam,
Whŏse fōuntăin whō shăll tēll ?

Milton—" Paradise Lost."

ANAPHORA.

Is the repetition of a word at the beginning of several clauses of a sentence. It is thus repeated that the mind may be more distinctly impressed with the idea or thought, as :

(1).

Ăll nātŭre īs bŭt ārt, ŭnknōwn tŏ theē ;
Ăll chănce, dĭrēctiŏn, whĭch thŏu cănst nŏt seē ;
Ăll dīscŏrd, hārmŏnȳ nŏt ŭndĕrstōod ;
Ăll pārtiăl ēvĭl, ūnĭvērsăl gŏōd ;
Ănd spīte ŏf prīde, ĭn ērrĭng rēasŏn's spīte,
Ŏne trūth ĭs clēar, Whătēvĕr īs, ĭs right.

<div align="right">

Pope—" Essay on Man."

</div>

(2).

Sŏmetīmes thĕ lĭnnĕt pīped hĭs sōng ;
    Sŏmetīmes thĕ thrōstlĕ whīstlĕd strōng ;
Sŏmetīmes thĕ spārhăwk, wheēled ălōng,
    Hŭshed āll thĕ grōves frŏm fēar ŏf wrōng.

<div align="center">

Tennyson—"Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

</div>

(3).

Thĕre īs ă rēst fŏr āll thĭngs.   Ŏn stĭll nĭghts
    Thĕre īs ă fōldĭng ōf ă mĭlliŏn wĭngs—
Thĕ swārmĭng hōnĕy-beēs ĭn ŭnknōwn woōds,
Thĕ spēcklĕd bŭttĕrflīes, ănd dōwnȳ broōds
    Ĭn dīzzȳ pōplăr heĭghts ;
Rĕst fŏr ĭnnūmĕrāblĕ nāmelĕss thĭngs,
Rĕst fŏr thĕ crēatŭres ŭndĕrnēath thĕ Sēa,
    Ănd īn thĕ Ēarth, ănd īn thĕ stārrȳ Āir—
Whȳ will ĭt nŏt ŭnbūrdĕn mē ŏf cāre ?
Ĭt cōmes tŏ mēanĕr thĭngs thăn mȳ dĕspāir.
Ŏ wēarȳ, wēarȳ nĭght, thăt brĭngs nŏ rēst tŏ mē !

<div align="right">

Aldrich—" Invocation to Sleep."

</div>

<div align="center">

ANTITHESIS.

</div>

A contrast by which each of the contrasted things is rendered more striking :

Ŏn pắrĕnt kneēs, 'ă nākĕd nēw-bŏrn chīld,
Weēpĭng thŏu sāt'st, whĭle āll ărōund theĕ smiled ;
Sŏ live, thăt sīnkĭng in thȳ lāst, lŏng sleēp,
Thŏu thēn mặy'st smīle, whĭle āll ărōund theĕ weēp.

Sir William Jones.

EPANALEPSIS.

Is a figure by which a sentence ends with the same word
with which it begins :

(1).

Fāre theĕ wēll, ănd ĭf fŏrēvĕr,
Stĭll fŏrēvĕr fāre theĕ wēll ;
Ēvĕn thōugh ŭnfŏrgīvĭng nēvĕr
'Gāinst theĕ shāll mȳ heārt rĕbēl.

Byron—" To His Wife."

(2).

Thĕy quēstiŏned ēach thĕ ōthĕr
Whặt Brāhmằ's ānswĕr mēant.
Sặid Vīvŏchūmŭ, " Brōthĕr,
Thrŏůgh Brāhmằ thē greặt Mōthĕr
Hặth spōkĕn hĕr ĭntēnt :
"*Mặn* ēnds ặs hē bĕgặn,—
Thĕ shặdŏw ōn thĕ wặtĕr ĭs āll thĕre ĭs ŏf *mặn !* "

Richard Henry Stoddard.—" Brahma's Answer."

EPIGRAM.

It is a statement in which there ıs an apparent contradic-
tion between the form of the expression and the meaning
really intended. The force of the epigram lies in the
pleasant surprise attendant upon the perception of the real
meaning :

(1).

Mў wōndĕr ĭs rēăllў bōundlĕss,
Thăt ămōng thĕ queĕr cāsĕs wĕ trȳ,
Ă lānd căse shŏuld ōftĕn bĕ grōundlĕss,
Ănd ă wātĕr-căse ālwăys bĕ drȳ !
Saxe—" On a Famous Water-Suit."

(2).

Swăns sīng bĕfōre thĕy dīe, 'twĕre nō băd thĭng
Dĭd cērtăin pērsŏns dīe bĕfōre thĕy sīng.
S. T. Coleridge.

EPIZEUXIS.

The repetition of a word or words for the sake of em‑
phasis :

(1).

Thĕ Īsles ŏf Greēce, thĕ ĪSLES ŎF GREĒCE,
Whĕre bŭrnĭng Sāpphŏ lōved ănd sŭng,
Whĕre grēw thĕ ārts ŏf wār ănd pēace,—
Whĕre Dēlŏs rōse ănd Phoēbŭs sprŭng—
Ētērnăl sŭmmĕr gīlds thĕm yēt,
Bŭt āll ĕxcēpt thĕir sūn ĭs sēt.
Byron.

(2).

An example of double affirmation :

" Fālselў, fālselў hāve yĕ dōne,
Ŏ mōthĕr," shĕ sāid, "ĭf thĭs bĕ trūe
Tŏ keēp thĕ bēst măn ŭndĕr thĕ sūn
Sŏ mānў yēars frŏm hĭs dūe."
Tennyson—" Lady Clare."

(3).

Lāugh, ănd thĕ wŏrld lăughs wĭth yoŭ,
    Weēp, ănd yoŭ weēp ălōne;
Fŏr thĕ sād ŏld ēarth mŭst bŏrrŏw ĭts mīrth,
    Bŭt hăs trōublĕ ĕnoūgh ŏf ĭts ōwn.
Sīng, ănd thĕ hĭlls wĭll ānswĕr,
    Sĭgh, ĭt ĭs lōst ŏn thĕ āir ;
Thĕ ēchŏes bōund tŏ ă jōyfŭl sōund,
    Bŭt shrĭnk frŏm vōicĭng cāre.
                Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"Solitude."

(4).

"Thĕ fāult wăs mīne, thĕ fāult wăs mīne "—
Whў ăm Ĭ sĭttĭng hēre sŏ stünned ănd stĭll,
Plŭckĭng thĕ hārmlĕss wīld-flŏwer ŏn thĕ hĭll ?
Ĭt īs thĭs guĭltў hānd !
                Tennyson—"Maud."

(5).

    Mŭst yĕ wāit ?   Mŭst yĕ wāit ?
Tĭll thĕy rāvăge hĕr gārdĕns ŏf ŏrănge ănd pālm,
    Tĭll hĕr heārt ĭs dūst, tĭll hĕr strēngth ĭs wātĕr ?
Mŭst yĕ seē thĕm trāmplĕ hĕr, ănd bĕ cālm
    Ăs priēsts whĕn ă vĭrgĭn ĭs lēd tŏ slāughtĕr ?
Shăll thĕy smīte thĕ mārvĕl ŏf ăll lānds,—
    Thĕ Nātiŏn's lōngĭng, thĕ ēarth's cŏmplētenĕss, —
Ŏn hĕr rēd mŏuth drŏppĭng mўrrh, hĕr hānds
    Fĭlled wĭth früităge ănd spīce ănd sweētnĕss ?
        Mŭst yĕ wāit ?
                Stedman—"Cuba."

EROTESIS OR INTERROGATION.

Is an animated or passionate interrogation. Interrogation
in its primary sense is the asking of a question, and an

answer would be expected. When declarative sentences are expressed in the interrogative form, no answer is expected ; for the statement is made thereby more emphatic and convincing.

The negative interrogation affirms—an affirmative denies. An interrogative sentence should always be followed by a question mark.

> Căn stŏriĕd ūrn, ŏr ānĭmātĕd būst,
> Băck tō ĭts mānsiŏn cāll thĕ fleētĭng brēath ?
> Căn hōnŏr's vōice prŏvōke thĕ sīlĕnt dūst,
> Ŏr flātterў soōthe thĕ dūll cŏld ēar ŏf dēath ?
> > *Gray*—"Elegy."

ECPHONESIS.

Is an animated or passionate exclamation, generally indicated by such interjections as O ! oh ! ah ! alas !

(1).

> Ŏ mȳ sŏul's jōy,
> Ĭf āftĕr ēverў tēmpĕst cōmes sŭch cālms,
> Māy thĕ wĭnds blōw tĭll thēy hăve wākĕned dēath !
> > *Shakespeare*—"Othello."

Pope illustrates well one of the ruling passions that continue not only throughout life but even unto death :

(2).

> "Ŏdioŭs ! Ĭn woōlĕn ! 'Twoŭld ă sāint prŏvōke ! "
> Wĕre thē lăst wōrds thăt poōr Nărcissă spōke.
> " Nŏ, lēt ă chārmĭng chĭntz ănd Brŭssĕls lāce
> Wrăp mȳ cŏld limbs, ănd shāde mȳ lifelĕss fāce.
> Ŏne woŭld nŏt, sūre, bĕ frĭghtfŭl whĕn ŏne's dēad ;
> Ănd, Bēttȳ, gīve thĭs cheēk ă lĭttlĕ rēd."

"Ĭ gīve ănd Ī dĕvīse," ŏld Eūcliŏ sāid
Ănd sīghed, "mў lănds ănd tēnĕmēnts tŏ Nēd."
"Yoŭr mōnĕy, sīr?" "Mў mōnĕy, sīr? Whăt! āll?
Whў, īf Ĭ mŭst (thĕn wēpt), Ĭ gīve tŏ Pāul—"
"Thĕ mānŏr, sīr?" "Thĕ mānŏr? Hōld!" hĕ crīed;
"Nŏt thāt—Ĭ cānnŏt pārt wĭth thāt!" ănd dīed.

(3).

Ă hōrse! ă hōrse! Mў kīngdŏm fōr ă hōrse!
Shakespeare—" King Richard III."

EUPHEMISM.

Is the suppression of a harsh or obnoxious word or phrase,
by substituting a word or phrase in its place that is delicate,
yet expressing the same meaning :

(1).

Wōrn ŏut wĭth ānguĭsh, tōil, ănd cōld, ănd hūngĕr,
Dōwn stŭnk thĕ wāndĕrĕr; sleēp hăd sēized hĕr sēnsĕs.
Thēre dĭd thĕ trāvĕlĕr fīnd hĕr īn thĕ mōrnĭng :
Gōd hăd rĕlēased hĕr.
Southey—" The Widow."

From Burns we have the following :

(2).

Ăn hōnĕst wābstĕr tō hĭs trāde,
Whăse wīfe's twă nēives wĕre scārce weĕl-brēd.

(3).

Ŏ, féar nŏt īn ă wōrld lĭke thīs,
Ănd thōu shălt knōw ĕre lōng,—
Knŏw hōw sŭblīme ă thīng ĭt īs
Tŏ sŭffĕr ānd bĕ strōng.
Longfellow—" The Light of the Stars."

HEARING.

Is a figure akin to vision. The speaking doubtfully of
some sound that has been heard at the present or just before
apparently indistinct, but which proves to be the distant roar
of cannon, of thunder, or something real. Byron's Waterloo,
taken from Childe Harold, is one of the finest examples of
the figure :

Dĭd yē nŏt hēar ĭt ? Nō ! 'twăs būt thĕ wĭnd,
Ŏr thē căr rāttlĭng ō'er thĕ stōnў streēt ;
Ŏn wĭth thĕ dānce ! Lĕt jōy bĕ ūncŏnfīned ;
Nŏ sleēp tĭll mōrn, whĕn Yoūth ănd Plēasŭre meēt
Tŏ chāse thĕ glōwĭng hoūrs wĭth flўĭng feēt.
Būt hărk ! Thăt hēavў soūnd brĕaks īn ŏnce mōre,
Ăs if thĕ cloūds ĭts ēchŏ woūld rĕpēat ;
Ănd nēarĕr, clēarĕr, dēadlĭĕr thān bĕfōre !
Ărm ! ārm ! ĭt īs, ĭt īs thĕ cānnŏn's ōpenĭng rōar !
                                    Canto III, Stanza XXII.

HYPERBOLE.

Is inflated or exaggerated speech ; so great is the exag-
geration that it cannot be expected to be believed by the
reader or hearer. It is an expression of strong passion,
and is often made use of by the poet and the orator. Im-
pulsive natures make great use of this figure of speech.
Everything with them is magnificent ! splendid ! sublime !
awful ! Abraham Cowley has translated from the Greek
poet Anacreon, this beautiful hyperbole entitled, " The
Grasshopper " :

Hăppў insĕct ! whāt căn bē
Ĭn hăppĭnēss cŏmpāred tŏ theē ?
Fēd wĭth noūrĭshmēnt dĭvĭne,
Thĕ dēwў mōrnĭng's gēntlĕ wĭne !
Nātŭre wāits ŭpōn theē stĭll,
Ānd thў vērdănt cūp dŏes fĭll ;

'Tĭs fĭlled whĕrēvĕr thŏu dŏst trēad,
Nātŭre's sēlf's thȳ Gānȳmēde.
Thōu dŏst drĭnk, ănd dānce ănd sīng,
Hăppĭĕr thăn thĕ hăppĭĕst kīng !
Āll thĕ fiēlds whĭch thŏu dŏst seē,
Āll thĕ plānts bĕlŏng tŏ theē ;
Āll thĕ sūmmĕr hōurs prŏdūce,
Fērtĭle māde wĭth ēarlȳ jūice.
Mān fŏr theē dŏes sōw ănd plōugh,
Fārmĕr hē, ănd lāndlŏrd thōu !
Thōu dŏst ĭnnŏcēntlȳ jōy,
Nŏr dōes thȳ lūxurȳ dĕstrōy.
Thĕ shēphĕrd glādlȳ hēarĕth theē,
Mōre hărmŏnĭoŭs thăn hē.
Thĕ cōuntrȳ hĭnds wĭth glādnĕss hēar,
Prŏphĕt ōf thĕ rĭpĕned yēar !
Theĕ Phoēbŭs lōves ănd dōes ĭnspīre ;
Phoēbŭs ĭs hĭmsēlf thȳ sīre,
Tŏ theē, ŏf ăll thĭngs ŭpōn thĕ ēarth,
Life ĭs nŏ lōngĕr thăn thȳ mĭrth.
Hăppȳ ĭnsĕct ! hăppȳ thōu
Dŏst nēithĕr āge nŏr wĭntĕr knōw ;
Bŭt whēn thŏu'st drŭnk and dānced ănd sūng
Thȳ fĭll, thĕ flŏwerȳ lēaves ămōng,
(Volūptŭoŭs ănd wĭse wĭthāl,
Ēpĭcūrĕăn ānĭmāl !)
Sātĕd wĭth thȳ sūmmĕr fēast,
Thōu rĕtīr'st tŏ ēndlĕss rēst.

" Yĕ stārs ! whĭch āre thĕ pŏĕtrȳ ŏf hĕavĕn !
Ĭf ĭn yoŭr brĭght lĕaves wē woŭld rēad thĕ fāte
Ŏf mēn ănd ēmpĭres,—'tĭs tŏ bē fŏrgīvĕn,
Thăt ĭn ŏur āspĭrātĭŏns tō bĕ grēat,
Ŏur dēstĭnĭes ŏ'erlēap thĕir mōrtăl stāte,
Ănd clāim ă kĭndrĕd wĭth yoŭ ; fŏr yĕ āre
Ă beaūtȳ ānd ă mȳstĕrȳ, ănd crĕāte
Ĭn ŭs sŭch lōve ănd rĕvĕrēnce frŏm ăfār,
Thăt fŏrtŭne, fāme, pŏwer, life, hăve nāmed thĕmsēlves ă stār."
                    Byron—"Childe Harold."

IRONY.

A figure of telling effect when properly used. It is used to express directly the opposite of what it is intended shall be understood. It is used effectively in Whittier's "The Prisoner for Debt," a poem of great merit:

What hās thĕ grāy-hāired prĭsonĕr dōne?
  Hăs mūrdĕr stāined hĭs hănds wĭth gōre?
Nŏt sō; hĭs crīme's ă fŏulĕr ōne;
  GŎD MĀDE THĔ ŌLD MĂN POŌR!
Fŏr thĭs hĕ shāres ă fĕlŏn's cĕll,—
Thĕ fĭttĕst ēarthlў tўpe ŏf hĕll!
Fŏr thĭs, thĕ boōn fŏr whĭch hĕ pōured
Hĭs yoŭng bloŏd ōn thĕ ĭnvādĕr's swŏrd,
Ănd cōuntĕd lĭght thĕ fēarfŭl cŏst,—
Hĭs bloŏd-găined lĭbĕrtў ĭs lōst!

Ănd sō, fŏr sŭch ă plāce ŏf rēst,
  Ōld prĭsonĕr, drōpped thў bloŏd ăs rāin
Ŏn Cōncŏrd's fiĕld, ănd Būnkĕr's crēst,
  Ănd Sārătōgă's plāin?
Loŏk fōrth, thŏu mān ŏf mānў scārs,
Throŭgh thў dĭm dūngeŏn's īrŏn bārs;
Ĭt mūst bĕ jōy, ĭn soōth tŏ seē
Yŏn mŏnŭmēnt ŭprēared tŏ theē,—
Pĭled grānĭte ānd ă prĭsŏn cĕll,
Thĕ lānd rĕpāys thў sērvĭce wĕll!

Gŏ, rīng thĕ bĕlls ănd fīre thĕ gūns,
  Ănd flīng thĕ stārrў bānnĕrs ōut;
Shŏut "Freēdŏm!" tĭll yoŭr lĭspĭng ōnes
  Gĭve bāck thĕir crādlĕ-shŏut;
Lĕt bōastfŭl ēlŏquĕnce dĕclāim
Ŏf hōnŏr, lĭbĕrtў ănd fāme;
Stĭll lĕt thĕ pŏĕt's strāin bĕ hēard,
Wĭth glōrў fōr ĕach sēcŏnd wŏrd,
Ănd ēverўthĭng wĭth brēath ăgreē
Tŏ prāise "ŏur glōriŏus lĭbĕrtў!"

Bŭt whēn thĕ pātrŏn cānnŏn jārs
　Thăt prīsŏn's cōld ănd gloōmў wāll,
Ănd throūgh ĭts gātes thĕ strīpes ănd stārs
　Rīse ōn thĕ wīnd, ănd fāll,—
Thĭnk yē thăt prīsonĕr's āgĕd ēar
Rĕjōicĕs īn thĕ gēnerăl cheēr?
Thĭnk yē hĭs dīm ănd fāilĭng eӯe
Ĭs kīndlĕd āt yoŭr pāgĕntrӯ?
Sōrrŏwĭng ŏf soūl, ănd chāined ŏf līmb,
Whăt īs yoŭr cārnĭvāl tŏ hīm?

Dŏwn wĭth thĕ LĀW thăt bīnds hĭm thūs!
　Ŭnwōrthӯ freēmĕn, lĕt ĭt fīnd
Nŏ rēfŭge frŏm thĕ wītherĭng cūrse
　Ŏf Gōd ănd hūmăn kīnd!
Ŏpĕn thĕ prīsŏn's līvĭng tōmb,
Ănd ūshĕr frŏm ĭts broōdĭng gloōm
Thĕ vīctĭms ōf yoŭr sāvăge cōde
Tŏ thē freē sūn ănd āir ŏf Gōd;
Nŏ lōngér dāre ăs crīme tŏ brānd
Thĕ chāstenĭng ōf thĕ Ălmīghtӯ's hānd.

LITOTEṢ.

A diminution or softening of statement, for the purpose of avoiding censure, or of expressing more strongly what is intended; a figure in which the affirmative is expressed by the negative of the contrary; thus, "a citizen of no mean city" means "of an illustrious or important city."

It is the opposite of hyperbole.

The following from one who was unsurpassed as a prose writer, and who was a very clever poet, illustrates this figure.

Thĕ Mōuntăin ānd thĕ Squīrrĕl
Hād ă quărrĕl ;
Ănd thĕ Mōuntăin cālled thĕ Squīrrĕl "Līttlĕ Prīg."
Būn rĕplīed,
" Yoū ăre doūbtlĕss vērў bīg ;
Būt ăll sōrts ŏf thīngs ănd wēathĕr
Mūst bĕ-tākĕn īn tŏgēthĕr
Tŏ māke ŭp ă yēar
Ānd ă sphēre ;
Ānd Ĭ thīnk ĭt nō dĭsgrāce
Tŏ ōccŭpў mў plāce.
Ĭf Ĭ'm nŏt sŏ lārge ăs yoū,
Yoū ăre nōt sŏ smāll ăs Ĭ,
Ănd nŏt hālf sŏ sprў.
Ĭ'll nŏt dĕnў yoŭ māke
Ă vērў prēttў squīrrĕl trăck :
Tālĕnts dĭffĕr ; āll ĭs wīselў pūt,—
Ĭf Ĭ cānnŏt cārrў fōrĕsts ōn mў băck,
Nēithĕr cān yoŭ crăck ă nūt."

<div align="right">*Emerson*—" A Fable."</div>

METONYMY.

A change of noun or substantive, is a figure in which the name of one object is put for some other object. The relation is always that of causes, effects, or adjuncts.

(1) Substituting a noun that expresses the cause, for the noun that expresses the effect :

Ă tīme thĕre wās, ĕre Ēnglănd's grīefs bĕgān
Whĕn ēverў roōd ŏf grōund măintāined ĭts mān.

<div align="right">*Goldsmith*—" The Deserted Village."</div>

" Ground " is here used for what the ground produces, v:z : food.

Ŏ fōr ă bēakĕr fūll ŏf thē wărm Sōuth !

<div align="right">*Keats*—" Lines to the Nightingale."</div>

"South" is here used for the rich wines produced in sunny lands.

> Rŏbed ĭn thĕ lŏng nīght ŏf hēr deĕp hāir.
> *Tennyson.*

"Night," the cause of darkness, is put for "darkness," the effect.

(2) Substituting the noun expressing the effect for the noun used to express the cause, being the converse of the first proposition :

> Swĭft ās ăn ārrŏw flīes thĕ lēadĕn dēath.
> *James Harvey*—"Thereon and Aspasia."

"Death," the effect of the bullet, is put for the bullet itself.

(3) A substantive denoting the place is substituted for a substantive denoting the inhabitants :

> Ăt lēngth thĕ wōrld, rĕnēwed bў cālm rĕpōse,
> Wăs strōng fŏr tōil ; thĕ dāpplĕd mōrn ărōse.
> *Parnell*—"The Hermit."

"World" is used for "inhabitant."

> "Whăt lānd ĭs sŏ bārbărŏus ĭnjūstĭce tō ăllōw ?"

"Land" is used to express "race" or "people."

(4) The sign is used for that of which it is the symbol or signifies :

> Hĭs bānnĕr lēads thĕ spēars nŏ mōre ămīd thĕ hĭlls ŏf Spāin.
> *Felicia Hemans.*

"Spears" is used for "soldiers."

As, too, " the olive branch," instead of "peace ;" the "throne," the "purple," the "scepter" instead of "kingly power."

> Thĕ pāth bў whĭch wĕ twāin dĭd gö,
>   Whĭch lēd bў trăcks thăt plēased ŭs wĕll,
>   Throŭgh fōur sweĕt yēars ărōse ănd fĕll,
> Frŏm flōwer tŏ flōwer, frŏm snōw tŏ snōw.
>
> Bŭt whēre thĕ pāth wĕ wālked bĕgān
>   Tŏ slānt thĕ fĭfth ăutūmnăl slōpe,
>   Ăs wē dĕscēndĕd, fōllowĭng Hōpe,
> Thĕre sāt thĕ Shādŏw fēared ŏf mān.
>
> *Tennyson.*

" Flower," " snow " and " shadow " as used here are emblematic of " Summer," " Winter " and " Death."

(5) Substituting the abstract for the concrete term, and vice versa :

> Thĕre *Hōnŏr* cōmes, ă pĭlgrĭm grāy,
> Tŏ dĕck thĕ tūrf thăt wrāps thĕir clāy ;
> Ănd *Freēdŏm* shăll ă whĭle rĕpāir
> Tŏ dwēll ă weēpĭng hērmĭt thĕre.
>
> *Collins.*

" Honor " is used to denote an individual of merit.   A man of honor full of ripe years.

> Ĭ hăve fōund ŏut ă gĭft fŏr mў fāir ;
>   Ĭ hăve fōund whĕre thĕ woōd-pĭgeŏns breēd ;
> Bŭt lĕt mē thĕ plūndĕr fŏrbeār—
>   Shĕ woŭld sāy 'twăs ă bārbărŏus deēd,
>   Fŏr hĕ nē'er coŭld bĕ trūe, shĕ ăvērred,
>   Whŏ coŭld rōb ă poŏr bĭrd ŏf ĭts yoūng :
> Ănd Ĭ lōved hĕr thĕ mōre whĕn Ĭ hēard
>   Sŭch *tĕndĕrnĕss* făll frŏm hĕr tōngue.
>
> *Shenstone*—" A Pastoral."

Here the word "tenderness" is used to express "kind feelings."

(6) Substituting the container for what is contained.

> "Ŏur shīps nĕxt ōpĕned fīre."

Here the word "ships" is used to designate "sailors."

> "Hĕ ĭs fōnd ŏf thĕ *bōttlĕ.*"

Viz : he is fond of "drink."

> "Yoŭr pūrse ŏr yoŭr līfe."

Viz : your money.

> "Whĕre wīll yoŭ fīnd ănōthĕr brēast lĭke hīs ?"

"Breast" is here used for the spirit that animated it.

(7) Substituting the substantive that denotes the thing supporting for the substantive that denotes the thing supported, as:

Field for battle, table for eatables on it, altar for sacrifice.

(8) Substituting the name of the thing possessed for the possessor, as :

> "Thĕ wār-whoŏp shăll wāke thĕ sleēp ŏf thĕ crādlĕ."

Viz : the voice of men en route to battle.

> Drōve thĕ brīstlĕd līps bĕfōre hĭm."
> *Shakespeare*—"Coriolanus."

Viz : Drove indetermined men.

(9) Substituting the possessor for the possessed :

> "Lĕt ŭs brōwse ŏn thĕ fiēlds cŏŏl wĭth dĕw."
> *Virgil*—"Georgics."

"Us" is used here for "our flocks."

(10) Substituting the instrument for the user :

> "Lĭght hăs sprēad, ănd ēvĕn bāyonĕts thĭnk"

"Bayonets," the instrument or thing used is here substituted for "soldiers" or men who use bayonets.

> "Fŭll fĭftў thōusănd mūskĕts brĭght,
> Lĕd bȳ ŏld wārriŏrs trāined ĭn fĭght."

"Muskets oright" used for "soldiers."

(11) Substituting the noun denoting the material for the thing made of that material :

> Lĭke ă tēmpĕst dōwn thĕ rĭdgĕs
> Swēpt thĕ hŭrrĭcāne ŏf steēl ;
> Rōse thĕ slōgăn ŏf MăcDōnăld,
> Flāshed thĕ brōad swŏrd ŏf Lŏchiēl.
> *Aytoun*—"Battle of Killiecrankie."

"Steel" here means "swords."

> Thĕ wĭnd ĭs pīpĭng lōud, mў bōys,
>   Thĕ lĭghtenĭng flāshĕs freē ;
> Whĭle thĕ hŏllŏw ōak ŏur pălăce ĭs,
>   Ŏur hērĭtăge thĕ sēa.
> *Allan Cunningham.*

"The hollow oak" is here used to represent "a ship."

Hood has also given us a fine example similar to the one above, in the following :

> Thĕ ōakĕn cēll
> Shăll lōdge hĭm wēll
> Whŏse scēptrĕ rūled ă rēalm.
>   " A Dream in the Woods."

It is very easy for one to guess the meaning of the word " oaken cell " in the above quotation.

(12) Substituting the noun for the period of time during which certain events occured for the events :

> Sŏ hāve Ĭ wōrn ŏut mānÿ sleēplĕss nīghts,
> Ănd wādĕd deēp thrŏŭgh mānÿ ă bloōdÿ dāy.
>   *Homer.*

" Nights " here is used to designate a period of time, viz : " many sleepless nights " in place of " a given number of days." The same is true of day in the next verse or line ; it is a noun used to express a fact, viz : waded through a bloody battle or through war.

(13) Substituting the place for the occurrence that happened there :

> Bŭt Līndĕn sāw ănōthĕr sīght,
> Whĕn thē drŭm bēat, ăt dēad ŏf night,
> Cŏmmāndĭng fīres ŏf dēath tŏ līght
>   Thĕ dārknĕss ōf hĕr scēnĕrÿ.
>   *Thomas Campbell*—" Hohenlinden."

Here Linden, the place, is used for the occurrence that happened there, viz : The Battle of Hohenlinden.

Ăgĭncōurt, Ăgĭncōurt!
Knōw yĕ nŏt Ăgĭncōurt,
Whēre wĕ wŏn fiēld ănd fōrt?
Frēnch flĕd lĭke wōmĕn
Bȳ hănd ănd ēke bȳ wātĕr;
Nēvĕr wăs seēn sŭch slāughtĕr
Māde bȳ ŏur bōwmĕn.
Drayton—"Agincourt."

Here "Agincourt," the place, is used for the occurrence
that happened there, viz : The Battle of Agincourt in 1415.

ECHO.

A returning of what has already been uttered ; is another
form of repetition :

(1).

Būt thĕ Pāst ănd āll ĭts beaūtȳ,
Whīthĕr hās ĭt flĕd ăwāy?
Hărk! thĕ mōurnfŭl ēchŏes sāy—
"Flēd ăwāy!"
Adelaide Anne Procter.

(2).

Būt thĕ drūm
Ēchŏed "Cōme!"
Brete Harte.

ONOMATOPŒIA.

Is the use of a word or a phrase formed to imitate the
sound of the thing signified, as :

Thĕ mōan ŏf dōves ĭn ĭmmĕmōriăl ēlms
Ănd mūrmurĭng ōf ĭnnūmĕrāblĕ beēs.
Tennyson.

Thĕ breēzў cāll ŏf ĭncĕnse-brēathĭng mōrn,
  Thĕ swāllŏw twĭttĕrĭng frōm thĕ strāw-buĭlt shēd,
Thĕ cŏck's shrĭll clārĭŏn, ōr thĕ ēchoĭng hōrn,
  Nŏ mōre shăll rōuse thĕm frōm thĕir lōwlў bēd.

<div align="right">

Gray—"Ĕlegy."

</div>

Bŭt soōn ŏbscūred wĭth smōke, ăll hēaven ăppēared,
Frŏm thōse deĕp-thrōatĕd ēngĭnes bĕlched, whŏse rōar
Ĕmbōwĕlled wĭth ŏutrāgeoŭs nōise thĕ āir,
Ănd āll hĕr ēntrăils tōre, dĭsgōrgĭng fōul
Thĕir dēvĭlĭsh glūt, chăined thūndĕrbōlts ănd hāil
Ŏf īrŏn glōbes.

<div align="right">

Milton—"Paradise Lost."

</div>

Hēre ĭt cŏmes spárklĭng,
Ănd thēre ĭt lĭes dārklĭng;
Hĕre smōkĭng ănd frōthĭng,
Ĭts tūmŭlt ănd wrāth ĭn,
Ĭt hāstĕns ălōng, cŏnflĭctĭng strōng ;
Nŏw strīkĭng ănd rāgĭng,
Ăs ĭf ă wăr wāgĭng,
Ĭts cāvĕrns ănd rōcks ămōng,
Rĭsĭng ănd lēapĭng,
Sinkĭng ănd creēpĭng,
Swēllĭng ănd flĭngĭng,
Shōwerĭng ănd sprĭngĭng,
Ĕddyĭng ănd whĭskĭng,
Spōutĭng ănd frĭskĭng,
Tūrnĭng ănd twĭstĭng
  Ărōund ănd ărōund ;
Cŏllēctĭng, dĭsjĕctĭng,
  Wĭth ēndlĕss rĕbōund ;
Smĭtĭng ănd fĭghtĭng,
Ă sĭght tŏ dĕlĭght ĭn,
Cŏnfōundĭng, ăstōundĭng,
Dĭzzyĭng ănd dēafenĭng thĕ ēar wĭth ĭts sōund.

<div align="right">

Robert Southey—"The Cataract of Lodore."

</div>

PARALEIPSIS.

A pretended or apparent omission ; a figure by which a speaker pretends to pass by what at the same time he really mentions, as :

> Hĕr kīndnĕss ānd hĕr wōrth tŏ spȳ,
> Yoŭ neēd bŭt gāze ŏn Ĕllĕn's eȳe ;
> Nŏt Kātrĭne, ĭn hĕr mĭrrŏr blūe,
> Gĭves bāck thĕ shăggȳ bānks mŏre trūe,
> Thăn everȳ freē-bŏrn glānce cŏnfĕssed
> Thĕ guīlelĕss mōvemĕnts ōf hĕr brēast ;
> Whēthĕr jŏy dānced ĭn hēr dărk eȳe,
> Ŏr wōe ŏr pītȳ clāimed ă sĭgh,
> Ŏr fīliăl lōve wăs glōwĭng thēre,
> Ŏr meēk dĕvōtiŏn pōured ă prāyer,
> Ŏr tāle ŏf ĭnjŭrȳ călled fōrth,
> Thĕ ĭndĭgnănt spīrĭt ōf thĕ Nōrth,
> Ŏne ōnlȳ pāssiŏn ūnrĕvēaled,
> Wĭth māidĕn prīde thĕ māid cŏncēaled,
> Yĕt nŏt lĕss pūrelȳ fēlt thĕ flāme—
> Ŏ neēd Ĭ tēll thăt pāssiŏn's nāme ?
> > *Scott*—" The Lady of the Lake."

PERSONIFICATION.

Is a figure by which the absent are introduced as present and by which inanimate objects and abstract ideas are represented as living. Personification is a species of Metaphor:

> Thĕre īs ă Rēapĕr whŏse nāme ĭs Dēath,
> And, wĭth hĭs sĭcklĕ keēn,
> Hĕ rēaps thĕ bēardĕd grāin ăt ă brēath,
> And thĕ flōwĕrs thăt grōw bĕtweēn.
> > *Longfellow*—"The Reaper and the Flowers."

Tŏ yoū, fāir phāntŏms ĭn thĕ sūn,
  Whŏm mērrȳ Sprīng dĭscōvĕrs,
Wĭth blūe-bĭrds fŏr yoŭr lāurĕātes,
  Ănd hōnĕy-beēs fŏr lōvĕrs.
    Aldrich—" The Blue-Bells of New England."

Hĭs wăs thĕ spēll ŏ'er heārts
  Whĭch ōnlȳ āctĭng lēnds,—
Thĕ yoūngĕst ōf thĕ sīstĕr Ārts,
  Whĕre āll thĕir beaūtȳ blēnds;

Fŏr ĭll căn Pōĕtrȳ ĕxprēss
  Fŭll mān̄y̆ ă tōne ŏf thōught sŭblime,
Ănd Pāintĭng, mūte ănd mōtĭŏnlēss,
  Stĕals būt ă glānce ŏf time.
Bŭt bȳ thĕ mĭghtȳ āctŏr brōught,
  Ĭllūsĭŏn's pērfĕct trĭŭmphs cōme,—
Vĕrse cēasĕs tō bĕ āirȳ thōught,
  Ănd Scūlptŭre tō bĕ dūmb. ˙
    Campbell—" To J. P. Kemble."

REFRAIN, OR CHANT.

A kind of musical repetition.

Hăst thōu ă gōldĕn dāy, ă stărlĭt nĭght,
  Mĭrth, ănd mūsĭc, ănd lōve wĭthōut ăllōy?
Lēave nŏ drōp ŭndrūnkĕn ŏf thȳ dĕlĭght :
  Sōrrŏw ănd shădŏw fōllŏw ōn thȳ jōy,
    'Tĭs āll ĭn ă lifetĭme.
    Edmund Clarence Stedman—"All In a Lifetime."

John Gibson Lockhart also furnishes in his translations of
Spanish ballads, another fine illustration :

Thĕ Moōrĭsh kĭng rĭdes ūp ănd dōwn
  Thrŏūgh Grĕnădă's rōyăl tōwn ;
Frōm Ĕlvĭră's gātes tŏ thōse
  Ŏf Bĭvārămblă ōn hĕ gōes :
    \Wōe ĭs mē, Ălhāmă ! "

SIMILE.

Is an express comparison ; usually introduced by like, as, and so :

(1).

Life ĭs līke ă tāle
Ēndĕd ēre 'tĭs tōld.

Aldrich---" Dirge."

(2).

Măn, līke thĕ gēnerŏŭs vīne, sŭppōrtĕd līves ;
Thĕ strēngth hĕ gāins ĭs frŏm thĕ ĕmbrāce hĕ gīves.

· *Pope.*

(3).

Bŭt plēasŭres āre līke pōppĭes sprēad,—
Yoŭ sēize thĕ flōwer, ĭts bloōm ĭs shēd ;
Ŏr līke thĕ snōwfăll ĭn thĕ rĭvĕr,
Ă mōmĕnt whīte—thĕn mēlts fŏrēvĕr ;
Ŏr līke thĕ bōrĕălĭs rāce,
Thăt flĭt ĕre yoŭ căn pōint thĕir plāce ;
Ŏr līke thĕ rāinbŏw's lōvelў fōrm,
Ēvānĭshĭng ămĭd thĕ stōrm.

Burns—" Tam O'Shanter."

(4).

Thĕ dāy ĭs dōne, ănd thĕ dārknĕss
Fălls frŏm thĕ wĭngs ŏf Nĭght,
Ăs ă fēathĕr ĭs wăftĕd dōwnwărd
Frŏm ăn ēaglĕ ĭn hĭs flĭght.

Longfellow—" The Day is Done."

SYNECDOCHE.

Is the figure by which the whole of a thing is taken for the part, or a part for the whole, as, the genus for the species, or the species for the genus.   It comprehends more or less in the expression than the word which is employed literally signifies.

The noun " sail " is used instead of the noun " ship "—a part of the ship for the whole :

> *A sāil! ă sāil!* ă prŏmĭsed prīze tŏ hŏpe,
> Hĕr nātiŏn's flāg—hŏw spēaks thĕ tĕlĕscōpe?
> Nŏ prīze, ălās ! bŭt yēt ă wĕlcŏme sāil.
>
> *Byron.*

The force of this figure consists of the greater vividness with which the part or species is realized.

In Pickering's ballad we have the following lines where this figure of speech is found, where one wreath is put for the many, that make the whirl, or storm :

> " Cŏme īn, ăuld Cărl, Ĭ'll steēr mў fīre,
>   Ĭ'll māke ĭt bleēze ă bŏnnĭe flāme ;
> Yoŭr blūid ĭs thīn, yĕ've tīnt thĕ gāte,
>   Yĕ shoŭldnă strāy săe făr frăe hāme."

> " Năe hāme hăve Ĭ," thĕ mĭnstrĕl sāid ;
>   " Săd pārtў strīfe ŏ'ertūrned mў hā' ;
> Ănd weēpĭng āt thĕ clōse ŏf life,
>   Ĭ wāndĕr throŭgh ă *wrēath ŏf snāw.*"

TROPE.

An important figure defined as a figurative use of a word; a word or expression used in a different sense from that which it properly possesses, or a word changed from its

original signification to another for the sake of life or emphasis to an idea, as when we call a shrewd man a fox. Tropes are chiefly of four kinds : Metaphor, Metonymy, Synecdoche, and Irony, but to these may be added Allegory, Prosopopœia, Antonomasia, and perhaps some others.

The word Trope comes from the Greek word *tropos,* which means a turning.

A change of noun is termed a Metonymy, a change of adjective is termed a Trope.

The following are illustrations :

(1).

Nŏw fādes thĕ glimmerĭng lāndscăpe ŏn thĕ sīght,
  Ănd āll thĕ āir ă sŏlemn stīllnĕss hōlds,
Săve whēre thĕ beētlĕ wheēls hĭs drōnĭng flīght,
  Ănd *drōwsy tĭnklĭngs* lūll thĕ dĭstănt fōlds.
                                        Gray's Elegy.

(2).

Ăwāy ! ăwāy ! tŏ Āthŭnreē !
Whĕre, dōwnwărd whēn thĕ sūn shăll fāll
Thĕ rāvĕn's wīng shăll bē yoŭr pāll !
Ănd nōt ă vāssăl shāll ŭnlāce
Thĕ vīsŏr frōm yoŭr *dyĭng* fāce !
        Campbell—" Curse of O'Connor's Child."

(3).

Shĕ wēpt tŏ lēave thĕ *fōnd* roŏf whēre
  Shĕ hăd beĕn lōved sŏ lōng ;
Thoŭgh glăd thĕ pēal ŭpōn thĕ āir,
  Ănd gāy thĕ brīdăl thrōng.
        Miss Landon—"Adieu to a Bride."

(4).

Ăt lāst thĕ clōsĭng sēasŏn brōwns thĕ plāin,
Ănd *rĭpe Octōbĕr* gāthĕrs ĭn thĕ grāin.
          Joel Barlow—" The Hasty Pudding."

(5).

Fōuntăin-hēads ănd pāthlĕss grōves—
Plācĕs whĭch *păle păssiŏn* lōves.   .
          Francis Beaumont.

(6).

When thĕ hūmĭd shādŏws hŏvĕr
     Ōvĕr āll thĕ stārrў sphēres,
Ānd thĕ *mĕlănchōly dārknĕss*
     Gĕntlў weēps ĭn rāinў tēars,
Whăt ă blĭss tŏ prĕss thĕ pĭllŏw
     Ōf ă cŏttăge chămbĕr-bēd,
Ănd tŏ lĭstĕn tō thĕ pāttĕr
     Ōf thĕ sŏft răin ōvĕrhēad.
          Coates Kinney—" Rain on the Roof."

(7).

'Tĭs plēasănt, bў thĕ cheērfŭl heārth, tŏ hēar
Ŏf tĕmpĕsts ānd thĕ dāngĕrs ŏf thĕ deēp ;
Ănd pāuse ăt tĭmes ănd feēl thăt wē ăre sāfe,
Thĕn lĭstĕn tō thĕ *pĕrĭloŭs* tāle ăgāin.
          Southey—" Modoc."

(8).

Mōthĕr, thў chĭld ĭs blĕssed ;
Ănd thōugh hĭs prēsĕnce māy bĕ lōst tŏ theē,
Ănd vācănt lēave thў brēast,
Ănd mĭssed *ă sweēt lŏad* frŏm thў pārĕnt kneē ;
Thŏugh tōnes fămĭliăr frŏm thĭne ēar hăve pāssed,
Thŏu'lt meēt thў fĭrst-bŏrn wĭth thĕ Lŏrd ăt lāst.
          Willis G. Clark.

(9).

Shĕ hēars thĕ cānnŏn's *dēadly* rāttlĕ.
Washington Allston—"Spanish Maid."

(10).

Pūrplĕ drĕssĕs, thĕ weārĭng ŏf whĭch ĭs brīghtĕr thăn ānў stār.
Horace—"Odes."

(11).

Thĕ dōgs făr kĭndĕr thăn thĕir *pūrplĕ* māstĕr.
"Lazarus and Dives."

(12)

Ōthĕrs frōm thĕ *dāwnĭng* hĭlls
Loōked ăroūnd.
Milton—"Paradise Lost."

The "hills" are but the receivers of the light—they are not "dawning hills" save when the "dawning light" shines upon them.

VISION.

Is the expression of powerful emotion, akin to Apostrophe. It is a figure in which the past or future is conceived for the present. It is appropriate to animated description, as it produces the effect of an ideal presence. Thomas Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning" illustrates this figure :

Lōchiĕl, Lōchiĕl ! bĕwāre ŏf thĕ dāy
Whĕn thĕ Lōwlănds shăll meēt theē ĭn bāttlĕ ărrāy !
Fŏr ă fiĕld ŏf thĕ dēad rŭshĕs rēd ŏn mў sīght,
Ănd thĕ clāns ŏf Cŭllōdĕn ăre scāttĕred ĭn fīght.
Thĕy rāllў, thĕy bleēd, fŏr thĕir kĭngdŏm ănd crōwn;—
Wŏe, wŏe tŏ thĕ rīdĕrs thăt trămplĕ thĕm dōwn !
Prŏud Cūmbĕrlănd prāncĕs, ĭnsūltĭng thĕ slāin,
Ănd thĕir hoŏf-bĕatĕn bōsŏms ăre trōd tŏ thĕ plāin.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE VARIOUS KINDS OF POETRY.

WE cannot better introduce our chapter "On the Various Kinds of Poetry" than by giving Fontenelle's celebrated allegory on "The Empire of Poetry." It is professedly one of the finest metaphorical descriptions that has ever been written.

THE EMPIRE OF POETRY.

This Empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries of the Continent, into the Higher and Lower Regions. The Upper Region is inhabited by grave, melancholy and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops in the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleeter than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the pains to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate, we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and

which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people, who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen.

The mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous preci- pices ; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and from time to time, the materials are carried lower to build new cities ; for they are now never built nearly so high as they seem to have been in former times.

The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amid stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dung-hill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot ; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has injured the manners of the inhabitants.

I beg you will notice, in the map, those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile, but you need not wonder that there are so few that choose to reside in it ; for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found capable of conducting strangers.

Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False

Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers ; everything seems enchanting. But its general inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid ; the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain ; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets, of the discovery of which he is so much afraid that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them.

The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers: One is the River of Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds. Those are called the Points of Sublime Thoughts.

Many climb there by extraordinary efforts ; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking on them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enwrapt in their meditations that they enter the cavern before they are aware. These Caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are called the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule equally those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they

could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts,
but they fall almost instantly into a snare by entering into a
splendid palace which is at a very little distance.   It is the
Palace of Badinage.   Scarely have they entered it, when,
in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had,
they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar.   Those,
however, who never abandon the Paths of Natural Thoughts
are the most rational of all.   They aspire no higher than
they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with
sound judgment.

   Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as
issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another
called the River of Reason.   These two rivers are at a great
distance from one another, and, as they have different
courses, they could not be made to communicate except by
canals, which cost a great deal of labor ; for these canals of
communication could not be formed at all places, because
there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the
neighborhood of the River Reason ; and hence many cities
situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad,
could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains
might be taken for the purpose.

   Further, it would be necessary that these canals should
cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the
map, and that is almost an unknown country.   The Rhyme
is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and,
on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to
navigate.   On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and
regular, but does not carry vessels of every burden.

   There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where
the rays of the sun never enter.   It is the Forest of Bom-
bast.   The trees are close, spreading, and twined into each

other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of
sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that
the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest
and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone
astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no
one ever returns. The Reason is lost in the forest.

The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile. It
produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor,
and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighbor-
ing provinces ; and some even make fortunes by this
beggarly occupation.

The Empire of Poetry is very cold toward the north, and
consequently this quarter is the most populous. There are
the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a
similar description.

Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry,
there is the Island of Satire, surrounded by bitter waves.
The salt from the water is very strong and dark-colored.
The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the
Nile in this, that their sources are unknown ; but it is par-
ticularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose
waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the
Archipelago of Trifles. The French term is l' Archipel des
Bagatelles, and their voyagers are well acquainted with
those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in
sport, as she did those of the Egean Sea. The principal
islands are the Madrigal, the Song, and the Impromptu.
No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float
upon the waters.

FONTENELLE.

———

The painter gives color to his study, and his tints and
tone colors are varied according as the master possesses

science in his art, and as genius has given him ability and industry necessary to great effort. The poet paints with another brush. Figures of Rhetoric are his colors, and nature furnishes him with similes, metaphors, and personifications. He should abound in imagery, and his words should be descriptive of external objects which are on every side. His efforts should be to please, and he is allowed greater freedom than any other writer. Man is always interested in his fellow man ; hence, character, fortitude, devotion, affection, aspiration, and passion, are all elements that may enter into the poem. From the earliest ages down to the present, poetry has held a place in the human heart. Rude songs descriptive of war and peace, love and affection, hymns to the gods, and poems celebrating the achievements of heroes are among the first productions of all nations. Traditional odes are found among the rudest tribes. Poetry has always been a pleasing form of literature, and has been assiduously cultivated at all times. The higher the grade of civilization the greater has been the appreciation of the poet's efforts. His efforts should always be to attain the ideal. He has the whole world of reality to select from. He should seek to surpass nature in his creative imagination. The true poet is a creator, sensitive to all the scenes and impressions around him ; his eye should catch that which the ordinary observer passes by ; and his ear should be attuned to every sound about him. The picturesque, the ideal, and the real are all his. To fancy he gives form and color, and his expressions should contain a delicacy, richness and warmth of feeling and beauty, that should ever be a pleasure to mankind. His ideas, figures, characters, scenes, and language should all harmonize. His lines should carry the reader throughout the poem without a jar or inter-

ruption. Words should be selected for their beauty of sound and association ; and the effort should alone be to attain the highest form of expression known to elevated thought and diction.

CLASSIFICATION OF POETRY.

It is very difficult to classify all poems. Poems may be found that are susceptible of various classification ; others will be found that will hardly take their places in any list. Poetry may be divided, however, into six general heads :

1.	Lyrical.	4.	Epic.
2.	Pastoral.	5.	Dramatic.
3.	Didactic.	6.	Satirical.

These six species may be again subdivided as follows :

‑ THE LYRIC.

1.	Songs, { Sacred. Secular.	4.	Elegy, (Epitaph).
2.	Odes.	5.	Sonnet.
3.	Ballads.	6.	Epigram.

THE PASTORAL.

1.	Eclogue.	2.	Idyl.

THE DIDACTIC.

1.	Philosophical.	2.	Meditative.

THE EPIC.

1.	Grand Epic.	3.	Metrical Romance.
2.	Mock Epic.	4.	Metrical Tale.

THE DRAMA.

1. Tragedy, (Prologue).
2. Comedy, (Epilogue, Envoy).
3. Farce.
4. Mask, Travesty or Mock Heroic.
5. Melodrama.
6. Burletta.

THE SATIRE.

1. Moral.   3. Political.
2. Personal.

To the above classification we may be allowed to add some other heads which properly speaking belong to some of the classes above enumerated. They are, however, figures and forms different from the ordinary :

1. Dialectic.   3. Versicles.
2. Nonsensical.

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE POETRY.

We should ask ourselves when we begin to write poetry whether what we write should be objective or subjective. The mental forces at work in writing Cowper's " Task " or Wordsworth's " Excursion," both eminently subjective, — are different from the mental forces at work in writing Long-fellow's " Psalm of Life " or " The Day is Done," or Brennan's " Come to Me, Dearest," which are objective poems. In objective poetry the structure is light and airy, lit up as by the gay light of electricity, and the teachings merely suggestive ; the other structure—subjective poetry— is strong and ponderous, grave and staid, and its writers

may be termed teachers of their own experiences, thoughts
and feelings. Subjective poetry is mostly written in the
iambic rhythm and comprises not only poems of beauty, but
poems of strength and grandeur. Objective poetry is more
frequently written in the trochaic, anapestic and dactylic
rhythms,—light, tripping, airy, suggestive, and yet possessed
of more outward beauty than any other class of poetry.
Objective poetry expresses not facts, but fancies; yet these
fancies must have facts for a basis. Conciseness in poetry is
a virtue—often a necessity, and the writer of anapestic and
dactylic verse cannot cram his lines like the writer of iambic
verse, or they would be harsh and rugged. Then again,
consonants dominate the vowels in our language, and the
writer of anapestic and dactylic verse should make it unob-
trusively alliterative, and thus artfully bevel the corners by
the smoothing process of alliteration. Bring the liquids
into use.

THE LYRIC.

The lyric poets form the largest class of singers. They are
a kingdom unto themselves, and often they are too much
engaged with their own feelings and emotions to have sym-
pathy with the world about them. The lyric poet loves his
muse, however, and feels that the muse loves him, and, like
the bird, he warbles his joys and sorrows, his fears and
aspirations, and the world is made better and brighter by
his song. Lyric poetry is gaining rapidly in popular favor ;
it today has more worshippers at its shrine than either the
dramatic or epic, and goes hand in hand with the metrical
romance.

SECULAR SONGS.

Secular songs that have endured for all time claim some notice. The poets of every age and clime have sung and will continue to sing of the beauties about them. Especially do they sing of love, that mightiest of all the passions. Facts and fancies, love and romances, sentiment and reflection, have all been food for the poet's imagination. What a world of melody and rhythm today delights human kind, written for us by the singers of all ages. Today we are delighted constantly by some new words set to popular music. Today our song writers are as sentimental, as true to nature and as skilled as the writers of any other age. It is, however, the old songs, —the songs of days gone by—of the long ago, that we naturally go back to and inquire after.

Burns, Bayly, Byron, Lover, Moore, Caroline Norton, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Tennyson have all written words that will be ever enduring.

Bishop, Balfe, Claribel, Foster, Sullivan, and Winner have written music that have immortalized not only the words but the authors of both words and music. Ever have music and poetry been twin sisters. The world would be not beautiful without them. They are both a passion burning in the human soul that makes the cold, bleak world warm with their inspirations. All peoples love songs. The rudest savages have songs of love and of war, of home and of country, of peace and of religion. The wild Cossack delights in his songs and sings of and to his love, with the same tenderness as the cultivated European.

Ireland has ever been famous for her song writers. The Welsh and Scots have given to the world the sweetest of music. Germany has contributed her part. The singers

of all kindreds and of every clime have produced words
and music which solace mankind.   Let it not be supposed,
however, that the popular song that has frequently handed
the name of the author down to posterity is but the work
of an idle moment.

Thomas Moore's " Last Rose of Summer " is one of the
most widely popular songs.   Its sale in this country alone is
estimated at over two million copies.   It cost Moore deep
meditation.   He wrote the song for an old air, " The
Groves of Blarney."   He tells us he was weeks composing
just one of its lines before he succeeded in obtaining words
that were suitable.   Moore's Irish Melodies are full of the
sweetest of songs—songs that will be more and more
appreciated in the future by a refined and cultivated public.
None can, however, touch the popular heart more than the
one we have just alluded to, a song of but three stanzas of
eight lines each, written in anapestic rhythm.   " The Last
Rose of Summer " will be as popular with future genera-
tions as it has been with past ones, and had Moore never
written anything else his name would be immortalized.   We
select the last stanza :

> Sŏ soōn măy Ĭ fōllŏw,
>   Whĕn friēndshĭps dĕcāy,
> Ăs frŏm lōve's shinĭng cīrclĕ
>   Thĕ gēms drŏp ăwāy !
> Whĕn trŭe heārts ăre withĕred,
>   Ănd fōnd ŏnes ăre flōwn,
> Ŏh ! whŏ woūld ĭnhābĭt
>   Thĭs blēak wŏrld ălōne?

Many accounts are given of how " Home, Sweet Home "
came to be written.   John Howard Payne, its author, was

an American poet and playwright who had received a fair education and who made his living by his pen and on the stage. Like many actors, as well as writers, he was a spendthrift and became stranded in Paris, France, the world's gay capitol. While all the world below was gayety and pleasure, he was the occupant of a poorly furnished room in the topmost story of a house in the Palais-Royale. Without friends, and temporarily without money, naturally enough these words suggested themselves to him :

> 'Mĭd plēasŭres ănd pālăcĕs thōugh wĕ măy rōam,
> Bĕ ĭt ēvĕr sŏ hŭmblĕ thĕre's nō plăce lĭke hōme ;
> Ă chārm frŏm thĕ skīes seĕms tŏ hāllŏw ŭs thēre,
> Whĭch, seĕk thrŏŭgh thĕ wōrld, ĭs nĕ'er mĕt wĭth ĕlsewhēre.
> Hŏme ! Hōme ! sweĕt, sweĕt hōme !
> Thĕre's nō plăce lĭke hōme !
> Ŏh, thĕre's nō plăce lĭke hōme !

The words found a response in every heart. Over one hundred thousand copies of the song were sold the first year of its publication. Although Payne was never benefitted a penny thereby, it immortalized him. Its music is an old Calabrian air familiar to the peasant folk of Sicily. Sir Henry Bishop, who arranged the music, tells us that he obtained the air from an old army officer who served in Sicily. The rhythm of the poem is anapestic tetrameter.

Stephen Collins Foster,* author of '' The Old Kentucky

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* Stephen Collins Foster was born July 4, 1826, in Pennsylvania. He was a delicate child, and throughout life was of a quiet and retiring disposition. At the early age of thirteen he composed, "Sadly to My Heart Appealing," and at six-teen years of age, "Open Thy Lattice, Love." In after years he gave to the world, " Old Uncle Ned," " O Susanna," " Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," " Gentle Annie," and ' Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." Foster not only composed the words, but the music to most of his songs. His was a peculiar musical talent, which has been recognized by musical celebrities, and his airs have been incorporated by many into concert fantasias. He died as he had lived, in neglect and poverty, at the early age of thirty-seven, in 1864, in New York City. It is a sad commentary upon life to know the songs of this gifted writer are daily sung in almost every household, and still continue to delight the public on both sides of the Atlantic, and yet, no monument marks the last resting place of the author of '' The Old Folks at Home.''

Home," was a writer of still another class of songs indigen-
ous to the United States. They are negro melodies, sad and
quaint, and many of them will last forever. "The Old
Folks at Home" in both words and air cannot be surpassed.
Its rhythm is iambic :

Wăy dōwn ŭpōn dĕ Swāneĕ Rĭbbĕr,
 Făr, făr ăwāy—
Dăre's whā mў heărt ĭs tūrnĭng ĕbbĕr—
 Dăre's whā dĕ ōld fŏlks stāy.
Ăll ŭp ănd dōwn dĕ whōle crĕātĭon,
 Sādlў Ĭ rōam ;
Stĭll lōngĭng fōr dĕ ōld plăntātĭon,
 Ănd fōr dĕ ŏld fŏlks ăt hōme.

Āll dĕ wōrld ăm sād ănd drēarў,
 Ĕb'rўwhēre Ĭ rōam ;
Ŏh, dārkĕys, hōw mў heărt grŏws wēarў,
 Făr frōm dĕ ŏld fŏlks ăt hōme.

Āll rōund dĕ lĭttlĕ fārm Ĭ wāndĕred,
 Whĕn Ĭ wăs yoŭng ;
Dĕn mānў hăppў dāys Ĭ squāndĕred,
 Mānў dĕ sōngs Ĭ sūng.
Whĕn Ĭ wăs plāyĭng wĭd mў brūddĕr,
 Hăppў wăs Ĭ ;
Ŏh ! tāke mĕ tō mў kīnd ŏld mūddĕr !
 Dăre lēt mĕ līve ănd die !

Ŏne lĭttlĕ hŭt ămōng dĕ būshĕs—
 Ŏne dăt Ĭ lōve—
Stĭll sādlў tō mў mēmorў rūshĕs,
 Nŏ măttĕr whēre Ĭ rōve.
Whĕn wĭll Ĭ seē dĕ beēs ă-hŭmmĭng,
 Āll rōund dĕ cōmb ?
Whĕn wĭll Ĭ hēar dĕ bānjŏ tŭmmĭng
 Dŏwn ĭn mў goŏd ŏld hōme ?

Henry Russell is the author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." It is one of the most popular of the many beautiful songs of the sea. The British Admiralty adopted it as the march of the Royal Marines. It is iambic trimeter. We select the first stanza :

> Ă lĭfe ŏn thĕ ōcĕan wāve,
>   Ă hōme ŏn thĕ rōllĭng deēp,
> Whĕre thĕ scāttĕred wātĕrs rāve,
>   Ănd thĕ wĭnds thĕir rēvĕls keēp !
> Lĭke ăn ēaglĕ cāged, Ĭ pĭne,
>   Ŏn thĭs dūll, ŭnchāngĭng shōre ;
> Ŏh ! gĭve mĕ thĕ flāshĭng brĭne,
>   Thĕ sprāy ănd thĕ tēmpĕst rōar !

"The Bay of Biscay," by John Davy, and "Black-Eyed Susan," by John Gay, both favorites in their day, are still popular sea songs.

A little romance is attached to one the prettiest of the old Scotch songs. Annie Laurie was no myth. She was born on the 16th day of December, 1682. Her father was Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, who lived on the opposite side of the river Nith, from Dumfries, Scotland. William Douglass wooed, but never won her. His song describing her beauty and his passion for her will render her name immortal. The fickle Annie preferred, however, to become the wife of Sir Robert Ferguson, who possessed riches as well as a name. The music of the song was composed by Lady Jane Scott, and both words and music will live for generations to come. We give the original words as they were first written, as numerous changes have been made to them since that time. The rhythm is iambic.

Măxwēltŏn bānks ăre bŏnnĭe,
  Whĕre ēarlў fā's thĕ dēw ;
Whĕre mē ănd Ānnĭe Lāurĭe
  Măde ūp thĕ prōmĭse trūe;
Măde ūp thĕ prōmĭse trūe,
  Ănd nēvĕr fŏrgēt wĭll Ī ;
Ănd fŏr bōnnĭe Ānnĭe Lāurĭe
  Ĭ'll lāy mĕ dōwn ănd dīe.

Shĕ's bāckĭt lĭke thĕ pēacŏck,
  Shĕ's brēistĭt lĭke thĕ swān,
Shĕ's jĭmp ăbōut thĕ mĭddlĕ,
  Hĕr wāist yĕ weēl mĭcht spān ;
Hĕr wāist yĕ weēl mĭcht spān,
  Ănd shĕ hās ă rōllĭng ēye ;
Ănd fŏr bōnnĭe Ānnĭe Lāurĭe
  Ĭ'll lāy mĕ dōwn ănd dīe.

The poets of the Emerald Isle will ever be held in high esteem in the memories and hearts of all nations. The songs of her writers have a fervency and pathos that are unsurpassable. The old song from which we select the second stanza is ever dear to the heart of her countryman. This song is selected not only on account of the admirable words but also for the reason they are written in dactylic rhythm — dactylic tetrameter :

Ŏvĕr thĕ greēn sĕa, Māvoŭrneĕn, Māvoŭrneĕn,
Lōng shŏne thĕ whīte săil thăt bōre theĕ ăwāy,
Rīdĭng thĕ whīte wăves thăt făir sūmmĕr mŏr-ĭn',
Jūst lĭke ă Māyflŏwer ăflōat ŏn thĕ bāy.
Ŏh, bŭt mў heārt sănk whĕn clŏuds căme bĕtweēn ŭs,
Lĭke ă grĕy cūrtăin ŏf răin făllĭng dōwn,
Hĭd frŏm mў sād ĕyes thĕ pāth ŏ'er thĕ ōceăn,
Făr, făr ăwāy whĕre mў cōlleĕn hăd flōwn,

Thĕn cŏme băck tŏ Ĕrĭn, Māvoŭrneĕn, Māvoŭrneĕn,
Cŏme băck ăgāin tŏ thĕ lānd ŏf thȳ bĭrth ;
Cŏme băck tŏ Ĕrĭn, Māvoŭrneĕn, Māvoŭrneĕn,
Ānd ĭt's Kĭllārnĕy shăll rĭng wĭth ŏur mĭrth.

<div align="right">Claribel—" Come Back to Erin."</div>

It requires only true manhood which is born of cultivation
and civilization to appreciate anything which is beautiful,
either of art or nature. And even the careless, the indiffer-
ent, and the impatient lover of business will frequently turn
aside and listen to such delicious songs of love as " Ever of
Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," by Linley, " Her Bright
Smile Haunts Me Still," by Carpenter, or " Love Not," by
Caroline Norton.

The field of song is one of the finest, and every poet has
entered it, and many have told in song their tales of joy or
woe that will never die. Burns sang of his " Highland
Mary," and nothing in all of his wonderful productions is
superior to it. "Mary of Argyle" by Nelson, is a beautiful
song. It is mixed iambic and anapestic meter, but the pre-
vailing foot is iambic. We select the first stanza :

Ĭ hăve hēard thĕ māvĭs sīngĭng
    Hĭs lŏve-sŏng tō thĕ mōrn ;
Ĭ hăve sēen thĕ dēw-drŏps clīngĭng
    Tŏ thĕ rōse jŭst nēwlȳ bōrn ;
Bŭt ă swēetĕr sŏng hăs chēered mĕ
    Ăt thĕ ēvenĭng's gēntlĕ clōse,
Ănd Ĭ've sēen ăn eȳe stĭll brīghtĕr
    Thăn thĕ dēw-drŏp ōn thĕ rōse ;
'Twăs thȳ vŏice, mȳ gēntlĕ Mārȳ,
    Ănd thĭne ārtlĕss, wĭnnĭng smĭle,
Thăt māde thĭs wŏrld ăn Ĕdĕn,
    Bŏnnȳ Mārȳ ŏf Ărgȳle.

"Only Friends and Nothing More," by Septimus Winner, one of the famous song writers of the New World, is a very pretty song. Alice Hawthorne who is accredited with the words was Winner's mother—Hawthorne being her maiden name. Out of respect for his mother, her talented and gifted son has named her as the authoress of some of the most charming and delightful of songs. One, "The Mocking-Bird," is world renowned, on account of the delicious melody of the music, and also the words of the song.

The stanza selected from "Only Friends and Nothing More," is iambic rhythm.

> Wĕ mēt ăs manў hāve bĕfōre
> Nŏr wĭshed nŏr hōped tŏ mēet ăgāin ;
> Nĕ'er drēamĭng ōf ŏur fāte ĭn stōre
> Wĭth dāys ŏf plēasŭre ōr ŏf pāin.
> Wĕ mēt ăgāin wĭth rĭght gŏod wĭll
> Yĕt paūsed whĕn pārtĭng āt thĕ dōor ;
> Wĕ lĭngĕred wĭth ă sĭgh, bŭt stĭll
> Ăs ōnlў frĭends ănd nōthĭng mōre.
> Wĕ lĭngĕred wĭth ă sĭgh, bŭt stĭll
> Ăs ōnlў frĭends ănd nōthĭng mōre.

Old songs that still live and are in touch with the popular heart are many, but the quaint ones, the expressive ones, those that possess a distinctiveness of their own, are not so numerous as one would suppose. An old English song, a war song, entitled "I Will Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree," is such an one. The measure is mixed, but the iambus is the prevailing foot. The anapest, however, is also found in almost every line. We select the first stanza:

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Ĭ'll hāng mў hārp ŏn ă wĭllŏw trēe,
    Ĭ'll ŏff tŏ thĕ wārs ăgāin ;
Mў pēacefŭl hōme hăs nŏ chārm fŏr mē,
    Thĕ bāttlĕfiēld nŏ pāin ;
Thĕ Lādў Ĭ lŏve wĭll sōon bĕ ă brĭde,
    Wĭth ă diădēm ŏn hĕr brōw.
Ŏh ! whў dĭd shĕ flāttĕr mў bŏyĭsh prīde,
    Shĕ's gōĭng tŏ lēave mĕ nōw,
Ŏh ! whў dĭd shĕ flāttĕr mў bŏyĭsh prīde,
    Shĕ's gōĭng tŏ lēave mĕ nōw.

The four stanzas composing this grand old song are all first-class, although a little different from the war music of the present time. There is, however, something about the air that is fine, and music and words will still continue to find old as well as young admirers.

The Civil War of the United States produced many great songs—songs that stir the souls of men. Charles S. Hall's "John Brown's Body" will still go marching on. It caught the public feeling of the North—the public sentiment. "Dixie," the great song of the South was composed by Gen. Albert N. Pike, the music by Dan D. Emmett. The music found a general response, not only in the South, but also in the North, and every school boy sang the song. The words are iambic rhythm, and there is genuine music in every word, as well as every note.

"Bonnie Blue Flag" was also one of the great songs of the South, and was written by H. McCarthy. It is mixed iambic and anapestic measure, the iambic foot prevailing. No song of the South was, however, greater in words and music than "My Maryland," written in 1861 by James R. Randall. We select the third stanza :

Thŏu wĭlt nŏt cōwĕr īn thĕ dūst,
Mārўlānd, mў Mārўlānd !
Thў glēamĭng swōrd shăll nĕvĕr rūst,
Mārўlānd, mў Mārўlānd !
Rĕmēmbĕr Cārrŏll's sācrĕd trūst,
Rĕmēmbĕr Hōwărd's wārlīke thrūst,
Ănd āll thў slūmbĕrĕrs wĭth thĕ jūst,
Mārўlānd, mў Mārўlānd !

We remember while a boy in college hearing Chaplain
Charles C. McCabe, who had just been released from a
Southern prison and was visiting at the home of that great
and good uncle of his, Prof. L. D. McCabe, of the Ohio
Wesleyan University, sing the "Battle Hymn of the
Republic." The song is by one of the grandest of woman-
kind, Julia Ward Howe. Nothing we have ever heard
found a greater response. As Chaplain McCabe's voice
went up it thrilled the very soul. The chorus was caught
by all present, and men and women sang in the old William
Street Church upon that occasion who never sang before.
The song is in the iambic rhythm. We select the first
stanza.

Mĭne eўes hăve sēen thĕ glōrў ōf thĕ cōmĭng ōf thĕ Lōrd ;
Hĕ ĭs trămplĭng ōut thĕ vĭntăge whēre thĕ grāpes ŏf wrāth ăre
    stōred :
Hĕ hăth lōosed thĕ fātefŭl lĭghtnĭng ōf Hĭs tērrĭblē swĭft swōrd.
Hĭs trūth ĭs mārchĭng ōn.

Song writing, while it may not be the greatest conception
of the poet's mind, is one that may serve to keep his mem-
ory green. It requires feeling, tenderness and sympathy to
write the sweet songs that must endure forever.

SACRED SONGS.

How often have we listened in former days to good old hymns, designated by the minister as Long Meter, Short Meter, or Particular Meter. We did not then understand, or could we tell just what was meant by it. When, however, some good brother would start the tune, we could distinguish and recognize the old familiar sound ; for in those days tunes were scarce. When we heard the following iambic stanza:

> Ŏ whĕrĕ shăll rēst bĕ foūnd,
>   Rĕst fŏr thĕ wēarў sōul ?
> 'Twĕre vāin thĕ ōceăn's dēpths tŏ sōund,
>   Ŏr piērce tŏ ēithĕr pōle.
>
> *Montgomery.*

it was not difficult for us to distinguish the tune from the following, which the same brother, who always led the singing, would start, written in trochaic rhythm:

>   8s 7s.
> Cŏme, thŏu Fōunt ŏf ēverў blēssĭng,
>   Tūne mў heārt tŏ sīng thў grāce.
> Strēams ŏf mērcў nēvĕr cēasĭng,
>   Cāll fŏr sōngs ŏf lōudĕst prāise.
> Tēach mĕ sōme mĕlōdĭoŭs sōnnĕt,
>   Sūng bў flāmĭng tōngues ăbōve :
> Prāise thĕ mōunt—Ĭ'm fīxed ŭpōn ĭt ;
>   Mōunt ŏf thў rĕdeēmĭng lōve !
>
> *Robinson.*

Our ear soon taught us that this was Particular or Odd Meter. We could distinguish it from the first, known as

short measure, or from this stanza in iambics, when the
same good brother would start the tune again, and drawl its
slow length on to the end :

> Deĕm nōt thăt thēy ắre blĕst ălōne
> Whŏse dāys ă pēacefŭl tēnŏr keēp ;
> Thĕ ănoīntĕd Sōn ŏf Gōd mắkes knōwn
> Ă blēssĭng fōr thĕ ēyes thăt weēp.
>
> *Bryant.*

This hymn was designated as Long Meter.   These meas-
ures were also to be distinguished from the following stanza
in iambics, as

> Ĭ lōve tŏ steāl ăwhīle ăwāy
> Frŏm ēverȳ cūmberĭng cāre,
> Ănd spĕnd thĕ hōurs ŏf sĕttĭng dāy
> Ĭn hūmblĕ, grātefŭl prāyer.
>
> *Mrs. Brown.*

This was known as common measure.   The Wesleys,
John and Charles, and Dr. Watts, have made these meas-
ures familiar, and all remember the old hymns we learned
at church, and are thankful for what they taught us.   A
stanza of four iambic lines, the first, second and fourth
being trimeters ; the third line, tetrameter, is designated as
Short Meter.

A stanza of four iambic lines, the first and third being
tetrameter, the second and fourth trimeter, is known as
Common Meter.

A stanza of four lines, rhyming in couplets, or alternately,
in iambic tetrameter, is Long Meter.   Particular or Odd
Meter was formerly used to denote all other kinds of meter,
as distinguishable from L. M., S. M., C. M., etc.   We have

also what is known as the Hallelujah Meter, a stanza of six iambic lines, the first four being trimeter ; the last two tetrameter, or the last two lines may be separated into four lines, containing two iambics each, as

> Ăll hāil ! thĕ glōriŏŭs mōrn,
> Thăt sāw ŏur Sāviŏŭr rīse,
> Wĭth vīctŏry̆ brīght ădōrned,
> Ănd trīŭmph īn hĭs ēyes ;
> Yĕ sāints, ĕxtōl yŏŭr rĭsĕn Lōrd,
> Ănd sīng hĭs prāise wĭth sweēt ăccōrd.
> 　　　　　　　"Psalms and Hymns."

Long Particular Meter is still another form of the stanza in which some of our hymns are written. The stanza is iambic. The six lines are tetrameter, the third and sixth rhyming together, the others rhyming in couplets, as

> Lĕt mōrtăls trĕmblĕ ănd ădōre
> Ă Gŏd ŏf sŭch rĕsĭstlĕss pōwer,
> 　Nŏr dāre ĭndūlge thĕir feēble rāge ;
> Văin āre yŏŭr thōughts, ănd wēak yŏŭr hānds,
> Bŭt hĭs ĕtērnăl cōunsĕl stānds,
> 　Ănd rūles thĕ wōrld frŏm āge tŏ āge.
> 　　　　　　　"Psalms and Hymns."

All the above stanzas but one are written in iambics. The second stanza is in trochaic measure. The iambic is a favorite measure for hymns.

OTHER METERS.

But we have many beautiful hymns in other measures. Many hymns are designated as 8s and 7s, 7s, 6s and 8s, 8s

and 7s and 4s, 11s, 12s, etc. This simply has reference to the number of syllables contained in the line or verse of the stanza.

·A common form of our hymns is the trochaic tetrameter, lines of eight and seven syllables rhyming alternately. The line of seven syllables being catalectic. This form in our hymn books is denominated the 8s and 7s.

It would be much better were we to name it properly— trochaic tetrameter.

Hymns written in trochaic, dactylic, or anapestic meter are however, designated only by figures, giving us no clue to the rhythm. Were the name of the meter added, as, 11s, anapestic tetrameter, our hymns would be properly designated.

The following stanza of an old hymn is in anapestic rhythm, 6s and 9s :

> "Ŏ hŏw hăppў ăre thēy
> Whŏ thĕ Sāvioŭr ŏbēy,
> Ănd hăve lāid ŭp thĕir trēasŭre ăbōve !
> Ŏ whăt tōngue căn ĕxprēss
> Thĕ sweĕt cōmfŏrt ănd peāce
> Ŏf ă sōul ĭn ĭts ēarlĭĕst lōve ? "
>
> *C. Wesley.*

The first, second, fourth and fifth lines are anapestic dimeter, the third and sixth anapestic tetrameter.

Our hymns have been greatly improved in recent years ; · not only have many new and beautiful ones been added, but the music has been vastly improved. We remember hearing an eminent divine once say, '' The church has all the good hymns, but the de'il has all the best tunes.'' This can no longer be said. Hymnology has kept pace with the

times.   Such benefactors as Philip Phillips, Ira D. Sankey,
P. P. Bliss and many others have revolutionized church
hymns and church music.   Some of our hymns are the
most beautiful of songs.   The slow and sorrowful iambics
of the long, short and common meters are being replaced by
sweet strains in trochaic, anapestic and dactylic rhythms.
What can be more beautiful than the tender and pathetic
hymn, written by Frances Laughton Mace.   It is trochaic
tetrameter.   We give the first stanza :

> Ŏnlў̆ wāitĭng tĭll thĕ shădŏws
>   Āre ă lĭttlĕ lōngĕr grōwn ;
> Ŏnlў̆ wāitĭng, tĭll thĕ glĭmmĕr
>   Ŏf thĕ dāy's lăst bēam hăs flōwn ;
> Tĭll thĕ nĭght ŏf eārth ĭs fādĕd
>   Frōm thĕ heārt ŏnce fūll ŏf dāy ;
> Tĭll thĕ stārs ŏf hēaven ăre breākĭng
>   Throūgh thĕ twĭlĭght sŏft ănd grāy.
>   "Only Waiting."

Another woman, Sarah Flower Adams, has written for us
another beautiful hymn.   It is mixed measure, the iambic
being the prevailing foot.   The first, third, fifth and sixth
lines are iambic trimeter ; the second, fourth and seventh
lines, iambic dimeter.   We give the first stanza :

> Nēarĕr mў̆ Gŏd, tŏ theē,
>   Nēarĕr tŏ theē !
> Ĕ'en thŏugh ĭt bē ă crōss
>   Thăt rāisĕth mē ;
> Stĭll ăll mў̆ sŏng shăll bē
> Nēarĕr mў̆ Gŏd, tŏ theē
>   Nēarĕr tŏ theē !
>   " Nearer My God to Thee."

Bishop Heber is the author of a beautiful hymn in dactylic rhythm. It is the 11s and 10s, dactylic tetrameter. We give the first stanza :

> Brīghtĕst ănd bēst ŏf thĕ sōns ŏf thĕ mōrnĭng,
> Dāwn ĭn ŏur dārknĕss ănd lēnd ŭs thĭne āid ;
> Stār ŏf thĕ Ēast, thĕ hŏrīzŏn ădōrnĭng,
> Guīde whĕre ŏur īnfănt Rĕdeēmĕr ĭs lāid.

" The Beautiful River " is still another of our hymns that will be sung until the children of earth are gathered on the other shore. It is trochaic tetrameter. We give the first stanza :

> Shăll wĕ gāthĕr āt thĕ rīvĕr
>   Whĕre brĭght āngĕl feĕt hăve trōd ;
> Wĭth ĭts crȳstăl tĭde fŏrēvĕr
>   Flōwĭng bȳ thĕ thrōne ŏf Gĕd ?

Chorus—
> Yēs, wĕ'll gāthĕr āt thĕ rīvĕr,
> Thĕ beaūtĭfŭl, thĕ beaūtĭfŭl rīvĕr—
> Gāthĕr wĭth thĕ sāints ăt thĕ rīvĕr,
> Thăt flŏws bȳ thĕ thrōne ŏf Gōd.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

The " Sweet By and By," a hymn in anapestic rhythm, is another of our popular hymns. We give the second stanza :

> Wĕ shăll sīng ŏn thăt beaūtĭfŭl shōre
> Thĕ mĕlōdĭoŭs sōngs ŏf thĕ blēst,
> Ănd ŏur spīrĭts shăll sōrrŏw nŏ mōre
> Nŏt ă sĭgh fŏr thĕ blēssĭng ŏf rēst.

CHORUS—
    In thĕ sweēt bȳ-ănd-bȳ,
        Wĕ shăll meēt ŏn thăt beaūtīfŭl shōre,
    In thĕ sweēt bȳ-ănd-bȳ,
        Wĕ shăll meēt ŏn thăt beaūtīfŭl shōre.

                                    S. Filmore Bennett.

While many beautiful hymns have been written, and old ones arranged to new music, there is a charm that lingers around many old ones, and they will never die. We mention "Old Hundred," written by Dr. Isaac Watts, it being a paraphrase of the one hundredth Psalm, the music by G. Franc, 1554 ; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740, the music by Simeon B. Marsh in 1798 ; "Rock of Ages," written by Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776, and set to music 1830 by Dr. Thomas Hastings ; "Sweet Hour of Prayer," written in 1846 by Rev. W. H. Walford, arranged to music in 1859 by W. H. Bradbury.

Many are the hymns that have survived for over one hundred years, and are fresh in the minds of the people today.

THE ODE.

Odes are of four kinds Sacred, Heroic, Moral and Amatory. The ode is one of the most elevated forms of lyric compositions. Ode, derived from the Greek, meaning song, originally meant any poem adapted to be sung. The ode is, however, to be distinguished from the song. It is the loftiest form of lyrical poetry, embodying as it does the most elevating thoughts and most intense emotions of the writer. It is usually written in an abrupt, concise and ener-

getic style. The meters are often irregular and are not arranged by any fixed stanzaic law, but by a deeper law— that feeling which guides the soul of inspiration on and on, in rapt emotion, regardless of the demands of the stanza. Poetry may, however, lose immensely by not being governed ·by a fixed stanzaic law for much of its beauty depends upon the fixed regularity of its rhyme. Odes are, however, irregular, and call forth the highest art of the poet in adapting the meters and cadences to the ever varying changes of· sentiment and imaginative thought.

THE SACRED ODE.

Byron's Hebrew Melodies and Moore's Sacred Melodies contain fine specimens of lyrical beauty. Milton's ode on the "Nativity" is still another fine example:

> Ănd ōn thăt cheēk ănd ō'er thăt brōw
> Sŏ sōft, sŏ cālm, sŏ ēlŏquĕnt,
> Thĕ smīles thăt wīn, thĕ tīnts thăt glōw,
> Bŭt tĕll ŏf dāys ĭn goōdnĕss spēnt,—
> Ă mīnd ăt pēace wĭth āll bĕlōw,
> Ă heārt whŏse lōve ĭs ĭnnŏcĕnt.
>
> *Byron*—"She Walks in Beauty."

THE MORAL ODE.

Odes of this nature express sentiment suggested by friendship, humanity of heart, and patriotism. Lanier's "Ode to the Johns Hopkins University" is an example in iambic :

And hēre, Ŏ finer Pāllăs, lōng rĕmāin,—
Sĭt ōn thĕse Mārȳlănd hĭlls, ănd fĭx thȳ rēign,
And frāme ă fāirĕr Āthĕns thān ŏf yōre
      Ĭn thēse blĕst bōunds ŏf Bāltĭmōre,—
      Hĕre, whēre thĕ clīmătes meēt
Thăt ēach măy māke thĕ ōthĕr's lăck cŏmplēte,—
Whĕre Flōrĭdā's sŏft Fāvŏniăn āirs bĕguīle
Thĕ nĭppĭng Nōrth,—whĕre Nātŭre's pōwĕrs smīle,—
Whĕre Chĕsăpēake hŏlds frānklȳ fōrth hĕr hānds
Sprĕad wīde wĭth īnvĭtātĭon tō ăll lānds.—
Whĕre nōw thĕ ēagĕr pēoplĕ yēarn tŏ find
Thĕ ōrgănīzĭng hānd thăt fāst măy bīnd
Loŏse strāws ŏf āimlĕss āspĭrātĭon fāin
      Ĭn shēaves ŏf sĕrvĭceāblĕ grāin,—
      Hĕre, ōld ănd nēw ĭn ōne,
Throŭgh nōblĕr cȳclĕs rōund ă rĭchĕr sūn
      Ŏ'er-rūle ŏur mōdĕrn wāys,
Ŏ blĕst Mĭnĕrvă ōf thĕse lārgĕr dāys !

THE AMATORY ODE.

It is better known as a love song. Most English and
American poets have contributed to this great class of
literature. Goethe, Schiller and Heine are the most cele-
brated of the German writers who have contributed to this
species of poetry. The Madrigal is a little amorous poem
that may be properly classed under this head. Byron's
"Maid of Athens," Tennyson's "Maud," and Burns'
"Highland Mary" are among the finest specimens of our
love songs, expressing refined sentiment and tender affection:

      Ŏ, sād ăre thēy whŏ knōw nŏt lōve,
         Bŭt, fār frŏm pāssiŏn's tēars ănd smīles,
         Drĭft dōwn ă moōnlĕss sēa ănd pāss
         Thĕ sīlvĕr cōasts ŏf fāirȳ īsles.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"Sad Are They Who Know Not Love."

THE HEROIC ODE.

Odes of this species celebrate and sing the praises of heroes and are mostly occupied with martial exploits. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and Coleridge's "Ode to France" are specimens of this species :

> Ŏur fāthĕrs fōught.fŏr Lībĕrtӯ,
> Thĕy strūgglĕd lōng ǎnd wĕll,
> Hīstorӯ ōf thĕir deĕds cǎn tēll—
> Bŭt dῑd thĕy lēave ŭs freē ?
> > *Lowell*—"Fourth of July Ode."

> 'Twǎs āt the rōyǎl fēast, fŏr Pērsiǎ wōn
> > Bӯ Phῑlῐp's wārlῐke sōn ;
> Ǎlōft ῐn ǎwfŭl stāte
> Thĕ Gōdlῐke hērŏ sāte
> > Ŏn hῑs ῐmpēriǎl thrōne ;
> Hῑs vāliǎnt peērs wĕre plāced ǎroūnd,
> Thĕir brōws wῑth rōsĕs ānd wῑth mӯrtlĕs boūnd
> > (Sŏ shoūld dĕsĕrt ῐn ārms bĕ crōwned.)
> Thĕ lōvelӯ Thǎis, bӯ hῐs sīde,
> Sǎte līke ǎ bloōmῐng Ēastĕrn brῑde
> Ῐn flōwĕr ŏf yoūth ǎnd beaūty's prῑde.
> > Hǎppӯ, hǎppӯ, hǎppӯ pāir !
> > None bŭt thĕ brāve,
> > Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
> > Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve dĕsĕrves thĕ fāir.

> CHORUS—
> > Hǎppӯ, hǎppӯ, hǎppӯ pāir !
> > Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
> > Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
> > Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve dĕsĕrves thĕ fāir.
> *John Dryden*—"Alexander's Feast ; or, the Power of Music."

> Thŭs brῑght fŏrēvĕr māy shĕ keēp
> Hĕr fires ŏf tōlerǎnt Freēdŏm būrnῐng,
> Tῐll wār's rĕd ēyes ǎre chārmed tŏ sleēp
> Ǎnd bēlls rῐng hōme thĕ bōys rĕtūrnῐng.
> > *John Hay*—"Centennial,"

THE BALLAD.

It is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilized nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interest‍ing story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will be always highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of Bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud.

The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers, preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long

struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit.

We learn from Herrera that when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia.

Captain Beechey heard the Bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Musselman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece ; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by tran-scendent sublimity and beauty.

LORD MACAULAY.

Among the modern poets, Schiller, Goethe, Hood, Cowper, Carleton, Tennyson, Lang and Dobson have written some of the finest ballads. William Cowper's " John Gilpin's Ride," is a ballad known to almost every one.

Thomas Campbell ranks as one of the best of English writers, and few ballads have been more popular with the general reader than "Lord Ullin's Daughter." Thomas Hood was an inimitable writer, one who could spin puns and take even the bright side of life when adversity was his almost constant companion. His "Faithless Nelly Gray" is a ballad that will ever be remembered, and his work abounds with good things in this species of poetry. Oliver Wendell Holmes has also given to the world some excellent ballads.

Our common English ballads record in easy verse incidents and adventures. Here is a stanza of one of the earlier ballads :

CHEVY CHASE.

" Thĕ drīvĕrs throūgh thĕ woŏds wēnt
    Fōr tŏ rōuse thĕ deēr,
Bōwmăn hōvĕred ŭpōn thĕ bēnt[1]
    Wĭth thēir brŏad ārrŏws clēar,
Thĕn thĕ wīld deĕr through thĕ woŏds wēnt
    Ŏn ēverў sīde fŭll shēar,[2]
Grēyhŏunds throūgh thĕ grŏve glēnt[3]
    Fōr tŏ kīll thĕse deēr."

[1] Upland.   [2] Many.   [3] Chased.

The ballad of today is in higher favor than poems of a didactic character. The ballads of the present day are not merely simple narratives without any symbolical meaning ; they are artistic tales, in conception grand, and in execution perfect, and are frequently of an exceedingly high order. Schiller's ballads are among his best poems, and he, without doubt, was second to none of Germany's great poetic geniuses. "The Diver" is one of his most fascinating

ballads. With admirable art the poet has heightened the effect of one of the best German stories by ornamenting the poem with those graces of description which were ever at his command. He selects anapestic rhythm, which he uses with such metrical beauty that from the commencement until the conclusion the reader is carried along entranced by the simple style of recital of which Schiller was a master. We select three stanzas :

Thĕn ōutspăke thĕ dāughtĕr ĭn tēndĕr ĕmōtiŏn—
"Ăh ! fāthĕr, mў fāthĕr, whăt mōre căn thĕre rēst ?
Ĕnoūgh ŏf thĭs spōrt wĭth thĕ pĭtĭlĕss ōcĕan—
Hĕ hăs sērved theĕ ăs nōne woŭld, thўsēlf hăst cŏnfēst.
Ĭf nōthĭng căn slāke thў wĭld thĭrst ŏf dĕsīre,
Lĕt thў knĭghts pŭt tŏ shāme thĕ ĕxplŏit ŏf thĕ squire ! "

Thĕ Kīng sĕized thĕ gōblĕt, hĕ swūng ĭt ŏn hīgh,
Ănd whĭrlĭng, ĭt fēll ĭn thĕ rōar ŏf thĕ tīde ;
" Bŭt brĭng bāck thăt gōblĕt ăgāin tŏ mў eӯe,
Ănd Ĭ'll hōld theĕ thĕ dēarĕst thăt rīdes bў mў sīde ;
Ănd thĭne ārms shăll ĕmbrāce ăs thў brĭde, Ĭ dĕcreē,
Thĕ māidĕn whŏse pītў nŏw plēadĕth fŏr theē."

Ănd hēaven, ăs hĕ lĭstĕned, spŏke ōut frŏm thĕ spāce,
Ănd thĕ hōpe thăt măkes hērŏes shŏt flāme frŏm hĭs eӯes ;
Hĕ gāzed ŏn thĕ blūsh ĭn thăt beaūtĭfŭl fāce—
Ĭt pāles—ăt thĕ feēt ŏf hĕr fāthĕr shĕ līes !
Hŏw prīcelĕss thĕ guĕrdŏn !—ă mōmĕnt, ă brēath,
Ănd hēadlŏng hĕ plūngĕs tŏ līfe ănd tŏ dēath.

John Hay is the author of " Jim Bludsoe," " Banty Tim," and " Little Breeches," three excellent ballads in dialect. Mr. Hay is a fascinating author of both prose and poetry, whose verse has an air of polished personality. We have selected the following stanza from " Banty Tim," originally published in *Harper's Magazine.*

Lŏrd ! hŏw thĕ hŏt sŭn wēnt fŏr ūs,
   Ănd br'īled ănd blĭstĕred ănd būrned !
Hŏw thĕ Rēbĕl būllĕts whĭzzed rŏund ūs
   Whĕn ă cūss ĭn hĭs dēath-grĭp tūrned !
Tĭll ălōng tōwărd dŭsk Ĭ seēn ă thĭng
   Ĭ coŭld n't bĕliēve fŏr ă spĕll :
Thăt nĭggĕr—thăt Tīm— wăs ă crāwlĭn' tŏ mē
   Thrŏŭgh thăt fīre-proŏf, gīlt-ĕdged hēll !

Oliver Wendell Holmes has written a ballad of early
New England life entitled, "Agnes," from which we have
selected the following stanza :

Thĕ ōld, ŏld stŏrў,—fāir ănd yoūng,
   Ănd fŏnd,—ănd nōt toŏ wīse,—
Thăt mātrŏns tēll wĭth shārpĕned tōngue
   Tŏ māids wĭth dōwncăst eўes.

Of Tennyson's ballads, "Locksley's Hall," "Lady
Clare" "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Edward Gray" are
the finest.   No prettier ballad adorns the English language
than "Lady Clare : "

Ĭt wās thĕ tīme whĕn lĭlĭes blōw,
   Ănd clōuds ăre hĭghĕst ŭp ĭn āir,
Lŏrd Rōnăld brŏught ă lilў-whĭte dōe
   Tŏ gīve hĭs coŭsĭn, Lādў Clāre.

THE ELEGY.

To be able to move thé affections should be the greatest
aim and effort of the poet.   To be able to touch the heart-
strings of mankind is a rare gift and power, and he who
succeeds in doing so is a benefactor of mankind.   One of
our most delightful writers, who has given to the world
dialect poetry that has pleased all mankind, refused the offer

of a large sum in the lecture field, that he might continue to
write poems and give to the world his book offerings. He
said there was a little monitor within his breast that told him
this was a duty he owed to mankind. It is not, however,
altogether his poems in dialect that makes Riley one of
the most lovable of poets. He owes a greater part of his
popularity to his power to reach the human heart in depict-
ing the scenes of daily life, which he seizes upon and makes
the themes of his poetry. Brush away the dialect from
Riley's poems and you still have thoughts and expressions
that glitter like polished diamonds, and which carry you
entranced throughout the reading, on account of the deep
feeling that pervades his every thought. His lines are full
of tender sympathy, simple pathos, and emotion, that finds
a ready response in the hearts of men who cannot write, but
who feel and see and know well that which is written, and
are ready critics, capable of pronouncing just verdicts. To
this class of readers Riley owes his wide popularity. His
poetry is not unlike Gray, Burns, Moore, and Cowper, of
the past generation; and it ranks with Longfellow, Tenny-
son, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell, of the present
generation in its elegiac character. The elegy combines
simplicity and pathos; and a tenderness that frequently
springs from an overpowering melancholy. Elegiac poetry
must necessarily be begotten of the finest impulse of the
human soul. It is always of the mournful and somewhat
contemplative class of poetry. It appeals directly to the
sympathies of mankind. It may or it may not express
grief, yet a tone of melancholy always pervades the senti-
ment, frequently born of the burning heart-throbs of despair
that seizes upon the gifted sons of song, from whose wretch-
edness, and sorrow, and intense feelings thousands of readers
receive joy and delight.

Elegiac poetry is various in character. The grief that one heart expresses another pours out in a manner entirely different, although both show and express the tenderness and pathos of a sensitive and fine nature. Let us make a few selections from James Whitcomb Riley :

> Whĕn Bēssĭe dīed—
> Wĕ writhed ĭn prāyer ŭnsātĭsfīed ;
> Wĕ bĕgged ŏf Gōd, ănd Hē dĭd smīle
> Ĭn sīlĕnce ōn ŭs āll thĕ whīle ;
> Ănd wē dĭd seē Hĭm, throūgh ŏur tēars,
> Ĕnfōldīng thăt făir fōrm ŏf hĕrs,
> Shĕ lăughĭng băck ăgăinst Hĭs lōve
> Thĕ kissĕs wĕ hăd nōthĭng ŏf—
> Ănd dēath tŏ ūs Hĕ stĭll dĕnīed,
> Whĕn Bēssĭe dīed.
>   " When Bessie Died."

What can be more expressive than the stanza selected from the poem entitled, " Little Mahala Ashcraft ? "   We select the fourth stanza.   Its lines are iambic heptameter :

> Thĕy's sōrrŏw īn thĕ wāvĭn' lēaves ŏf āll thĕ ăpplĕ-treēs ;
> Ănd sōrrŏw īn thĕ hārvĕst-shēaves, ănd sōrrŏw īn thĕ breēze ;
> Ănd sōrrŏw īn thĕ twĭttĕr ŏf thĕ swāllĕrs 'rōund thĕ shĕd ;
> Ănd āll thĕ sōng hĕr rēd-bĭrd sīngs ĭs " Lĭttlĕ Hālȳ's dēad ! "

" A Leave Taking " is a poem full of that rare beauty peculiar to the writings of Riley—human nature vividly portrayed :

> Ĭ kĭss thĕ eȳes
>   Ŏn ēithĕr lĭd,
> Whĕre hĕr lŏve lies
>   Fŏrēvĕr hĭd.
>
> Ĭ cēase mȳ weēpĭng
>   Ănd smīle ănd sāy :
> Ĭ will bĕ sleēpĭng
>   Thūs, sŏme dāy !

How beautiful these lines. Every word comes from the depths of deep thought, sad and reflective :

Thĕn thĕ fãce ŏf ă Mōthĕr loŏks bāck, throŭgh thĕ mīst
 Ŏf thĕ tēars thăt ăre wēllĭng ; ănd, lūcĕnt wĭth lĭght,
Ĭ seē thĕ dĕar smĭle ŏf thĕ lĭps Ĭ hăve kĭssed
Ăs shĕ knēlt bў mў crādlĕ, ăt mōrnĭng ănd nīght ;
Bŭt mў ārms ăre ŏuthēld, wĭth ă yēarnĭng toŏ wĭld
 Fŏr ănў bŭt Gōd ĭn Hĭs lōve tŏ ĭnspĭre,
Ăs shĕ plēads ăt thĕ foōt ŏf Hĭs thrōne fŏr hĕr chĭld,—
Ăs Ĭ sĭt ĭn sīlĕnce ănd gāze ĭn thĕ fĭre.

<div style="text-align:right">*Riley*—" Envoy."</div>

" In the Dark " is another pathetic poem from which we have selected two stanzas :

Ănd Ĭ thīnk ŏf thĕ smīlĭng fãcĕs
 Thăt ūsed tŏ wātch ănd wāit,
Tĭll thĕ clĭck ŏf thĕ clōck wăs ănswēred
 Bў thĕ clĭck ŏf thĕ ōpĕnĭng gāte—

Thĕy ăre nōt thēre nōw ĭn thĕ ēvenĭng—
 Mōrnĭng ŏr noōn—nŏt thēre ;
Yēt Ĭ knōw thăt thĕy keēp thĕir vĭgĭl,
 Ănd wāit fŏr mē Sŏmewhēre.

The poet Coleridge has defined an elegy to be that form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It may treat of any subject, but must treat of no subject for itself, but, always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself.

Riley's peculiar genius is such that while he may have many imitators there can never be but one Riley. If we read his poems as the swallow skims the air, we might be led to say there is nothing but frivolity and fun in all his writings. This is not true, however. While many of his

poems abound in the pleasantries of life and are mirth-provok-
ing, few writers deal more directly with the sad perversities
of life:

> Nŏw—sād pĕrvērsĭtȳ ! Mȳ thēme
>   Ŏf rārĕst, pūrĕst jōy
> Ĭs whën, ĭn fāncȳ blēst, Ĭ drēam
>   Ĭ ām ă lĭttlĕ bōy.
>
> Riley—" Envoy."

From deep sorrow ofttimes comes great joy,—for out of
sorrow or sadness may come joy to the sons of song, after
the teardrops have been wiped away from the soulful eye.
The misfortunes that seemingly are the inheritance of some
of our great men of letters, have given the staid old world an
inheritance in the writings of these gifted sons that delights
and benefits mankind, even though these treasures are
frequently wrung from their very heart's blood. The blind-
ness of Milton gave the world some of the rarest of poetic
gems. The melancholy of Gray gave the world an elegy
that has never been equaled. The great elegiac effort of
Tennyson, "In Memoriam," at the death of his friend,
Arthur Hallam, is the echoings of a sad and sorrowful heart.
Tennyson who was afflicted from his infancy with a lack of
good eyesight, never mingled with the gay festivous world
or dealt with its frivolities. To him the death of a friend
like Sir Arthur meant something, and he sorrowed over his
loss, and sorrowing gave to the world "In Memoriam :"

> Ĭ sōmetĭmes hōld ĭt hālf ă sīn
>   Tŏ pūt ĭn wōrds thĕ grĭēf Ĭ feēl :
> Fŏr wōrds, lĭke Nătŭre, hālf rĕvēal
>   Ănd hālf cŏncēal thĕ Sōul wĭthĭn.

Bŭt, fŏr thĕ ŭnquīĕt heārt ănd brāin,
Ă ūse ĭn mēasŭred lāngŭăge līes ;
Thĕ sād mĕchănĭc ēxĕrcīse,
Līke dūll nărcōtĭcs, nŭmbĭng pāin.

Ĭn wōrds, līke weēds, Ĭ'll wrāp mĕ ō'er,
Līke cōarsĕst clōthĕs ăgāinst thĕ cōld ;
Bŭt thāt lărge griēf whĭch thēse ĕnfōld
Ĭs gīven ĭn ōutlĭne ānd nŏ mōre.
                    Tennyson—" In Memoriam."

William Cullen Bryant wrote " Thanatopsis " at the age of eighteen years. His own version of how it came to be written is here given : " Wandering in the primeval forest over the floor of which were scattered the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, mouldering for long years, and suggesting an indefinitely remote antiquity, and where silent rivulets swept along through the carpets of dead leaves, the spoil of thousands of summers, the poem ' Thanatopsis ' was composed." Richard Henry Dana, who was then one of the brilliant young editors of the *North American Review*, and who was himself a gifted poet, saw beauty in the lines and gave the poem to the world,—its author's fame was made. Many beautiful lines of the elegiac character have since come from his pen. In " October, 1866," Bryant tenderly embalms the memory of one to whom he once addressed " Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids." Frances Fairchild was the person to whom he addressed his song, and whom he wedded and afterwards lived with for nearly half a century. We select the eighth stanza of " October, 1866 : "

Ĭ gāze ĭn sādnĕss, ĭt dĕlīghts mĕ nŏt
Tŏ loōk ŏn beaūtў whĭch thŏu cānst nŏt seē ;
Ănd, wērt thŏu bў mў sĭde, thĕ drēarĭĕst spōt
Wĕre, Ō, hŏw fār mŏre beaūtĭfūl tŏ mē.

These lines of "Thanatopsis," from which we quote, are a vivid picture of man's destiny.

> Cŏmes ā stĭll vōice :—Yĕt ā fĕw dāys, ănd theē
> Thĕ āll-bĕhōldĭng sūn shăll seē nŏ mōre
> Ĭn āll hĭs cōurse ; nŏr yĕt ĭn thĕ cŏld grōund,
> Whĕre thȳ păle fŏrm wăs lāid, wĭth mānȳ tēars,
> Nŏr ĭn thĕ ĕmbrăce ŏf ōcĕan, shāll ĕxīst
> Thȳ īmăge. Ēarth, thăt noūrĭshed theē, shăll clāim
> Thȳ grōwth, tŏ bĕ rĕsōlved tŏ ēarth ăgāin ;
> Ănd, lōst ĕach hūmăn trāce, sŭrrēndĕrĭng ūp
> Thĭne īndĭvīdŭal bēĭng, shālt thŏu gō
> Tŏ mīx fŏrĕvĕr with thĕ ēlĕmēnts ;
> Tŏ bē ă brōthĕr tō thĕ ĭnsēnsĭblĕ rŏck,
> Ănd tō thĕ slūggĭsh clōd, whĭch thē rŭde swāin
> Tŭrns wĭth hĭs shāre, ănd trēads ŭpōn. Thĕ ōak
> Shăll sēnd hĭs roōts ăbrōad, ănd piērce thȳ mōld.

Robert Burns was one of Nature's darlings. No poet, past or present, has so truly depicted the joys and sorrows, the needs and wrongs, the follies, as well as the passions and virtues of mankind. In Burns the people of Scotland found a true representative, especially that strong race of middle life, from whence have sprung many of the sturdiest and best men. Burns, however, owes much of his lasting popularity to elegiac verse. It is said of Burns that he was grave, serious, contemplative, possessing a thoughtful mind. While he was the poet of the lowly and espoused their cause on all occasions, it is a mistake to esteem Burns

> " Thĕ sīmplĕ Bārd, rŏugh āt thĕ rūstĭc plōugh."

He was reserved and dignified in his demeanor and commanded the greatest respect among the very best literary men of his time. He was fairly educated, having received good instruction in all the common branches, suffic-

ient to enable him to write, and write correctly. Is it a wonder then, that one possessed of his high qualities, could write such lines of ideal beauty, born of study, genius and inspiration?

Yĕ bānks ănd brāes ŏ' bŏnnĭe Doŏn,
　How căn yĕ bloŏm săe frĕsh ănd fāir;
How căn yĕ chānt. yĕ lĭttlĕ bĭrds,
　Ănd I săe wēarў fū' ŏ' cāre!
Thŏu'lt breāk mў heārt, thŏu wārblĭng bĭrd,
　Thăt wāntŏns throūgh thĕ flōwerĭng thōrn;
Thŏu mīnds mĕ ō' dĕpārtĕd jŏys,
　Dĕpārtĕd—nēvĕr tō rĕtūrn!

Ăft hāe I rōved bў bōnnў Doŏn,
　Tŏ seē thĕ rōse ănd woōdbĭne twīne;
Ănd ĭlkă bĭrd săng ō' ĭts lūve,
　Ănd fōndlў săe dĭd I ŏ' mīne.
Wĭ' lĭghtsŏme heārt I pōu'd ă rōse,
　Fŭ' sweēt ŭpōn ĭts thōrnў treē;
Ănd mў fāuse lūvĕr stōle mў rōse,
　Bŭt āh! hĕ lēft thĕ thōrn wĭ' mē.
　　　　　Burns—"The Banks of Doon."

Burns tells us in no mistaken strain, how dearly his friend, Captain Matthew Henderson, was esteemed for his good fellowship. His elegy, to use his own language, "is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much." We select the fifth stanza:

Mŏurn, lĭttlĕ hārebĕlls ō'er thĕ lēa!
Yĕ stātelў fōxglŏves fāir tŏ seē!
Yĕ woōdbĭnes, hāngĭng bŏnnĭlĭe,
　Ĭn scēntĕd bōwers!
Yĕ rōsĕs ōn yŏŭr thōrnў treē,
　Thĕ fĭrst ŏ' flōwers!
　　　　　"Lines on M. Henderson."

Noble and pathetic are the lines in memory of Mary
Campbell, one whom Burns had loved. The words are
sweet music, penned by a sad heart three years after the
death of his Mary, in October, 1789, on the anniversary of
her death.

Thŏu lĭngerĭng stăr, wĭth lēssenĭng rȧy,
    Thăt lŏvest tŏ greēt thĕ ēarlў mōrn,
Ăgāin thŏu ūsherĕst ĭn thĕ dāy
    Mў Mārў frŏm mў sōul wăs tōrn.
Ŏ Mārў ! dēar dĕpārtĕd shāde !
    Whĕre ĭs thў plāce ŏf blĭssfŭl rēst ?
Seĕst thŏu thў lōvĕr lōwlў lāid ?
    Hĕarest thŏu thĕ grōans thăt rēnd hĭs brēast ?

Thăt sācrĕd hōur căn Ῑ fŏrgēt,
    Căn Ῑ fŏrgēt thĕ hāllŏwed grōve,
Whĕre bў thĕ windĭng Aўr wĕ mēt,
    Tŏ līve ŏne dāy ŏf pārtĭng lōve !
Ētĕrnĭtў wĭll nōt ĕffāce
    Thŏse rēcŏrds dēar ŏf trānspŏrts pāst,
Thў imăge ăt ŏur lāst ĕmbrāce,—
    Ăh ! littlĕ thōught wĕ 'twăs ŏur lāst !

Aўr, gūrglĭng, kĭssed hĭs pēbblĕd shōre,
    Ŏ'erhüng wĭth wĭld woŏds, thĭckenĭng greēn ;
Thĕ frāgrănt bĭrch, ănd hāwthŏrn hōar,
    Twĭned āmorŏüs rōund thĕ rāptŭred scēne ;
Thĕ flōwers sprăng wăntŏn tō bĕ prēst,
    Thĕ bĭrds săng lōve ŏn ēverў sprāy—
Tĭll toō, toŏ soŏn, thĕ glōwĭng wēst
    Prŏclāimed thĕ speēd ŏf wĭngĕd dăy.

Stĭll ō'er thĕse scēnes mў mēmorў wākes,
    Ănd fōndlў broŏds wĭth mĭsĕr cāre ;
Tĭme būt th' ĭmprēssiŏn strŏngĕr mākes,
    Ăs strēams thĕir chānnĕls deēpĕr wēar.

Ŏ Mărў ! dēar dĕpārtĕd shăde !
Whĕre īs thў plăce ŏf blīssfŭl rēst ?
Sĕest thŏu thў lŏvĕr lŏwlў lăid ?
Hĕarest thŏu thĕ grōans thăt rēnd hĭs brĕast ?
"To Mary in Heaven."

We could multiply examples from Burns, but one more
will suffice, a stanza in memory of "Highland Mary,"
—Mary Campbell of Dunoon, on the Firth of Clyde.

Thў crȳstăl strĕam, Āftŏn, hŏw lŏvelў ĭt glīdes,
Ănd wīnds bў thĕ cōt whĕre mў Mārў rĕsīdes ;
Hŏw wāntŏn thў wātĕrs hĕr snōwў feĕt lăve,
Ăs gātherĭng sweĕt flōwerĕts shĕ stēms thў clĕar wăve.
"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Emerson, while he may not rank with our most celebrated
poets, has left a volume of poetry that finds a high place in
literature. He is universally conceded to be one of the first
of prose writers ; and we may add, to him the world is also
indebted for poetry that must always be held in high esteem
for its elevated thoughts. Emerson was a thinker. His
poetry, therefore, is not of that dreamy nature peculiar to
many of our most gifted artists in song. His poetry is
refined, elegant and subtle, calm and serene. His poems
are not characterized by that peculiar fever-heat which
belongs only to the masters. To Emerson, however, we
must credit one of the best of elegies. It was in memory
of his lost child—his "hyacinthine boy." It was born of the
sorrow that brings mankind to tears. It was born of that
sorrow only those can feel and realize who have lost one
most near and dear. It was born of that sorrow where tear-
drops cease to flow, and the sorrowing heart ceases to be
comforted ; and torn and rent, gives voice to its feelings in
elegiac verse,—verse that beats time to the aching heart-
throbs, and tells its story in an outburst of sorrow.

Ŏ chĭld ŏf pārădĭse,
Bŏy whō măde dēar hĭs fāthĕr's hōme,
Ĭn whōse deĕp eȳes
Mĕn rĕad thĕ wēlfăre ŏf thĕ tīmes tŏ cōme,
Ĭ ăm toŏ mŭch bĕrĕft :
Thĕ wŏrld dĭshōnŏred thōu hăst lĕft.
Ŏ trŭth's ănd nātŭre's cōstlȳ līe !
Ŏ trŭstĕd brōkĕn prŏphĕcȳ !
Ŏ rĭchĕst fōrtŭne sōurlȳ crōssed !
Bŏrn fōr thĕ fŭtŭre, tō thĕ fŭtŭre lōst !
                    Emerson—"Threnody."

It was Lord Macaulay, we believe, who said Gray would
go down to posterity with a thinner volume of verse than
any other one of our great poets.   Gray was a timid youth,
one so fearful seemingly of mankind, that he was almost a
recluse.   Gray had a fine sensitive nature ; his fiber was
more of heaven than of earth, and he was ill fitted to cope
with anything rude or boisterous.   His fellow studrnts
accused him of being over fastidious, but his nature and
organization was higher and he could ill enjoy their vulgar
sports.   Though not a writer of a great number of poems
Gray has written what might be termed the greatest of all
poems, his "Elegy Written In a Country Churchyard,"
completed and published in 1751.   The favor in which it
was received surprised even its author, who said sarcastic-
ally, that it was owing entirely to the subject, and that the
public would have received it equally well in prose.   There
is no poem in the English language more decidedly popular.
It appeals to a feeling all but universal,—applicable to all
ranks and classes of society.   The poem exhibits the highest
poetic sensibility and the most cultivated taste.   No poem
in the English language is more figurative, nor is there any
of greater metrical beauty.   The popularity which it first

attained, today continues unabated. The original manuscript bequeathed by the poet to his friend, Mr. Mason, is still in existence. It sold in 1845 for five hundred dollars ; in 1854 it was again placed upon the market, bringing the fabulous sum of six hundred and fifty-five dollars. The original manuscript was written with a crow-quill, a favorite pen of the author, on four sides of a double half sheet of yellow foolscap, in a neat, legible hand. Gray had but one enemy in life—the gout, from which he died. He lived contentedly and in comparative ease, devoting his time to travel and books, of which he was ever fond. A delicate, handsome, effeminate soul, he lived and died one of the greatest of literary geniuses. The entire elegy is here given :

The cŭrfĕw tōlls thĕ knĕll ŏf pārtĭng dāy,
    The lōwĭng hērd wĭnds slōwlў ō'er thĕ lēa,
The plōughmăn hōmewărd plōds hĭs wēarў wāy,
    Ănd lēaves thĕ wŏrld tŏ dārknĕss ănd tŏ mē.

Nŏw fādes thĕ glĭmmerĭng lāndscăpe ōn thĕ sĭght,
    Ănd āll thĕ āir ă sōlĕmn stĭllnĕss hōlds,
Săve whēre thĕ beētlĕ wheēls hĭs drōnĭng flĭght,
    Ănd drōwsў tĭnklĭngs lūll thĕ dĭstănt fōlds :

Săve thāt, frŏm yōndĕr ĭvў-māntlĕd tōwer,
    The mōpĭng ōwl dŏes tō thĕ moōn cŏmplāin
Ŏf sūch ăs, wānderĭng nēar hĕr sēcrĕt bōwer,
    Mŏlēst hĕr āncĭĕnt sōlĭtārў rēign.

Bĕnēath thŏse rūggĕd ēlms, thăt yēw-treĕ's shāde,
    Whĕre hēaves thĕ tūrf ĭn māny ă mŏuldĕrĭng hēap,
Ĕach ĭn hĭs nărrŏw cĕll fŏrēvĕr lāid,
    The rūde fŏrefāthĕrs ŏf thĕ hāmlĕt sleēp.

Thĕ breēzȳ cāll ŏf incĕnse-brēathĭng mōrn,
    Thĕ swāllŏw twittĕrĭng frōm thĕ strāw-buĭlt shēd,
Thĕ cōck's shrĭll clāriŏn, ōr thĕ ēchŏĭng hōrn,
    Nŏ mōre shăll rōuse thĕm frōm thĕir lōwlȳ bēd.

Fŏr thēm nŏ mōre thĕ blāzĭng hēarth shăll būrn,
    Ŏr būsȳ hōusewĭfe plȳ hĕr ēvenĭng cāre ;
Nŏ chĭldrĕn rūn tŏ lĭsp theĭr sīre's rĕtūrn,
    Ŏr clĭmb hĭs kneēs thĕ ēnvĭed kĭss tŏ shāre.

Ŏft dĭd thĕ hārvĕst tō theĭr sĭcklĕ yiēld,
    Theĭr fūrrŏw ŏft thĕ stūbbŏrn glēbe hăs brōke ;
Hŏw jōcŭnd dĭd thĕy drive theĭr tēam ăfiēld !
    Hŏw bōwed thĕ woŏds bĕnēath theĭr stūrdȳ strōke !

Lĕt nōt ămbītiŏn mōck theĭr ūsefŭl tōil,
    Theĭr hōmelȳ jōys, ănd dĕstĭnȳ ŏbscūre ;
Nŏr grāndeŭr hēar wĭth ā dĭsdāinfŭl smīle
    Thĕ shōrt ănd sīmplĕ ānnăls ŏf thĕ poōr.

Thĕ bōast ŏf hĕrăldrȳ, thĕ pōmp ŏf pōwer,
    Ănd āll thăt beaūtȳ, āll thăt wēalth ĕ'er gāve,
Ăwāit ălīke thĕ ĭnēvĭtāblĕ hōur ;
    Thĕ pāths ŏf glōrȳ lēad bŭt tō thĕ grāve.

Nŏr yoū, yĕ prōud, ĭmpūte tŏ thēse thĕ fāult,
    Ĭf mēmorȳ ō'er theĭr tōmb nŏ trōphĭes rāise,
Whĕre throūgh thĕ lōng-drăwn aĭsle ănd frĕttĕd vāult
    Thĕ peālĭng ānthĕm swēlls thĕ nōte ŏf prāise.

Căn stōrĭed ūrn, ŏr ānĭmātĕd būst,
    Băck tō ĭts mānsiŏn cāll thĕ fleētĭng brēath ?
Căn hōnŏr's vōice prŏvōke thĕ sīlĕnt dūst,
    Ŏr flăttĕrȳ soōthe thĕ dūll cŏld ēar ŏf dēath ?

Pĕrhāps ĭn thīs nĕglēctĕd spōt ĭs lāid
    Sŏme heārt ŏnce prēgnănt wĭth cĕlēstiăl fīre ;
Hănds thăt thĕ rŏd ŏf ēmpĭre mīght hăve swāyed,
    Ŏr wāked tŏ ēcstăsȳ thĕ lĭvĭng lȳre ;

Bŭt Knōwlĕdge tō thĕir eȳes hĕr āmplĕ pāge
    Rĭch wĭth thĕ spŏils ŏf time dĭd nē'er ŭnrōll ;
Chĭll pēnŭrȳ rĕprēssed thĕir nōblĕ rāge,
    Ănd frōze thĕ gēniăl cūrrĕnt ŏf thĕ sōul.

Fŭll mány ă gēm ŏf pūrĕst rāy sĕrēne
    Thĕ dārk ŭnfāthŏmed cāves ŏf ōceăn beār ;
Fŭll mány ă flōwer ĭs bōrn tŏ blūsh ŭnseēn,
    Ănd wāste ĭts sweētnĕss ōn thĕ dēsĕrt āir.

Sŏme vĭllăge Hāmpdĕn, thăt, wĭth dāuntlĕss brēast,
    Thĕ lĭttlĕ tȳrănt ōf hĭs fiēlds wĭthstoōd,
Sŏme mūte ĭnglōriŏŭs Mĭltŏn hēre măy rēst,
    Sŏme Crōmwĕll guĭltlĕss ŏf hĭs coūntrȳ's bloōd.

Thĕ ăpplāuse ŏf listenĭng sēnătes tō cŏmmānd,
    Thĕ thrēats ŏf pāin ănd rūĭn tō dĕspīse,
Tŏ scāttĕr plēntȳ ō'er ă smīlĭng lānd,
    Ănd rēad thĕir historȳ īn ă nātiŏn's eȳes,

Thĕir lōt fŏrbāde: nŏr cīrcŭmscrībed ălōne
    Thĕir grōwĭng vĭrtŭes, bŭt thĕir crīmes cŏnfīned ;
Fŏrbāde tŏ wāde throŭgh slāughtĕr tō ă thrōne,
    Ănd shūt thĕ gātes ŏf mērcȳ ōn mănkĭnd,

Thĕ strŭgglĭng pāngs ŏf cōnsciŏŭs trūth tŏ hīde,
    Tŏ quēnch thĕ blūshĕs ŏf ĭngēnuoŭs shāme,
Ŏr hēap thĕ shrīne ŏf lūxŭrȳ ănd prīde
    Wĭth īncĕnse kĭndlĕd āt thĕ Mūse's flāme.

Făr frōm thĕ māddĭng crōwd's ĭgnōblĕ strīfe,
    Thĕir sōbĕr wĭshĕs nēvĕr lēarned tŏ strāy ;
Ălōng thĕ coōl sĕquēstĕred vāle ŏf life
    Thĕy kēpt thĕ nōiselĕss tēnŏr ōf thĕir wāy.

Yĕt ēvĕn thēse bŏnes frōm ĭnsūlt tŏ prŏtēct,
    Sŏme frāil mĕmōriăl stĭll, ĕrēctĕd nĭgh,
Wĭth ŭncoŭth rhȳmes ănd shāpelĕss scūlptŭre dēcked,
    Ĭmplōres thĕ pāssĭng trĭbŭte ōf ă sĭgh.

Thĕir nāme, thĕir yĕars, spĕlt bȳ th' ŭnlēttĕred Mūse,
　　Thĕ plăce ŏf fāme ănd ēlĕgȳ sŭpplȳ :
Ănd māny ă hōlȳ tēxt ărōund shĕ strēws,
　　Thăt tēach thĕ rūstĭc mōrălĭst tŏ dīe.

Fŏr whō, tŏ dūmb fŏrgētfŭlnēss ă prēy,
　　Thĭs plēasĭng ānxĭous bĕĭng ē'er rĕsīgned,
Lĕft thĕ wărm prēcĭncts ŏf thĕ cheērfŭl dāy,
　　Nŏr căst ŏne lōngĭng, lĭngerĭng loŏk bĕhĭnd ?

Ŏn sōme fŏnd brēast thĕ pārtĭng sōul rĕlīes,
　　Sŏme pīoŭs drŏps thĕ clōsĭng eȳe rĕquīres ;
Ĕ'en frōm thĕ tōmb thĕ vōice ŏf nātŭre crīes,
　　Ĕ'en ĭn ŏur āshĕs līve thĕir wōntĕd fīres.

Fŏr theē, whŏ, mīndfŭl ōf th' ŭnhōnŏred dĕad,
　　Dŏst ĭn thĕse līnes thĕir ārtlĕss tāle rĕlāte :
Ĭf chănce, bȳ lōnelȳ cōntĕmplātĭŏn lĕd,
　　Sŏme kĭndrĕd spīrĭt shăll ĭnquīre thȳ fāte,—

Hāplȳ sŏme hōarȳ-hĕadĕd swāin măy sāy :
　　Ŏft hāve wĕ seēn hĭm āt thĕ peēp ŏf dāwn
Brūshĭng wĭth hāstȳ stĕps thĕ dēws ăwāy,
　　Tŏ meēt thĕ sūn ŭpōn thĕ ŭplănd lāwn.

Thĕre āt thĕ foōt ŏf yōndĕr nōddĭng beēch,
　　Thăt wrēathes ĭts ōld făntāstĭc roŏts sŏ hīgh,
Hĭs lĭstlĕss lēngth ăt noōntĭde woŭld hĕ strĕtch,
　　Ănd pōre ŭpōn thĕ broōk thăt bābblĕs bȳ.

Hărd bȳ yŏn woōd, nŏw smīlĭng, ās ĭn scōrn,
　　Mŭtterĭng hĭs wāywărd fāncĭes, hĕ woŭld rōve ;
Nŏw droŏpĭng, wōefŭl-wān, lĭke ōne fŏrlōrn,
　　Ŏr crāzed wĭth cāre, ŏr crōssed ĭn hōpelĕss lōve.

Ŏne mōrn Ĭ mīssed hĭm ōn thĕ 'cūstŏmed hĭll,
　　Ălōng thĕ hĕath, ănd nēar hĭs fāvorĭte treē ;
Ănōthĕr cāme ; nŏr yēt bĕsīde thĕ rĭll,
　　Nŏr ŭp thĕ lāwn, nŏr āt thĕ woōd wăs hē :

Thĕ nēxt, wĭth dīrgĕs dūe, ĭn sād ărrāy,
  Slŏw throūgh thĕ chūrch-wăy pāth wĕ sāw hĭm bōrne:—
Ăpprōach ănd rēad (fŏr thōu cănst rēad) thĕ lāy
  Grāved ŏn thĕ stōne bĕnēath yŏn āgĕd thōrn.

THE EPITAPH.

Hĕre rĕsts hĭs hēad ŭpōn thĕ lăp ŏf ēarth
  Ă yoūth tŏ fōrtŭne ānd tŏ fāme ŭnknōwn :
Fāir Sciēnce frōwned nŏt ōn hĭs hūmblĕ bĭrth,
  Ănd Mēlănchōlў mārked hĭm fŏr hĕr ōwn.

Lărge wās hĭs bōuntў, ānd hĭs sōul sĭncēre ;
  Hēaven dĭd ă rēcŏmpēnse ăs lārgelў sēnd ;
Hĕ gāve tŏ mīserў (āll hĕ hād) ă tēar,
  Hĕ gāined frŏm Hēaven ('twăs āll hĕ wished) ă friēnd.

Nŏ fārthĕr seēk hĭs mērĭts tō dĭsclōse,
  Ŏr drāw hĭs frāiltĭes frŏm thĕir drēad ăbōde,
(Thĕre thēy ălike ĭn trēmblĭng hōpe rĕpōse),
  Thĕ bōsŏm ŏf hĭs Fāthĕr ănd hĭs Gōd.

It was Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, on the eve of that
decisive battle, gliding down the St. Lawrence in the dark-
ness of midnight with his fellow officers in a boat, who re-
peated the elegy to them. At the close of the recitation
said he : "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author
of that poem than take Quebec !" In a few hours after-
wards Wolfe had taken Quebec. Yet the path of glory led
but to the grave.

The elegy properly speaking may be classed as lyric
poetry. Many other beautiful elegies might be given.
Shelley's "Adonais" on the death of his friend and brother
bard, John Keats, is one of the finest in the English language.

John Milton's "Lycidas," commemorative of the virtues of

his friend, Edmund King ; Collins' "Dirge in Cymbeline," and Burns' "Man Was Made To Mourn," are all fine specimens of elegiac verse. The elegy is one of the grandest of all departments in the realm of poetical literature.

THE EPITAPH.

An Epitaph is an inscription on a monument in honor or memory of the dead. Many of these inscriptions were formerly written in quaint and curious verse. Our ancestors were given to epitaphic writing more than the writers of the present day. Another definition given is, a eulogy in prose or verse composed without any intent to be engraven on a monument ; hence an epitaph may be termed a brief descriptive poem commemorative of the virtues of the dead. An epitaphic stanza in iambics :

> Ĕre sīn coŭld blīght ŏr sŏrrŏw fāde,
>   Dĕath cāme wĭth friēndlў cāre ;
> Thĕ ōpenĭng būd tŏ Hēaven cŏnvēyed,
>   Ănd bāde ĭt blossŏm thēre.
>   *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*—"Epĭtaph On An Infant."

The following epitaph is also in iambic rhythm :

> Stŏp, mōrtăl ! Hēre thў brōthĕr līes—
>   Thĕ Pōĕt ōf thĕ Poōr.
> Hĭs boōks wĕre rīvĕrs, woōds, ănd skīes,
>   Thĕ mēadŏw ānd thĕ moōr ;
> Hĭs tēachĕrs wēre thĕ tōrn heărt's wāil,
>   Thĕ tўrănt ānd thĕ slāve,
> Thĕ streēt, thĕ fāctŏrӯ, thĕ gaōl,
>   Thĕ pălăce—ānd thĕ grāve !
> Sĭn mēt thў brōthĕr ēverўwhēre !
>   Ănd īs thў brōthĕr blāmed ?
> Frŏm pāssĭŏn, dāngĕr, doūbt, ănd cāre,
>   Hĕ nō ĕxēmptĭŏn clāimed.
>   *Ebenezer Elliott*—"A Poet's Epitaph."

The following is an elegant epitaph in trochaic rhythm :

Ŭndĕrnēath thĭs mārblĕ hēarse
Lies thĕ sūbjĕct ŏf ăll vērse,
Sȳdnĕy's sĭstĕr,—Pēmbrŏke's mōthĕr.
Dēath, ĕre thōu hăst slāin ănōthĕr
Fāir ănd wīse ănd goōd ăs shē,
Tīme shăll thrōw ă dārt ăt theë !

Mārblĕ pīles lĕt nō măn rāise
Tō hĕr nāme ĭn āftĕr dāys ;
Sōme kĭnd wōmăn, bōrn ăs shē,
Rēadĭng thĭs, lĭke Nĭŏbē
Shāll tŭrn mārblĕ, ănd bĕcōme
Bōth hĕr mōurnĕr ănd hĕr tōmb.
Ben Jonson—"Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke."

The stanzas following are in iambic rhythm :

Ĭs thēre ă whĭm-ĭnspīrĕd foōl,
Ŏwre făst fŏr thōught, ŏwre hōt fŏr rūle,
Ŏwre blāte tŏ seēk, ŏwre prōud tŏ snoōl ;
Lĕt hīm drăw nēar,
Ănd ōwre thĭs grāssȳ hēap sĭng doōl,
Ănd drāp ă tēar.

Ĭs thēre ă bārd ŏf rūstĭc sōng,
Whŏ, nōtelĕss, stēals thĕ crōwd ămōng,
Thăt weēklȳ thĭs āreă thrōng ;
Ŏ, pāss nŏt bȳ ;
Bŭt, wĭth ă frātĕr-feēlĭng strōng,
Hĕre hēave ă sīgh !

Ĭs thēre ă măn whŏse jūdgmĕnt clēar
Căn ōthĕrs tēach thĕ cōurse tŏ steēr,
Yĕt rūns hĭmsēlf lĭfe's măd cărēer,
Wĭld ās thĕ wāve ;
Hĕre pāuse, ănd, thrōugh thĕ stārtĭng tēar,
Sŭrvēy thĭs grāve.

Thĕ poŏr ĭnhābĭtănt bĕlōw
Wăs quīck tŏ lĕarn ănd wīse tŏ knōw,
Ănd keēnlў fēlt thĕ frĭendlў glōw,
　　Ănd sōbĕr flāme ;
Bŭt thōughtlĕss fōllĭes lāid hĭm lōw,
　　Ănd stāined hĭs nāme !

Rĕadĕr, ăttēnd,—whēthĕr thў sōul
Sŏars fāncў's flīghts bĕyōnd thĕ pōle,
Ŏr dārklў grūbs thĭs ēarthlў hōle,
　　Ĭn lōw pŭrsūit ;
Knŏw, prūdĕnt, cāutiŏŭs sēlf-cŏntrōl
　　Ĭs wīsdŏm's roōt.
　　　　　　Robert Burns—" A Bard's Epitaph."

The lines following, in iambic rhythm, were written
August 20th, 1755 :

Bĕnēath thĕ stōne brăve Brāddŏck lĭes,
Whŏ ālwăys hātĕd cōwărdĭœ,
Bŭt fēll ă săvăge sācrĭfice ;
　　Ămīdst hĭs Ĭndiăn fōes.
Ĭ chārge yoŭ, hērŏes, ŏf thĕ grōund,
•Tŏ guārd hĭs dārk păvīliŏn rōund,
Ănd keēp ŏff āll ŏbtrūdĭng sōund,
　　Ănd chērĭsh hĭs rĕpōse.

Sleĕp, sleĕp, Ĭ sāy, brăve, vālĭănt măn,
Bŏld dēath, ăt lāst, hăs bĭd theĕ stānd,
Ănd tō rĕsīgn thў greāt cŏmmānd,
　　Ănd cāncĕl thў cŏmmīssiŏn ;
Ălthōugh thŏu dīdst nŏt mūch ĭnclīne,
Thў pōst ănd hōnŏrs tō rĕsīgn,
Nŏw ĭrŏn slūmbĕr dŏth cŏnfīne ;
　　Nŏne ēnvĭes thў cŏndītiŏn.
　　　　　　Tilden—" An Epitaph for Braddock."

*THE PASTORAL.

Pastoral poetry, strictly speaking, is that which celebrates rustic or rural life or deals with the objects of external nature. · In times gone by pastoral poetry was used to depict shepherd life by means of narratives, songs and dialogues. The pastoral poems of Virgil were called Eclogues. An Eclogue is a pastoral in which shepherds are represented as conversing. Theocritus wrote pastoral poems termed Idyls. An Idyl is a short descriptive pastoral. The term Idyllic poetry is now applied to the pastoral. This variety of poetry is very popular, and meets with a just appreciation by the public. Pastoral poetry depicts all the beauties of rural life,—mountain scenery, lowland vales, majestic rivers, expansive lakes, rifting clouds, birds, beasts, insects, flowers, and rural scenes; and rural sports in all their various phases, are subjects of this kind of poetry. Poems of nature are classed under this head, as the following iambic lines :

(1).

How beaūtĭfŭl ĭs thĕ rāin !
Āftĕr thĕ dūst ănd hēat,
Ĭn thĕ brōad ănd fīerў streēt,
Ĭn thĕ nārrŏw lāne,
How beaūtĭfŭl ĭs thĕ rāin !

How ĭt clāttĕrs ălōng thĕ roōfs,
Līke thĕ trāmp ŏf hoōfs !
How ĭt gūshĕs ănd strūgglĕs ōut
Frŏm thĕ throāt ŏf thĕ ōvĕrflōwĭng spōut !

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*For THE SONNET, see page 107. THE EPIGRAM, see page 203.

Ăcrŏss thĕ wĭndŏw-pāne
Ĭt pōurs ănd pōurs ;
Ănd swĭft ănd wīde,
Wĭth ă mŭddў tĭde,
Lĭke ă rīvĕr dōwn thĕ gŭttĕr rōars
Thĕ rāin, thĕ wĕlcŏme rāin !
Thĕ sĭck mān frŏm hĭs chāmbĕr loōks
Āt thĕ twĭstĕd broōks ;
Hē căn feēl thĕ coōl
Brēath ŏf ĕach lĭttlĕ poōl ;
Hĭs fēvĕred brāin
Grŏws cālm ăgāin,
Ănd hĕ brēathes ă blēssĭng ōn thĕ rāin.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—" Rain in Summer."

(2).

Gŏne, gōne, sŏ soōn !
Nŏ mōre mў hălf-crăzed fāncў thēre
Căn shāpe ă gīănt īn thĕ āir,
Nŏ mōre Ĭ seē hĭs strēamĭng hāir,
Thĕ wrīthĭng pŏrtĕnt ōf hĭs fōrm ;—
    Thĕ pāle ănd quĭĕt moōn
Măkes hēr cālm fōrehĕad bāre,
Ănd thē lăst frăgmĕnts ōf thĕ stōrm,
Lĭke shăttĕred rĭggĭng frōm ă fĭght ăt sēa,
Sīlĕnt ănd fēw, ăre drĭftĭng ōvĕr mē.
            James Russell Lowell—" Summer Storm."

(3).

Hŏw sweēt, ăt sĕt ŏf sūn, tŏ viēw
    Thў gōldĕn mĭrrŏr sprēadĭng wīde,
Ănd seē thĕ mĭst ŏf māntlĭng blūe
    Flŏat rōund thĕ dīstănt mōuntăin's sīde.
        James Gates Percival—" To Seneca Lake."

(4).

Whĭch ĭs thĕ wĭnd thăt brĭngs thĕ flōwers ?
    Thĕ wēst-wĭnd, Bēssĭe ; ănd sŏft ănd lòw
Thĕ bĭrdĭes sĭng ĭn thĕ sŭmmĕr hòurs
    Whēn thĕ wēst bĕgĭns tŏ blōw.
Edmund Clarence Stedman—"What the Winds Bring."

(5).

Līthe ănd lōng ăs thĕ sērpĕnt trāin,
    Sprĭngĭng ănd clĭngĭng frŏm treē tŏ treē,
Nŏw dārtĭng ūpwărd, nŏw dòwn ăgāin,
    Wĭth ă twĭst ănd ă twĭrl thăt ăre strănge tŏ seē ;
Nēvĕr toŏk sērpĕnt ă dēadlĭĕr hōld,
    Nēvĕr thĕ coūgăr a wĭldĕr spring,
Strănglĭng thĕ ōak wĭth thĕ bŏă's fōld,
    Spănnĭng thĕ bĕach wĭth thĕ cŏndŏr's wĭng.
William Gilmore Simms—"The Grape-Vine Swing."

(6).

    "Whŏ plāntĕd thĭs ŏld āpplĕ-treē ? "
    Thĕ chĭldrĕn ŏf thăt dīstănt dāy
    Thŭs tŏ sŏme āgĕd mān shăll sāy ;
    Ănd, gāzĭng ōn ĭts mōssў stĕm,
    Thĕ grāy-hăired mān shăll ānswĕr thĕm :
    "Ă pōĕt ŏf thĕ lānd wăs hē,
    Bŏrn ĭn thĕ rūde bŭt goōd ŏld tīmes ;
    'Tĭs sāid hĕ māde sŏme quāint ŏld rhўmes
    Ŏn plāntĭng thĕ āpplĕ-treē."
William Cullen Bryant—"The Planting of the Apple-Tree."

(7).

    Ă sōng fŏr thĕ plānt ŏf mў ŏwn nātĭve Wēst,
    Whĕre nātŭre ănd freēdŏm rĕsīde,
By plēntў stĭll crōwned, ănd bў pēace ēvĕr blĕst,
    Tŏ thĕ cōrn ! thĕ greĕn cōrn ŏf hĕr prĭde !

In clïmes ŏf thĕ Ēast hăs thĕ ŏlĭve beĕn sŭng,
Ănd thĕ grāpe beĕn thĕ thēme ŏf thĕir lāys ;
Bŭt fŏr theē shăll ă hārp ŏf thĕ băckwoŏds bĕ strŭng,
Thoŭ bright, ēvĕr beaūtĭfŭl māize !
                    William W. Fosdick—" The Maize. "

(8).

Bŭt loŏk ! ŏ'er thĕ fāll seē thĕ ānglĕr stănd,
Swĭngĭng hĭs rōd wĭth skĭllfŭl hănd ;
Thĕ flȳ ăt thĕ ēnd ŏf hĭs gŏssămĕr line
    Swĭms throŭgh thĕ sūn lĭke ă sŭmmĕr mōth,
Tĭll, drōpt wĭth ă cārefŭl prĕcīsiŏn fīne,
    Ĭt toŭchĕs thĕ poōl bĕyōnd thĕ frŏth.
Ă-sŭddĕn, thĕ spĕcklĕd hāwk ŏf thĕ broōk
Dărts frōm hĭs cōvĕrt ănd sēizĕs thĕ hoōk.
Swĭft spĭns thĕ reēl ; wĭth ēasȳ slĭp
Thĕ line păys oŭt, ănd thĕ rōd, lĭke ă whĭp,
Līthe ănd ārrŏwȳ, tāpĕrĭng, slĭm,
Ĭs bēnt tŏ ă bōw ŏ'er thĕ broōklĕt's brĭm,
Tĭll thĕ trōut lĕaps ŭp ĭn thĕ sūn, ănd flings
Thĕ sprāy frŏm thĕ flāsh ŏf hĭs fĭnnȳ wĭngs ;
Thĕn fālls ŏn hĭs sīde, ănd, drŭnkĕn wĭth fright,
    Ĭs tōwed tŏ thĕ shŏre lĭke ă stăggĕrĭng bārge,
    Tĭll bēached ăt lāst ŏn thĕ sāndȳ mārge,
Whĕre hĕ dies wĭth thĕ hūes ŏf thĕ mōrnĭng light,
Whĭle hĭs sīdes wĭth ă clŭstĕr ŏf stārs ăre bright.
Thĕ ānglĕr ĭn hĭs bāskĕt lāys
Thĕ cōnstĕllātiŏn, ănd gōes hĭs wāys.
                    Thomas Buchanan Read—" The Angler. "

(9).

Ŏ, frŭit lŏved ŏf bōyhoŏd ! thĕ ŏld dāys rĕcāllĭng ;
Whĕn woŏd-grăpes wĕre pūrplĭng ănd brōwn nŭts wĕre fāllĭng !
Whĕn wild, ŭglȳ fācĕs wĕ cārved ĭn ĭts skĭn,
Glārĭng oŭt throŭgh thĕ dārk wĭth ă cāndlĕ wĭthĭn !
Whĕn wĕ lāughed rŏund thĕ cōrn-hĕap, wĭth heārts ăll ĭn tūne,
Oŭr chāir ă brŏad pūmpkĭn, oŭr lāntĕrn thĕ moŏn,

Tĕllĭng tāles ŏf thĕ fāirȳ whŏ trăvĕled lĭke stĕam
Ĭn ă pūmpkĭn-shĕll cōach, wĭth twŏ răts fŏr hĕr tĕam !
Thĕn thănks fŏr thȳ prēsĕnt !—nŏne sweêtĕr ŏr bĕttĕr
Ĕ'er smōked frŏm ăn ōvĕn ŏr cĭrclĕd ă plăttĕr !
Fāirĕr hănds nēvĕr wrôught ăt ă păstrȳ mŏre f īne,
Brĭghtĕr ĕyes nēvĕr wătched ŏ'er ĭts bākĭng, thăn thīne !
Ănd thĕ prăyer, whĭch mȳ mōuth ĭs toŏ fūll tŏ ĕxprēss,
Swĕlls mȳ heārt thăt thȳ shădŏw măy nēvĕr bĕ lēss,
Thăt thĕ dāys ŏf thȳ lōt măy bĕ lēngthĕned bĕlōw,
Ănd thĕ fāme ŏf thȳ wōrth lĭke ă pūmpkĭn-vīne grōw,
Ănd thȳ life bĕ ăs sweêt, ănd ĭts lăst sūnsĕt skȳ
Gōldĕn-tĭntĕd ănd fāir ăs thȳ ōwn pūmpkĭn-pīe !
    John Greenleaf Whittier—" The Pumpkin."

Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Burns's "Cotter's Satur-
day Night," Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Shen-
stone's "Pastoral Ballads," are fine examples of pastoral
poetry; while Wordsworth, Cowper, and Swinburne abound
in this excellent verse.   Of our American poets, Longfellow,
Whittier, Bryant, John Hay, James Whitcomb Riley, Bret
Harte, and Joaquin Miller have poems that will rank with
the best of English productions.

THE DIDACTIC.

It has been said no subject is so unpromising it has not
been selected by some one as a beautiful theme.   Didactic
poetry haᵉ ᵇeen oftenest employed in the presentation of the
various themes thus selected ; for, differing from other
poetry, its chief aim and object is instruction.   Poetry of this
species is accompanied with poetic reflection, illustrations
and episodes.

Didactic poems are often seemingly dry and prosaic ;
they are, however, many of them full of interest, filled with
noble thoughts, and when considered as poetical essays,

may be classed among our finest literature—considered from
a purely moral and didactic standpoint. Many didactic
poems, however, are highly ornamental in figurative
language and metrical beauty :

The "Essay on Criticism" and "Essay on Man" by
Alexander Pope, Cowper's "Task," Wordsworth's "Ex-
cursion," Dryden's "Hind and Panther," Campbell's
"Pleasures of Hope."

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Făr frŏm mў dēarĕst friēnd, 'tĭs mīne tŏ rōve
Thrŏŭgh bāre grēy dĕll, hĭgh woōd, ănd pāstŏrăl cōve,
Hĭs wizărd cōurse whĕre hōarў Dērwĕnt tākes,
Thrŏ' crăgs, ănd fŏrĕst gloōms ănd ŏpenĭng lākes,
Stāyĭng hĭs sĭlĕnt wāves, tŏ hēar thĕ rōar
Thăt stūns thĕ trēmŭloŭs cliffs ŏf high Lŏdōre,
Whĕre pēace tŏ Grāsmĕre's lōnelў islănd lēads
Tŏ wĭllowў hēdgrŏws, ānd tŏ ēmerăld mēads ;
Lĕads tō hĕr brīdge, rŭde chūrch, ănd cōttăged grōunds,
Hĕr rŏckў sheēpwălks, ānd hĕr woōdlănd bōunds ;
Whĕre, bōsŏm'd deēp, thĕ shў Wĭnāndĕr peēps
'Mĭd clŭsterĭng īsles, ănd hōlў sprĭnklĕd steēps ;
Whĕre twilĭght glēns ĕndēar mў Ēsthwăite's shōre,
Ănd mēmorў ŏf dĕpārtĕd plēasŭres, mōre.
Făir scēnes ! ĕrewhīle Ĭ tāught, ă hăppў chīld,
Thĕ ēchŏes ŏf yoŭr rŏcks mў cărŏls wild ;
Thĕn dĭd nŏ ēbb ŏf cheērfŭlnĕss dĕmănd
Săd tīdes ŏf jōy frŏm Mēlănchŏlў's hănd ;
Ĭn yoūth's wĭld eўe thĕ livelŏng dāy wăs brĭght,
Thĕ sūn ăt mōrnĭng, ānd thĕ stārs ăt nīght,
Ălīke, whĕn fīrst thĕ vālves thĕ bĭttĕrn fīlls
Ŏr thĕ fīrst woōdcŏcks rōamed thĕ moōnlĭght hĭlls.
Ĭn thōughtlĕss gāyĕtў Ĭ cōurse thĕ plāin,
Ănd hōpe ĭtsĕlf wăs āll Ĭ knēw ŏf pāin ;
Fŏr thĕn, ēvĕn thĕn, thĕ lĭttlĕ heărt woŭld bēat
Ăt tīmes, whĭle yoŭng Cŏntĕnt fŏrsoōk hĕr sēat,

And wĭld Ĭmpātiĕnce, pŏintĭng ūpwărd, shōwed,
Whĕre, tĭpped wĭth gōld, thĕ mōuntăin sŭmmĭts glōwed.
Ălās ! thĕ īdlĕ tāle ŏf măn ĭs fōund
Dĕpīctĕd in thĕ diăl's mōrăl rōund ;
Wĭth hōpe Rĕflēctiŏn blēnds hĕr sōciăl rāys
Tŏ gĭld thĕ tōtăl tāblĕt ŏf hĭs dāys ;
Yĕt stĭll, thĕ spōrt ŏf sōme mălīgnănt pōwer,
Hĕ knōws bŭt frōm ĭts shāde thĕ prĕsĕnt hŏur.
<div align="right">*Wordsworth*—" An Evening Walk.''</div>

Sĭx yēars hăd pāssed, ănd fōrtў ēre thĕ sĭx,
Whĕn Tīme bĕgān tŏ plāy hĭs ūsŭal trĭcks :
Thĕ lōcks ŏnce cōmelў īn ă vĭrgĭn's sīght,
Lōcks ŏf pŭre brōwn, dĭsplāyed th' ĕncrōachĭng whīte ;
Thĕ blōod, ŏnce fērvĭd, nōw tŏ cōol bĕgān,
Ănd Tīme's strŏng prēssŭre tō sŭbdūe thĕ mān.
Ĭ rōde ŏr wālked ăs Ĭ wăs wŏnt bĕfōre,
Bŭt nōw thĕ bōundĭng spĭrĭt wăs nŏ mōre ;
Ă mōderăte pāce wŏŭld nōw mў bōdў hēat,
Ă wālk ŏf mōderăte lēngth dĭstrēss mў feēt.
Ĭ shōwed mў strāngĕr guēst thŏse hĭlls sŭblīme,
Bŭt sāid, " Thĕ vieŵ ĭs pŏor, wĕ neēd nŏt clīmb.''
Ăt ā friĕnd's mānsiŏn Ĭ bĕgān tŏ drēad
Thĕ cōld nĕat pārlŏr ānd thĕ gāy glăzed bēd ;
Ăt hōme Ĭ fēlt ă mōre dĕcīdĕd tāste,
Ănd mūst hăve āll thĭngs in mў ōrdĕr plāced.
Ĭ cēased tŏ hŭnt ; mў hōrsĕs plēased mĕ lĕss,—
Mў dĭnnĕr mōre ; Ĭ lēarned tŏ plāy ăt chēss.
Ĭ tŏŏk mў dŏg ănd gūn, bŭt sāw thĕ brūte
Wăs dĭsăppōintĕd thăt Ĭ dĭd nŏt shoōt. .
Mў mōrnĭng wālks Ĭ nōw cŏŭld beār tŏ lōse,
Ănd blēssed thĕ shōwer thăt gāve mĕ nŏt tŏ choōse.
Ĭn făct, Ĭ fēlt ă lānguŏr stēalĭng ōn ;
Thĕ āctĭve ārm, thĕ āgĭle hānd, wĕre gōne ;
Smăll dāilў āctiŏns īntŏ hābĭts grēw,
Ănd nēw dĭslīke tŏ fōrms ănd fāshĭons nēw.
Ĭ lōved mў treēs ĭn ōrdĕr tō dĭspōse ;
Ĭ nŭmbĕred pēachĕs, lŏoked hŏw stōcks ărōse ;
Tōld thĕ săme stōrў ŏft,—ĭn shŏrt, bĕgān tŏ prōse.
<div align="right">*George Crabbe*—" Tales of the Hall.''</div>

MEDITATIVE.

Ĭ wās ă strĭckĕn deēr, thăt lĕft thĕ hĕrd
Lŏng sĭnce ; wĭth many ăn ārrŏw deēp ĭnfīxed
Mў pāntĭng sīde wăs chārged, whĕn Ĭ wĭthdrēw,
Tŏ seēk ă trānquĭl dēath ĭn dĭstănt shādes.
Thĕre wās Ĭ foŭnd bў ōne whŏ hād hĭmsēlf
Beĕn hŭrt bў thĕ ārchĕrs.　Ĭn hĭs sīde hĕ bōre,
Ănd ĭn hĭs hānds ănd feēt, thĕ crūĕl scārs.
Wĭth gĕntlĕ fōrce sŏlĭcĭtĭng thĕ dārts,
Hĕ drēw thĕm fōrth, ănd hēaled, ănd bāde mĕ līve.
Sĭnce thēn, wĭth fēw ăssōcĭătes, ĭn rĕmōte
Ănd sīlĕnt woōds Ĭ wāndĕr, fār frŏm thōse
Mў fōrmĕr pārtnĕrs ōf thĕ peōplĕd scēne ;
Wĭth fēw ăssōcĭătes, ānd nŏt wĭshĭng mōre.
Hĕre mūch Ĭ rūmĭnāte, ăs mūch Ĭ māy,
Wĭth ōthĕr viēws ŏf mēn ănd mānnĕrs nōw
Thăn ōnce, ănd ōthĕrs ōf ă life tŏ cōme.
Ĭ seē thăt āll ăre wāndĕrĕrs, gōne ăstrāy
Ēach ĭn hĭs ōwn dĕlūsĭŏns ; thēy ăre lōst
Ĭn chāse ŏf fāncĭĕd hāppĭnĕss, stĭll woōed
Ănd nĕvĕr wŏn.　Drĕam āftĕr drēam ĕnsūes ;
Ănd stĭll thĕy drēam, thăt thēy shăll stĭll sŭcceēd ;
Ănd stĭll ăre dĭsăppōintĕd.　Rĭngs thĕ wōrld
Wĭth the văin stīr.　Ĭ sūm ŭp hālf mănkĭnd,
Ănd ādd twŏ-thĭrds ŏf thē rĕmāinĭng hālf,
Ănd fĭnd thĕ tōtăl ōf thĕir hōpes ănd fēars
Drĕams, ēmptў drēams.
William Cowper—" The Task."

THE EPIC.

The epic or heroic poem is the longest of all poetical compositions, consisting of a recital of great and heroic events.　These events are represented as being told by the hero or some participant in the scenes.　There should be a plot of interest and many actors therein ; added to which are numerous episodes, incidents, stories, scenes, pomp and

machinery. This latter term signifies the introduction of supernatural beings, or, as Mr. Pope said, "a term invented by the critics to signify that' part which the deities, angels or demons are made to act in a poem, without which no poem can be admitted as an epic." Fiction, invention and imagination are all used to an unlimited extent, and all re- counted in the most elevated style and language.

Epic poetry is subdivided into two classes,— the Great Epic and the Mock Epic. The Great Epic poem has for its subject some grand heroic action. English literature possesses the greatest of all epics—Milton's "Paradise Lost;" the Greek literature furnishes the "Iliad" of Homer, while Roman literature gives us the "Æneid" of Virgil, and modern Italian literature gives us Dante's "Divine Comedy." None of our poets of late years have attempted a great epic poem, and few civilized races have produced more than one. Milton's "Paradise Lost," by many of our men of letters, is considered noble in style, unrivaled in language, artistic in construction. Ages have come and gone, yet Milton's grand epic is still considered a work of consummate art.

> All wăs fālse ănd hōllŏw; thōugh hĭs tōngue
> Drŏpped mānnă, ānd cotĭld māke thĕ wōrse ăppēar
> Thĕ bēttĕr rēasŏn, tō pĕrplēx ănd dāsh
> Mătūrĕst cōunsĕls ; fŏr hĭs thōughts wĕre lōw ;
> Tŏ vīce ĭndūstrĭoŭs, bŭt tŏ nōblĕr deēds
> Timoroŭs ănd slōthfŭl : yĕt hĕ plēased thĕ ēar,
> Ănd wĭth pĕrsuāsĭve āccĕnt thŭs bĕgān.
>   *Milton*—"Paradise Lost."

THE MOCK EPIC.

The Mock Epic is a caricature of the Great Epic. Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," from an unknown Greek original, attributed to Homer,

are notable examples familiar to the reader. Mr. Pope says of the "Rape of the Lock." "It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, yet you may bear me witness it was intended only to divert a few young ladies who have good sense and good humor enough to laugh not only at their sex's little, unguarded follies, but at their own."

And nŏw, ŭnvēiled, thĕ tōilĕt stănds dĭsplāyed,
Ĕach sĭlvĕr văse ĭn mȳstĭc ōrdĕr lāid.
Fĭrst, rōbed ĭn white, thĕ nȳmph ĭntĕnt, ădōres,
Wĭth hēad ŭncōvĕred, the cōsmĕtĭc pōwers.
Ă hēavenlȳ īmăge ĭn thĕ glăss ăppēars,
Tŏ thāt shĕ bēnds, tŏ thāt hĕr eȳes shĕ rēars ;
Th' ĭnfērĭŏr prĭēstĕss, āt hĕr āltăr's sīde,
Trĕmblĭng bĕgĭns thĕ sācrĕd rītes ŏf prīde.
Ŭnnŭmbĕred trēasŭres ōpe ăt ōnce, ănd hĕre
Thĕ vărĭŏŭs ōfferĭngs ōf thĕ wōrld ăppēar ;
Frŏm ēach shĕ nĭcelȳ cūlls wĭth cūrĭoŭs tōil,
Ănd dēcks thĕ gōddĕss with thĕ glittĕrĭng spōil.
Thĭs cāskĕt Īndĭà's glōwĭng gēms ŭnlōcks,
Ănd āll Ărābĭă brēathes frŏm yōndĕr bōx.
Thĕ tōrtoĭse hēre ănd ēlĕphănt ŭnīte,
Trănsfōrmed tŏ cōmbs, thĕ spēcklĕd ānd thĕ white.
Hĕre fĭles ŏf pīns ĕxtēnd thĕir shĭnĭng rōws,
Pŭffs, pōwdĕrs, pătchĕs, Bĭblĕs, bĭllĕt-doŭx.
Nŏw āwfŭl beaŭtȳ pūts ŏn āll ĭts ārms ;
Thĕ fāir ĕach mōmĕnt rīsĕs ĭn hĕr chărms,
Rĕpāirs hĕr smīles, ăwākĕns ēverȳ grāce,
Ănd cālls fŏrth āll thĕ wōndĕrs ōf hĕr fāce ;
Seĕs bȳ dĕgreēs ă pūrĕr blŭsh ărīse,
Ănd keēnĕr lĭghtnĭngs quĭckĕn in hĕr eȳes.
Thĕ būsȳ sȳlphs sŭrrōund thĕir dārlĭng cāre,
Thĕse sēt thĕ hēad, ănd thōse dĭvide thĕ hāir,
Sŏme fōld thĕ sleēve, whĭlst ōthĕrs plāit thĕ gōwn ;
Ănd Bĕttȳ 's prāised fŏr lābŏrs nŏt hĕr ōwn.

Pope—"The Rape of the Lock."

METRICAL ROMANCE.

The Romance is a narrative of love and heroic adventure. It possesses many of the qualities of the Epic poem and ranks next in the order of poetry. It is a tale in verse but little less elevated than the Epic. The passion of love which does not appear in the Grand Epic is usually the leading feature of the Romance, and instead of the machinery of the Epic we have ghosts, witches, elves, fairies, fire worshipers, veiled prophets, and the peri. Metrical romances, for the mere pleasure of reading, give greater delight than any other species. We have many romances in rhyme, both ancient and modern, and it is not difficult to find examples. The " Fairy Queen " by Spenser, written in that peculiar stanza which now bears his name—the Spenserian—is an elegant romance, the " Canterbury Tales " by Geoffrey Chaucer, Scott's " Lady of the Lake " and " Marmion," Keats' " Eve of St. Agnes," Thomas Moore's " Lalla Rookh," Lord Lytton's " Lucile," and Longfellow's " Evangeline " are among the best romances and metrical tales.

> Thĕy glīde, līke phāntŏms, īntŏ thē wĭde hāll !
> Līke phāntŏms tō thĕ irŏn pōrch thĕy glīde,
> Whĕre lāy thĕ pōrtĕr in ŭnēasў sprāwl,
> Wĭth ā hŭge ēmptў flāgŏn bў hĭs sīde :
> Thĕ wākefŭl bloōdhoŭnd rōse ănd shoōk hĭs hīde,
> Bŭt hĭs săgācioŭs eўe ăn īnmăte ōwns ;
> Bў ōne, ănd ōne, thĕ bōlts fŭll ēasў slīde ;
> Thĕ chāins līe sīlĕnt ōn thĕ foōtwŏrn stōnes ;
> Thĕ kēy tŭrns, ānd thĕ doōr ŭpōn ĭts hīngĕs grōans.
> *Keats*—"The Eve of St. Agnes."

A metrical tale of exquisite beauty is one of Mr. Charles Algernon Swinburne's latest productions—a story of Arthurian days, entitled " Tale of Balen." It is preëminently melodious, being wonderful in musical expressions, and harmonious in words, and withal a singular grace and rare simplicity of style. Notice the beautiful rhythm of the following stanza:

> Swĭft frōm hĭs plāce lĕapt Bālĕn, smōte
> Thĕ liar ăcrōss hĭs fāce, ănd wrōte
> Hĭs wrāth ĭn bloōd ŭpōn thĕ blōat
> Brŭte cheēk thăt chāllĕnged shāme fŏr nōte
>   Hŏw vĭle ă kīng bŏrn knāve măy bē.
> Fŏrth sprāng thĕir swōrds, ănd Bālĕn slēw
> Thĕ knāve ĕre wēll ŏne wītnĕss drēw
> Ŏf āll thăt rōund thĕm stoōd, ŏr knēw
>   Whăt sīght wăs thēre tŏ seē.

The following is another beautiful stanza from the poem. It is a nine line stanza, composed of a quatrain and a five line stanza. The first four lines of the stanza are fourfold rhymes, the fifth and ninth lines rhyme, while the sixth, seventh and eighth lines of the stanza are threefold or triple rhymes. It is an elegant stanza, brisk and spirited in style —iambic measure :

> Ăs thōught frŏm thōught tăkes wĭng ănd flies,
> Ăs mōnth ŏn mōnth wĭth sūnlĭt eȳes
> Trămplĕs ănd triŭmphs in ĭts rĭse,
> Ăs wāve smĭtes wāve tŏ dēath ănd dīes,
>   Sŏ chănce ŏn hŭrtlĭng chănce lĭke steēl
> Strĭkes, flāshĕs, ānd ĭs quēnched, ĕre fēar
> Cănd whĭspĕr hōpe, ŏr hōpe cănd hēar,
> Ĭf sōrrŏw ŏr jōy bĕ fār ŏr nēar
>   Fŏr tīme tŏ hŭrt ŏr hēal.

METRICAL HISTORY.

The Historical poem is a narrative of public events. Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" is a noble example. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" may also be classed under this head ; so, too, ballads descriptive of battles may be classed as metrical history.

THE DRAMA.

It is to Greece we must give praise for the invention of the Drama. It was first invented and exhibited at the festivals of the god Dionysus. The ancient Greek writers tell us that the drama originated in the choral song. Aristotle tells us it had its origin in the singers of dithyramb. While the drama had its origin in pantomimic dances and choral singing, it was slowly purified from its extraneous mixtures. While lyric poetry by means of musical expression by language of mental emotions aims to represent human actions, the drama consists of an impersonal representation by the dramatist or an animated conversation of various individuals from whose speech the movements of the story is to be gathered ; thus it is constructed on the one hand with dialogue, and on the other with every other species of poetry. The movements and thoughts of the drama are so lively and the expectation of the issue so vivid that this class of poetry surpasses all others in interest and intensity. The drama from Greece was introduced into Rome and from there into other parts of Europe, where after years of decline, change, and struggle, with the vicissitudes of the age, about the middle of the sixteenth century it extricated itself from its ancient fetters. In the early years of Christianity actors were denied baptism, and the decree of the church was

followed by an edict of the Emperor Julian. The drama, however, was finally appropriated by the clergy, and plays known as Miracle Plays and Moralities followed as a result. The Passion Plays of Germany had their origin in this manner. "The Passion of Our Saviour" is still in exist- ence and played at Ammergau and is said to be the only miracle play which has survived. It is played by about five hundred peasants instructed by the village priest, who con- ducts it morally and reverently, and it is largely attended by the peasants of Bavaria and all parts of Tyrol. These plays originated in Europe about the beginning of the elev- enth century and most of them had their ending about the middle of the fifteenth century, and with their decline the drama proper began to flourish.

The drama is divided into two classes, the Tragedy, and Comedy. The first known tragedy of England was the joint production of Mrs. Norton and Lord Buckhurst, and was known variously as "Ferrex and Porrex" or as "Gor- buduc." It was written about 1562. The first comedy was written about the middle of the sixteenth century, 1551, by Nicholas Udall, and was entitled "Ralph Roister Doister." Blank verse was first introduced into dramatic composition in "Ferrex and Porrex," but the play was dull and heavy and not a success. Between this time and the advent of Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe was the best-known writer of the drama. The plays of "Edward II." and "Dr. Faustus" were said to contain passages unsurpassed by even Shakespeare. It was Marlowe who first introduced blank verse upon the public stage. We pass Shakespeare's prede- cessors, Lyle, Kyd, Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Lodge, Nash, Chettle and Munday, who were all writers of more or less note in their day and time ; the drama in their time, though

far from being in a crude state, lacked much of being in a
state of full development. Shakespeare was a man of
broad vision ; his genius as the poet of the drama was then,
as it has remained since, unsurpassed. At first he began to
retouch and rewrite some of the old plays of his prede-
cessors. Described as an actor and unknown as a writer,
with times and conditions favorable to the development of
the English drama he was quick to discover the material at
hand, which soon made his fame—a fame that still shines
brighter than that of any other poet living or dead. He
devoted himself to English and Roman history, and as a
result his historic dramas reached a perfection that has never
before nor since been attained. Shakespeare was a great
poetical genius ; he used blank verse with the skill of the
consummate master that he was, and his tragedies and his
comedies established themselves for all time to come as ex-
amples of the highest type. His historic themes became
the perennial models of the modern historic drama. The
influence of the diction and versification of Shakespeare can-
not be overrated ; in his characterizations he has never been
equaled, while his plays furnish models in every phase of
human life and are a mirror of humanity. Goethe and
Schiller contributed to the German drama. Goethe's
" Faust," " Ipigenia " and " Tasso " are masterpieces of
the art of dramatic poetry. Schiller contributed "Don
Carlos," "Wallenstein" and "William Tell" as master-
pieces of his genius, a genius bright as electric light, illumin-
ating the pathway of those to follow who seek the field of
literature. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton contributed to the
modern English drama the "Lady of Lyons" and "Rich-
elieu," both of which found great favor. Sheridan gave
an impulse to the genteel comedy that is felt to the present
day.

THE TRAGEDY.

Tragedy is earnest and serious, and deals with the great and sublime actions of life. It is generally written in blank heroic verse. Its diction should be elevated. The calamitous side of life with tragic events is placed before the public gaze with a view to arouse pity, fear, or indignation, or it may be of noble deeds in connection with life's events. The subjects of tragedy are various. Shakespeare has given to the world "King Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Romeo and Juliet," and many other plays of great merit which the reader may well refer to with profit. "Virginius" is a fine example of the tragedy.

THE COMEDY.

Directly the opposite of tragedy is comedy, which seeks to represent all the follies and foibles of human life, and has only an eye to the ridiculous and ludicrous. Its humor, however, should always be refined and its ending be ever happy. Comedy deals largely in satire, and its caricatures are often grotesque.

THE DIVISIONS OF THE DRAMA.

These constitute acts, which are in turn subdivided into scenes. The regular drama is limited to five acts. The first should present the intrigue, the second should develop it, the third should be filled with incidents forming its complication, the fourth should prepare the means of unraveling, the fifth should unravel the plot.

THE FARCE.

It is a short play in which ridiculous qualities and actions are greatly exaggerated for the purpose of exciting laughter. The dialogues and characters are usually taken from inferior ranks.

THE TRAVESTY, OR BURLESQUE.

It is a humorous dramatic composition where things high and low are commingled. Common thoughts and topics are invested with artificial dignity, and the forms and express-ions of serious drama are imitated in language of a ludicrous character.

THE MELODRAMA.

The melodrama is a combination of the tragic and comic interspersed with song and music and gorgeous scenery. Its drama is genteel comedy and is perhaps more popular with the theater-going world than any other species of drama. Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Sheridan's "Critic" and Jefferson's "Rip VanWinkle" are excellent illustrations.

THE BURLETTA.

It is a musical drama of a comic nature.

THE PROLOGUE.

An introduction in verse to be recited before the represen-tation of the drama.

Ĭmāgĭne yŏŭrsĕlf thĕn, gŏŏd Sīr, ĭn ă wīg,
Ĕithĕr grĭzzlĕ ŏr bŏb—nĕvĕr mĭnd, yŏŭ lŏŏk bīg.
Yŏŭ've ă swōrd ăt yŏŭr sīde, ĭn yŏŭr shŏes thĕre ăre bŭcklĕs,
Ănd thĕ fōlds ŏf fĭne līnĕn flăp ōvĕr yŏŭr knŭcklĕs.
Yŏŭ hăve cōme wĭth lĭght heārt, ănd wĭth eȳes thăt ăre brīghtĕr,
Frŏm ă pīnt ŏf rĕd Pōrt, ănd ă steāk ăt thĕ Mītrĕ ;
Yŏŭ hăve strŏlled frŏm thĕ Bār ănd thĕ pūrlieŭs ŏf Fleēt,
Ănd yŏŭ tūrn frŏm thĕ Strānd ĭntŏ Cāthĕrĭne Streēt ;
Thĕnce climb tŏ thĕ lăw-lŏvĭng sūmmĭts ŏf Bōw,
Tĭll yŏŭ stānd ăt thĕ Pŏrtăl ăll plāy-gŏĕrs knōw.
Seĕ, hēre ăre thĕ 'prĕntĭce lăds lāughĭng ănd pūshĭng,
Ănd hēre ăre thĕ sēamstrĕssĕs shrĭnkĭng ănd blūshĭng,
Ănd hēre ăre thĕ ūrchĭns whŏ, jŭst ăs tŏ-dāy, Sĭr,
Bŭzz ăt yŏŭ līke flīes wĭth thĕir "Bĭll ŏ' thĕ Plāy, Sĭr ? "
Yĕt yŏŭ tāke ŏne, nŏ lĕss, ănd yŏŭ squeēze bȳ thĕ chāirs,
Wĭth thĕir frēights ŏf fĭne lādiĕs, ănd mōunt ŭp thĕ stāirs ;
Sŏ issŭe ăt lāst ŏn thĕ Hōuse ĭn ĭts prīde,
Ănd păck yŏŭrsĕlf snūg ĭn ă bōx ăt thĕ sīde.
Austin Dobson—Prologue to Abbey's Edition of "She Stoops to
    Conquer."

THE EPILOGUE.

An address in verse to the audience at the conclusion of
the drama. It is usually intended to recapitulate the chief
incidents, and draws a moral from them.

THE ENVOY.

It is a sort of postscript appended to poetical compositions
to enforce or recommend them.

Gŏŏd-bȳe tŏ yŏŭ, Kĕllĕy, yŏŭr fĕttĕrs ăre brōkĕn
Gŏŏd-bȳe tŏ yŏŭ, Cūmbĕrlănd, Gōldsmĭth hăs spōkĕn !
Gŏŏd-bȳe tŏ shăm Sĕntĭmĕnt, mōpĭng ănd mūmmĭng,
Fŏr Gōldsmĭth hăs spōkĕn ănd Shĕrĭdăn's cōmĭng ;
Ănd thĕ frănk Mŭse ŏf Cōmĕdȳ lāughs ĭn freĕ āir
Ăs shĕ lāughed wĭth thĕ Greāt Ŏnes, wĭth Shākespĕare, Mŏliēre !
Austin Dobson—Envoy to Abbey's Edition of "She Stoops to
    Conquer."

THE SUBJECTIVE DRAMA.

The drama of the human soul, teaching the lessons of human struggle to the higher stages of life. Goethe's masterpiece, "Faust," is a high type of this species of the drama. Life is made up of incessant toils and struggles to nobler ends. This poem is grand, bringing together as it does, the tragedies and the comedies of human life into a perfect state of reconciliation.

THE OPERA.

The opera is a dramatic composition set to music and sung on the stage, accompanied with musical instruments and enriched with magnificent dresses, machinery, dancing, and songs. Thus made up of music, dancing, decoration, and poetry, it is intended to please the sight, and must be judged more from the standpoint of its being able to secure popular applause and favor than from any real intrinsic literary merit. To the opera of the present day more of its success frequently lies in its decorations and pantomimic character than to the parts sung or spoken. The opera of today is patterned after the French, Italian, and German.

THE SATIRE.

The satire in character is allied to the didactic, and is intended to reform the abuses it attacks. The satirical poem is a composition in which wickedness or folly is ridiculed, censured, and held up to reprobation ; hence it is an invective poem. Satirical poetry is divisible into three classes, Moral, Personal and Political. Of the first class, Pope's " Moral Essays" and the satires of Horace furnish fine examples.

Tŏ rĕst, thĕ cūshiŏn ānd sŏft dēan ĭnvīte,
Whŏ nēvĕr mēntiŏns hĕll tŏ ēars pŏlīte.
                         Pope—"Moral Essays."

'Tĭs ĕdŭcātiŏn fōrms thĕ cōmmŏn mīnd ;
Jŭst ās thĕ twig ĭs bēnt thĕ treē's ĭnclīned.
                                        Idem.

Satirical poetry is also used for the purpose of exposing
the weaknesses, the absurdities or vices of men.   Derision,
irony, mockery, sarcasm, or burlesque may be employed.   Of
these personal satires, excellent examples may be found in
Dryden's "MacFlecknoe," it being a personal attack on a
rival dramatist.   "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," by
Lord Byron, is perhaps the greatest of all personal satires.
Being attacked by critics and held up to ridicule, he replied
in a way that gave evidence of his mighty genius and in turn
ridiculed nearly all critics and poets of the author's day and
time.

Stĭll mūst Ĭ hēar ?—shăll hōarse Fĭtzgērăld bāwl
Hĭs creēkĭng coŭplĕts in ă tāvĕrn hăll,
Ănd Ĭ nŏt sīng, lĕst, hăplў, Scōtch rĕviēws
Shoŭld dūb mĕ scrībblĕr, ănd dĕnōunce mў mūse?
Prĕpāre fŏr rhўme—Ĭ'll pūblĭsh, right ŏr wrŏng :
Foŏls āre mў thēme, lĕt sătĭre bē mў sŏng.
          Byron—"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Sŏ thē strŭck ēaglĕ, strētched ŭpōn thĕ plāin,
Nŏ mōre throŭgh rōllĭng clōuds tŏ sōar ăgāin,
Viĕwed hĭs ŏwn fēathĕr ōn thĕ fātăl dārt,
Ănd wīnged thĕ shāft thăt quivĕred in hĭs heārt.
                                        Idem.

As soŏn
Seĕk rōsĕs ĭn Dĕcēmbĕr,—ĭce ĭn Jūne ;
Hŏpe cōnstăncȳ ĭn wĭnd, ŏr cōrn ĭn chăff.
Bĕliēve ă wōmăn, ōr ăn ēpĭtăph,
Ŏr ānȳ ōthĕr thĭng thăt's fālse, bĕfōre
Yoŭ trūst ĭn crĭtĭcs.

Idem.

The "Dunciad," by Alexander Pope, is an excellent
satire of this kind, one in which he vilifies all writers by
whom he had been vilified. Under the same head we may
be allowed to class James Russell Lowell's "A Fable for
the Critics," one of the finest productions of its kind in the
English language, of a very different nature, however, from
the satires of Dryden, Byron and Pope. Lowell's satire
was written for the purpose of provoking friendly rivalry,
and not for the purpose of giving offense. His portraits and
caricatures were, however, droll, and the colors were laid on
with no sparing hand ; yet the tone of "A Fable for the
Critics" was so good-natured that no one ought to have
taken offense, although some of his thrusts left embittered
memories.

Thĕre cŏmes Pōe wĭth hĭs Rāvĕn, lĭke Bārnăbȳ Rŭdge,
Threĕ-fĭfths ŏf hĭm gēniŭs ănd twō-fĭfths sheĕr fŭdge,
Whŏ tālks lĭke ă boŏk ŏf ĭambs ănd pĕntāmĕtĕrs,
Ĭn ă wāy tŏ māke pēoplĕ ŏf cōmmŏn sĕnse dāmn mĕtĕrs,
Whŏ hăs wrĭttĕn sŏme thĭngs quĭte thĕ bĕst ŏf thĕir kĭnd,
Bŭt thĕ heărt sŏmehŏw seēms ăll squeĕzed oŭt bȳ thĕ mĭnd,
Whŏ—bŭt hēy-dăy ! Whăt's thĭs ? Mĕssieŭrs Mătthĕws ănd Pōe,
Yoŭ mŭst nŏt flĭng mūd-bălls ăt Lōngfĕllŏw sō,
Dŏes ĭt māke ă măn wōrse thăt hĭs chărăctĕr's such
Ăs tŏ māke hĭs friĕnds lōve hĭm (ăs yoŭ thĭnk) toŏ mūch?
Whȳ, thĕre ĭs nŏt ă bārd ăt thĭs mōmĕnt ălive
Mŏre wĭllĭng thăn hē thăt hĭs fĕllŏws shoŭld thrĭve ;
Whĭle yoŭ ăre ăbūsĭng hĭm thŭs, ĕvĕn nŏw
Hĕ woŭld hĕlp ĕithĕr ōne ŏf yoŭ oŭt ŏf ă slŏugh ;

Yŏŭ mă̆y să̄y thă̆t hĕ's smoȯth ă̆nd ă̆ll thă̆t tĭll yŏŭ're hōarse,
Bŭt rĕmĕmbĕr thă̆t ēlĕgă̆nce ālsŏ ĭs fōrce ;
Ăftĕr pŏlĭshĭng grănĭte ă̆s mūch ă̆s yŏŭ wĭll,
Thĕ heărt keēps ĭts toūgh ŏld pĕrsĭstĕncy̆ stĭll ;
Dĕdūct ă̆ll yŏŭ că̆n thă̆t stĭll keēps yŏŭ ă̆t bā̄y,—
Why̆, hĕ'll live tĭll mĕn weăry̆ ŏf Cŏllĭns ă̆nd Grā̄y.
Ĭ'm nŏt ŏvĕr-fŏnd ŏf Greĕk mĕtĕrs ĭn Ĕnglĭsh,
Tŏ mē rhy̆me's ă̆ gā̄in, sŏ ĭt bē nŏt toŏ jĭnglĭsh,
Ănd yŏŭr mŏdĕrn hĕxāmĕtĕr vērsĕs ă̆re nō mŏre
Lĭke Greĕk ŏnes thă̆n sleĕk Mr. Pōpe ĭs lĭke Hōmĕr ;
Ăs thĕ rōar ŏf thĕ sēa tŏ thĕ coō ŏf ă̆ pīgeŏn ĭs,
Sŏ, cŏmpāred tŏ yŏŭr mŏdĕrns, soŭnds ŏld Mĕlĕsīgĕnĕs ;
Ĭ mā̄y bĕ toŏ pā̄rtĭă̆l, thĕ rēasŏn, pĕrhāps, ŏ't ĭs
Thă̆t Ĭ've heărd thĕ ŏld blĭnd mă̆n rĕcīte hĭs ŏwn rhă̆psŏdĭes,
Ănd my̆ eār wĭth thă̆t mūsĭc ĭmprēgnă̆te mă̆y bĕ,
Lĭke thĕ poōr ĕxĭled shĕll wĭth thĕ soūl ŏf thĕ sēa,
Ŏr ă̆s ōne că̆n't beăr Străuss whĕn hĭs nā̄tŭre ĭs clŏvĕn
Tŏ ĭts deēps wĭthĭn deēps by̆ thĕ strōke ŏf Beĕthōvĕn ;
Bŭt, sĕt thă̆t ă̆sīde, ă̆nd 'tĭs trūth thă̆t Ĭ speăk,
Hă̆d Thĕōcrĭtŭs wrĭttĕn ĭn Ĕnglĭsh, nŏt Greĕk,
Ĭ bĕliēve thă̆t hĭs ĕxquĭsĭte sĕnse woŭld scă̆rce chā̄nge ă̆ līne
Ĭn thă̆t rāre, tĕndĕr, vīrgĭn-lĭke pā̄storă̆l, Ĕvă̆ngĕlĭne.

                    Lowell—" A Fable for the Critics."

Satires of a political nature are written in the interest of some great political party, or its candidates. Dryden's ''Absalom Achitophel,'' Butler's '' Hudibras,'' and Lowell's '' What Mr. Robinson Thinks,'' are all first-class political satires. The satire of Lowell is from his '' Bigelow Papers.'' It was not an ephemeral production, as such satires usually are, but was well received then and has ever since been appreciated by a reading public. Mr. Lowell has written this satire in the Yankee dialect, and has thus helped to preserve this quaint type of New England speech.

Gūvĕnĕr B̄. Ĭs ă sēnsĭblĕ mān ;
Hĕ stāys tŏ hĭs hōme ăn' lŏŏks ārtĕr hĭs fōlks ;
Hĕ drāws hĭs fūrrĕr ĕz strāit ĕz hĕ căn,—
Ănd īntĕr nŏbōdў's tātĕr-pătch pōkes ;—
    Bŭt Jŏhn P̄.
    Rōbĭnsŏn hē
Sĕz hē wŭnt vōte fĕr Gūvĕnĕr B̄.
 James Russell Lowell—"What Mr. Robinson Thinks."

THE DIALECTIC.

People of the same country do not always speak the same
language. In our own country we have many varieties
or peculiar forms of the English. These peculiarities of
speech may be termed dialectics. America having a more
diversiloquent population than any other race on the globe,
there are necessarily more dialectics. These varieties are
found in all parts of the country. In New England we have
the Yankee dialect ; in the South we have the Negro dialect ;
on the Western plains we have a dialect peculiar to the cow-
boy, the mountaineer and the miner ; in the interior we have
a dialect peculiar to a large class of Westerners which
has received the euphonious name of the Hoosier dialect.
"Unzer Fritz" in America has produced what is known
as the German dialect, while Patrick has given to us a
mixture of his brogue, which is known as the Irish dialect ;
on our western coast John Chinaman has given us a mixture
of his tongue, and we have what is known as the Chinese
dialect. Is it a wonder America is a land where dialectic
poetry flourishes? England has dialects peculiar to her
own province. So, too, the Welsh and the Scotch. The
Scotch dialect Burns has immortalized, and beauty teems in
every line of his Lowland Scotch. The peculiar charm
which attaches to the dialect of the Irish-American, and the

native talent and wit possessed by the Irish people, together with the "bulls" and mistakes that necessarily happen in conversations, has made the Irish dialect quite a favorite in this country, and much excellent as well as amusing poetry is the result. Our German cousin has ever furnished amusement for men like Charles Follen Adams, a Massachusetts poet, who has made a decided success with his favorite dialect—the German. Riley's poems in Hoosier dialect are inimitable, unsurpassable and never-dying. The provincialisms of our Western folk are as indelibly fixed by Riley as was· the Scottish by Burns. James Russell Lowell was the author of good dialectic poetry, and many others of our brightest and best authors have indulged in the temptation. Bret Harte is still another one of those peculiar geniuses that have touched the chord-strings of the human heart; and his dialectic poems are the best of their kind, describing the dialect of the far West and the peculiarities of its multigenerous inhabitants. Dialectic poetry has gained so great a prominence in the literature of today that we have concluded to classify it under a distinct head, although it embraces many species or varieties of poetry.

GERMAN DIALECT.

Charles Follen Adams has furnished some Anglo-Teutonic verse that will ever be appreciated by the reading public. Adams is a Boston business man who has, during his leisure moments, for recreation and pastime, written of the troubles and trials of the Strauss family. He has demonstrated himself a master of the art.

> Ĭ dōn'd văs prēachĭng vōmăn's rĭghdts,
>   Ŏr ānÿdĭng lĭke dōt,
> Ŭnd Ĭ likes tŏ seē ăll bēoplĕs
>   Shūst gŏndēntĕd mĭt dhĕir lōt ;

Büdt Ĭ vānts tŏ gŏndrădīct dŏt shăp
Dŏt māde dĭs leēdlĕ shōke :
"Ă vōmăn vās dĕr glĭngĭng vine,
Ŭnd mān dĕr shtūrdў̆ ōak."
Adams—"Der Oak und der Vine."

Yoŭ voŭldn't dĭnk mĭne frāu,
Ĭf yoŭ shŭst loōk ăt hĕr nōw,
Vhĕre dĕr wrĭnklĕs ōn hĕr prōw
Lōng hăf beēn,
Văs dĕr frāulĕin blŭmp ŭnd fāir,
Mĭt dĕr wăfў̆ flăxĕn hāir,
Whŏ dĭd vōnce mĭne heārt ĕnshnāre—
Mĭne Kătrine.
Adams—"Mine Katrine.

Dhĕre văs mānў̆ qveĕr dĭngs, ĭn dĭs lānd ŏff dĕr freē,
Ĭ nĕffĕr coŭld qvīte ŭndĕrstānd ;
Dĕr beōplĕs dhĕy āll seĕm sŏ deēfrĕnt tŏ mē
Ăs dhōse ĭn mĭne ōwn fădĕrlānd.
Dhĕy gēts blĕndў̆ droŭblĕs, ŭnd indŏ mĭshăps,
Mĭtoŭdt dĕr lĕast bĭt ŏff ă cāuse ;
Ŭnd, voŭld yoŭ pĕliĕf ĭd? dhŏse mēan Yăngeĕ chăps,
Dhĕy fĭghts mĭt dhĕir mŏdĕr-ĭn-lāws !
Adams—"Mine Moder-in-Law."

Ĭ'm ă prŏkĕn-heārtĕd Deŭtschĕr,
Vŏt's vĭll'd mĭt criĕf ŭnd shāme.
Ĭ dĕlls yoŭ vŏt dĕr droŭplĕ ĭsh :
Ĭ doōsn't knōw mў̆ nāme.

Yoŭ dĭnks dĭs fērў̆ vūnnў̆, ĕh ?
Vĕn yoŭ dĕr schtŏrў̆ hĕar,
Yoŭ vĭll nŏt vōndĕr dĕn sŏ moōch,
Ĭt vās sŏ schtrănge ŭnd queĕr.

Mĭne mōdĕr hăd dwŏ leēdlĕ twĭns ;
Dĕy vās mĕ ŭnd mĭne brŏdĕr :
Vĕ loōkt sŏ fērў̆ moōch ălīke,
Nŏ vŏn knĕw vĭch vrŏm tōdĕr.

Vŏn ŏff dĕr pŏys wăs "Yāwcŏb,"
Ŭnd "Hāns" dĕr ŏdĕr's nāme :
Bŭt dēn ĭt māde nŏ tĭffĕrĕnt ;
Vĕ bōth gŏt cālled dĕr sāme.

Vĕll ! vŏn ŏff ūs gŏt tēad,—
Yăw, Mȳnheĕr, dŏt ĭsh sō !
Bŭt vēddĕr Hāns ŏr Yāwcŏb,
Mĭne mōdĕr shē dŏn'd knōw.

Ŭnd sō Ĭ ām ĭn drōuplĕs :
Ĭ gān't kĭt droō mĭne hēd
Vēddĕr Ĭ'm Hāns vŏt's lĭfĭng,
Ŏr Yāwcŏb vōt ĭs tēad !

>   *Adams*—"Thĕ Puzzled Dutchman."

IRISH DIALECT.

Poems in this dialect are very popular with the reading
world.   They are usually very droll, yet full of pith and
point.   One by Charles Follen Adams will serve to illus-
trate our meaning.

"Thĕ greātĕst būrd tŏ foīght," săys Pāt,
    " Bārrĭng thĕ āglĕ, īs thĕ dūck ;
Hĕ hās ă foīne lărge bĭll tŏ pēck,
    Ănd plĭntȳ ŏf răle Īrĭsh plūck.

"Ănd, thĭn, d'yĕ moīnd thĕ fūt hĕ hās?
    Fŭll ās brŏad ōvĕr ās ă cūp ;
Shŏw mē thĕ fōwl ŭpōn twŏ lĭgs
    Thăt's āblĕ fĕr tŏ thrĭp hĭm ūp ! "

>   "Pat's Logic."

" Ărrăh, bŏys, ĭt's mĕsēlf thăt wĭll tēll yĕ,
    Ănd thāt Ĭ căn dō prĕttȳ soōn,
Ŏf thĕ īncĭdĕnts strănge thăt bĕfĕll mĕ,
    Whĕn Ĭ trāvĕled ūp tŏ thĕ moōn.

Ĭ hēard thăt quāre sōwls dĭd rĕsīde thĕre,
Sŏ Ĭ īn ă bălloōn wĭnt ŏne dāy,
Ănd ăs swĭft ăs ă rāce-hŏrse dĭd rīde thĕre,
Frŏm ēarth dĭsăppēarĭng ăwāy.

<div align="center">CHORUS.</div>

" Ĭ tēll yoŭ thĕ trūth ŏn mў hōnŏr,
Hŏw Ĭ trăvĕled ŭp īn ă bălloōn ;
Fŏr sūre ĭt's mĕsēlf, Păddў Cōnnŏr,
That joūrnĕyed smăck ūp tŏ thĕ moōn."
Anonymous—" Paddy's Balloon Ascension."

"Ŏh, 'twăs Nōrăh M'Frĭskў Ĭ mēt ŏn thĕ rōad
Tŏ thĕ Fāir ŏf Trăleē, ăs Ĭ trŏttĕd ăwāy ;
Ŏn hĕr brēast, ă *gŏssoōn*, ă mŏst beaūtĭfŭl lōad,
Ănd thĕ īmăge ŏf Pădԁў, ĕach gōssĭp dĭd sāy.
"Ărrăh, Nōrăh, mў hōnĕy, ĭs ĭt yoŭ Ĭ seĕ thēre?"
"'Tĭs, Mūrtŏch, ăvĭc, Ĭ'm ŏff tŏ thĕ Fāir."
" Ĭf thăt's whăt yoŭ're āt, Nŏrăh, fāith ĭts ăll rĭght ;
Wĕ'll sēt ŏff tŏgēthĕr, wĕ'll bē thĕre ăt nīght.
            Ănd wĕ'll drĭnk tŏ thĕ Lўnchĕs,
            Thĕ beaūtĭfŭl Clĭnchĕs,
            Thĕ Mūrphўs, Ŏ'Rўăns,
            Thĕ Dŭffўs, thĕ Brĭăns,
            Thĕ Cārĕys ănd Lēarўs,
            Thĕ Lāughlĭns, Ŏ'Shāughlĭns,
            Thĕ Whēlăns, thĕ Phēlăns,
            Ŏ'Cōnnĕlls, Ŏ'Dōnnĕlls,
            Thĕ Fōgărtўs, Dōughĕrtўs,
            Thĕ Būrkes ănd M'Gūrks,
            Thĕ Nōlăns ănd Fōlăns,
            Thĕ Kiērnăns ănd Tiērnăns,
            Thĕ Rōgăns ănd Brōgăns,
            Thĕ Lācўs ănd Cāsĕys,
Thăt keĕp ŭp thĕ fūn ănd thĕ frŏlĭck gălōre."
                    " The Fun at the Fair."

" Wĭd āll cŏndĕscīnshĭn, Ĭ'd tūrn yoŭr ăttīnshĭn
Tŏ whāt Ĭ woŭld mīnshŭn ŏv Ērĭn sŏ greēn ;
Ăn'ʼ wĭdoūt hĕsĭtāshĭn Ĭ'd shōw hŏw thăt nāshĭn
Bĕcāme ŏv crĕāshĭn thĕ gēm ănd thĕ queēn."
<div align="right">" The Origin of Ireland."</div>

Ŏh ! Ērĭn, mў coūntrў, thŏugh strāngĕrs măy rōam
Thĕ hills ănd thĕ vāllĕys Ĭ ōnce călled mў hōme,
Thў lākes ănd thў mōuntăins nŏ lōngĕr Ĭ seē,
Yĕt wārmlў ăs ēvĕr mў heārt bĕats fŏr theē,
Ŏh ! coŭsh lă măchreē ! mў heārt bĕats fŏr theē,
Ērĭn, Ērĭn, mў heārt bĕats fŏr theē.
<div align="right">*Charles Jeffreys*—" Oh ! Erin, My Country."</div>

Trŏth, Nōră! Ĭ'm wādĭn'
Thĕ grāss ăn' părādĭn'
Thĕ dēws ăt yoŭr dūre, wĭd mў swāte sĕrĕnādĭn',
Ălōne ănd fŏrsākĕn,
Whĭlst yoŭ're nĕvĕr wākĭn'
Tŏ tĕll mĕ yoŭ're wĭd mĕ ăn' Ĭ ăm mĭstākĕn !
<div align="right">*James Whitcomb Riley*—" Serenade—To Nora."</div>

WESTERN DIALECT.

Some very excellent poems have been written in this dialect by Francis Bret Harte. Mr. Harte is a master of the art of versification.

Ĭt wăs Aūgŭst thĕ thīrd,
Ănd quĭte sōft wăs thĕ skīes ;
Whĭch ĭt mĭght bĕ ĭnfērred
Thăt Ăh Sīn wăs lĭkewīse ;
Yĕt hĕ plāyed ĭt thăt dāy ŭpŏn Wĭllĭam
Ănd mē ĭn ă wāy Ĭ dĕspīse.
<div align="right">*Bret Harte*—" Plain Language from Truthful James."</div>

Săy thēre ! P'r'ăps
Sŏme ōn yoŭ chăps
Mĭght knōw Jĭm Wĭld ?
Wĕll, nō ŏffēnse :
Thăr āin't nŏ sēnse
Ĭn gĭttĭn' rĭled !
Bret Harte—"Jim."

Ĭ've seēn ă grĭzzlў shōw hĭs teēth ;
Ĭ've seēn Kĕntŭckў Pēte
Drăw ōut hĭs shoōtĕr 'n' ădvīse
Ă "tēndĕrfoōt " tĕr trēat ;
Bŭt nūthĭn' ēvĕr tūk mĕ dōwn,
'N' māde mў bēndĕrs shāke,
Lĭke thăt sīgn ăbōut thĕ dōughnŭts
Lĭke mў mōthĕr ūsed tĕr māke.
Charles Follen Adams—"Mother's Doughnuts."

Western dialect is still further exemplified by what is termed Hoosier dialect, a speech peculiar to the people of some of the western states, yet of a little different type from those beyond the Rockies. Many excellent poems are written in this dialect. We have made a few selections :

" 'Scūrĭoŭs-līke," săid thĕ treē-tŏad,
" Ĭ've twĭttĕred fĕr rāin ăll dāy ;
Ănd Ĭ gŏt ŭp soōn,
Ănd hōllĕred tĭll noōn—
Bŭt thĕ sŭn, hĭt blāzed ăwāy,
Tĭll Ĭ jĕst clŭmb dōwn ĭn ă crăwfĭsh-hōle,
Wēarў ăt heārt, ănd sīck ăt soūl !
James Whitcomb Riley—"The Tree-Toad."

Ă thĭng 'ăt's 'bōut ăs trўĭn' ās ă hēalthў măn kĭn meēt
Ĭs sōme poŏr fēllĕr's fūnĕrăl ă-jŏggĭn' 'lōng thĕ streēt :
Thĕ slōw hĕarse ānd thĕ hŏssĕs—slōw ĕnoūgh, tŏ sāy thĕ lēast,
Fĕr tŏ ēvĕn tăx thĕ pātiĕnce ōf thĕ gĕntlĕmăn dĕcēased !

Thĕ slōw scrŭnch ŏf thĕ grāvĕl—ānd thĕ slōw grĭnd ŏf thĕ wheēls,—
Thĕ slōw, slŏw gō ŏf ēv'rў wōe 'ăt ēv'rўbōdў feēls !
Sŏ Ĭ rūthĕr līke thĕ cōntrăst whēn Ĭ hēar thĕ whĭplăsh crăck
    Ă quĭckstĕp fēr thĕ hōssĕs,
               Whēn thĕ
                    Hēarse
                        Cŏmes
                            Băck !
   James Whitcomb Riley—" When thė Hearse Comes Back."

" Pŏur ŭs ōut ănōthĕr, Dāddў," sāys thĕ fēllĕr, wārmĭn' ūp,
Ă-spēakĭn' 'crōst ă săucĕrfūl, ăs Ŭnclĕ tŭck hĭs cŭp,—
" Whēn Ĭ seēd yĕr sīgn ŏut yāndĕr," hē wĕnt ōn, tŏ Ŭnclĕ Jāke,—
" ' Cŏme īn ănd gĭt sŏme cōffeĕ like yĕr mōthĕr ūsed tŏ māke '—
Ĭ thōught ŏf mў ŏld mōthĕr, ānd thĕ Pōsĕy cōuntў fărm,
Ănd mē ă littlĕ kĭd ăgĭn, ă-hāngĭn' īn hĕr ārm,
Ăs shĕ sĕt thĕ pŏt ă-bīlĭn', brŏke thĕ ēggs ănd pōured 'ĕm·in "—
Ănd thĕ fēllĕr kīnd ŏ' hāltĕd, wĭth ă trĭmblĕ īn hĭs chĭn.
   James Whitcomb Riley—" Like His Mother Used to Make."

Hĕ's fēr thĕ pōre măn ēvĕr' tīme !   Ănd īn thĕ lăst cămpāign
Hĕ stŭmped ŏld Mōrgăn Cōuntў, thrŏugh thĕ sūnshĭne ănd thĕ rāin,
Ănd hēlt thĕ bānnĕr ŭp'ărds frōm ă-trāilĭn' īn thĕ dūst,
Ănd cūt loŏse ōn mŏnōpŏlies ănd cŭss'd ănd cŭss'd ănd cŭss'd !
Hĕ'd tēll sŏme fŭnny stōrў ēvĕr' nōw ănd thēn, yoŭ knōw,
Tĕl, blāme ĭt ! it wŭz bĕttĕr'n ă jăck-ŏ'-lāntĕrn shōw !
Ănd Ĭ'd gŏ fŭrdĕr, yĭt, tŏ-dāy, tŏ hēar ŏld Jăp nŏrāte
Thăn ānў hīgh-tŏned ōrătōr 'ăt ēvĕr stŭmped thĕ Stāte !
        James Whitcomb Riley — " Jap Miller."

     Nōthĭn' ēvĕr māde wĕ māddĕr
    Thān fĕr Pāp tŏ stōmp ĭn, lāyĭn'
    Ōn ă' ēxtră fōre-stĭck, sāyĭn'
      " Grōun'hŏg's ōut ănd seēd hĭs shăddĕr ! "
 James Whitcomb Riley — " Old Winters on the Farm."

Rĕc'lēct thĕ wŏrtĕr drăppĭn'
.In thĕ trŏff sŏ stĭll 'nd clāir,
'Nd wĕ'd hŭnkĕr dōwn 'nd drĭnk ĭt,
    Stĭll ă drăppĭn' ĭn ŏur hāir ;
Rĕc'lēct yĭt hōw ĭt tāstĕd,
    Sŏrtĕr soōthĭn' līke 'nd sweēt,—
Ĕf ă fēllĕr jēst coŭld būy ĭt
        Yoŭ coŭld tāp mĕ fĕr ă trēat.
                    Joe S. Reed—"Stirrin' Off."

CHINESE DIALECT.

Mr. Harte has given us a specimen of this dialect in "The Latest Chinese Outrage," a poem in anapestic rhythm of unusual merit in descriptive resources, metrical beauty and amusing incidents. We select the fourth stanza.

Thĕn wĕ āxed fŏr ă pārlĕy.   Whĕn ōut ŏf thĕ dĭn
Tŏ thĕ frŏnt cŏmes ă-rōckĭn' thăt hēathĕn, Ăh Sĭn !
"Yoŭ ōwe flŏwtў dŏllĕĕ—mĕ wāshĕĕ yoŭ cămp,
Yoŭ cātchĕĕ mў wāshĕĕ—mĕ cātchĕĕ nŏ stămp ;
Ŏne dŏllăr hăp dōzĕn, mĕ nŏ cātchĕĕ yēt,
Nŏw thăt flŏwtў dŏllĕĕ—nŏ hāb?—hŏw căn gēt?
Mĕ cātchĕĕ yoŭ pĭggĕĕ—mĕ sēllĕĕ fŏr cāsh,
Ĭt cātchĕĕ mĕ līcĕĕ—yoŭ cātchĕĕ nŏ 'hāsh' ;
Mĕ bēllў goŏd Shēlĭff—mĕ lēbbĕĕ whĕn căn,
Mĕ āllĕĕ săme hālp pĭn ăs Mēlĭcăn măn !
        Bŭt Mēlĭcăn măn,
        Hĕ wāshĕĕ hĭm pān
        Ŏn bōttŏm sĭde hĭllĕĕ
        Ănd cātchĕĕ—hŏw căn ? "

SOUTHERN DIALECT.

The dialect peculiar to the South is known as the Negro dialect. Many excellent poems are written in this dialect,

many of them quaint and laughable. We have selected an admirable poem and give it entire, entitled " De 'Sperience of de Reb'rend Quacko Strong " :

Swing dăt gāte wĭde, 'Pŏstlĕ Pētĕr,
   Ring dĕ bĭg bĕll, bēat dĕ gŏng,
Sāints ănd mārtў̆rs dēn wĭll meēt dăr
   Brŭddĕr, Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng !

Sŏund dăt būglĕ, Āngĕl Gābr'ĕl !
   Tĕll dĕ ēldĕrs lŏud ăn' lŏng,
Cl'ār ŏut dēm hĭgh sēats ŏb hēabĕn,
   Hēre cŏmes Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng !

Tūrn dĕ guārd ŏut, Gēn'răl Mĭchaĕl,
   Ārms prĕsĕnt, dĕ līne ălŏng,
Lēt dĕ bānd plăy "Cŏnk'rĭn Hērŏ "
   Fŏr dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng.

Dēn bĭd Mōsĕs brĭng dĕ crŏwn, ăn'
   Pālms, ăn' wĕddĭn' gŏwn ălŏng !
Wĭd prŏcēssiŏn tō dĕ lāndĭn',
   Hēre's dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng.

Jŏsĕph, mārch dŏwn wĭd yoŭr brēd'rĕn,
   Trĭbes, ăn' bānnĕrs mŭstĕrĭn' strŏng ;
Speēch ŏf wēlcŏme frŏm ŏle Ābrăm,
   Ānswĕr, Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng.

Tūne yoŭr hārp-strĭngs tĭght, Kĭng Dāvĭd,
   Sĭng yoŭr goōd Ŏle Hŭndrĕd sŏng,
Lēt dĕ sērŏphs dānce wĭd cў̆mbăls
   'Rŏund dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng.

Āngĕls hēar mĕ yēll Hŏsānnĕr,
   Hēar mў̆ dūlcĕm spērĭtoŏl sŏng ;
Hăllĕlūyĕr ! Ĭ'm ă-cōmĭn',
   Ĭ'm dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quăckŏ Strŏng.

Māke dăt whīte rŏbe rāddĕr spăcioŭs,
  Ānd thĕ wāist bĕlt strōrdn'rў lŏng,
'Cāuse 'twĭll tāke sŏme roōm ĭn glōrў
  Fōr dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Whāt! Nō ŏne āt dĕ lāndĭn' !
  'Pēars lĭke sŭff'n' 'nŭddĕr's wrōng ;
Guĕss Ĭ'll gĭb dăt sleēpў Pētĕr
  Fīts—frŏm Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Whāt. ă nārrăr lĭttlĕ gātewăy !
  Mў ! dăt gāte ăm hārd tŏ mōve,
"Whō ăm dāt ? " săys 'Pōstlĕ Pētĕr
  Frōm dĕ pārăpēt ăbōve.

Ŭnclĕ Pētĕr, dōn't yoŭ knŏw mĕ—
  Mē ă shīnĭn' light sŏ lōng ?
Whў dĕ bērrў nīggĕrs cāll mĕ
  Goōd ŏle Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Dūn'nŏ mē ! whў ! Ĭ've cŏnvārtĕd
  Hūndrĕds ŏ' dārkĭes ĭn ă sōng,
Dūn'nŏ mē ! nŏr yēt mў māssă !
  Ĭ'm dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng !

Ōle Nĭck's cōmĭn' ! Ĭ căn feēl ĭt
  Gēttĭn' wārmĕr āll ăbōut.
Ōh, mў goōd, kĭnd Kērnĕl Pētĕr,
  Lēt mĕ īn, Ĭ'm āll toŏ stōut

Tō gŏ 'lōng wĭd Mājŏr Sātăn
  Īntŏ dāt wărm clīmăte 'mōng
Fīre ăn' brĭmstŏne. Hēar mĕ knŏckĭn',
  Ōle chŭrch mēmbĕr, Quāckŏ Strōng.

Dāt lŏud nōise ăm cōmĭn' nēarĕr,
  Drĕfflĕ smēll lĭke pōwdĕr smōke ;
'Nŭddĕr screēch ! Goŏd hēabĕn hēlp mĕ—
  Lōrd, fŏrgīb dĭs poōr ŏle mōke.

Āllĕrs wăs sŏ bērrў hōlў,
  Sĭngĭn' ănd prāyĭn' extră lōng ;
Nŏw dĕ dĕbblĕ's gwīne tŏ cātch mĕ,
  Poŏr ŏle nĭggĕr, Quăckŏ Strŏng.

Hĭ ! dăt gāte swĭngs băck ă littlĕ,
  Mĭghtў squeēzĭn' tō gĕt froō !
Ŏle Ăpōllyŏn hōwlĭn' lōudĕr,
  Ĕverўthĭng ărōund ăm blūe.

Bāng dĕ gāte gŏes ! ān' Bĕēlzĕbŭb,
  Būnch ŏb woŏl ŭpōn hĭs prŏng,
Gōes ălōng wĭdōut dĕ sōul ŏb
  Mĭssabŭl sĭnnĕr, nāme ŏb Strōng.
                         Anonymous.

Few prettier selections can be made than the following :

<div align="center">A PLANTATION LULLABY.</div>

Māmmў's littlĕ pĭckănĭnnў gwīne tŏ gō tŏ sleēp—
  Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Dōan' yŏ' hēar dĕ coōn-dŏg bāyĭn' lōud ăn' deēp?
  Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Mŏck-bĭrds' nōtes ă-cāllĭn', dōan' yŏ' hēar 'ĕm sĭng?
Păppў's gōne ă hūntĭn', ān' ă pŏssŭm hōme'll brĭng.
Thĕre's wōtĕrmēlŏns coōlĭn' in thĕ shăddĕrs ō' dĕ sprĭng.
  Hūsh ă pĭckănĭnnў, ān' ă bў-bў.

Thĕre's sweēt pĕrtātĕrs bĭlĭn' ān' ă hăm bōne tŏ boŏt,
  Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Păppў's gŏt ă grāveyărd răbbĭt's lĕft hĭnd foŏt,
  Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Sŏ hūsh ă pĭckănĭnnў whīle dĕ soūt' wĭnds mōan,
Gō tŏ sleēp sŏ māmmў căn gŏ liēb yŏ' āll ălōne,
Fĕr shĕ's gōĭn' tŏ māke yŏ'r păppў ă bĭg cŏ'n pōne.
  Hūsh ă pĭckănĭnnў, ān ă bў-bў.
                         Roy Farrell Greene.

YANKEE DIALECT.

The Yankee dialect is peculiar to our New England States. It has a quaintness about it that makes it very pleasant reading. James Russell Lowell has given to the world the finest specimens of this dialect. We select a poem entitled "The Courtin'," which in the excellence of its description is not exceeded :

Gŏd mākes sĕch nīghts, ăll whīte ăn' stĭll
 Fŭr 'z yoū căn loŏk ŏr lĭstĕn,
Moōnshĭne ăn' snōw ŏn fiēld ăn' hĭll,
 Ăll sīlĕnce ān' ăll glĭstĕn.

Zēklĕ crĕp' ūp quĭte ūnbĕknōwn,
 Ăn' peēked ĭn thrū' thĕ wĭndĕr,
Ăn' thēre sŏt Hūldў ăll ălōne,
 'Ĭth nō ŏne nĭgh tŏ hĕndĕr.

Ă fĭreplăce fĭlled thĕ roōm's ŏne sīde
 Wĭth hālf ă cōrd ŏ' woōd ĭn,—
Thĕre wārn't nŏ stōves (tĕll cōmfŏrt dīed)
 Tŏ bāke yĕ tō ă pūddĭn'.

Thĕ wā'nŭt lōgs shŏt spārklĕs ōut
 Tōwărds thĕ poōtiĕst, blĕss hĕr !
Ăn' leētlĕ flāmes dănced āll ăbōut
 Thĕ chĭnў ōn thĕ drĕssĕr.

Ăgīn thĕ chĭmblĕy croŏk-nĕcks hūng,
 Ăn' īn ămōngst 'ĕm rūstĕd
Thĕ ōle queĕn's ārm thĕt Grān'thĕr Yoūng
 Fĕtched bāck frŏm Cōncŏrd būstĕd.

Thĕ vērў roŏm, cŏź shĕ wăs ĭn,
 Seĕmed wārm frŏm floōr tŏ cēilĭn',
Ăn' shē loŏked fūll ăs rōsў ăgīn
 Ēz thĕ ăpplĕs shē wăs peēlĭn'.

'Twăs kin' ŏ' kingdŏm-cōme tŏ loŏk
  Ŏn sēch ă blĕssĕd crē'tŭr', ·
Ă dōgrŏse blūshĭn' tō ă broōk
  Ăin't mōdĕstēr nŏr sweētĕr.

Hĕ wăs ā sĭx foōt ŏ' mān, Ă Ī,
  Clĕan grĭt ăn' hūmăn nātŭr';
Nŏne coūldn't quĭckĕr pĭtch ă tōn
  Nŏr drōr ă fŭrrĕr strāightĕr.

Hĕ'd spārked ĭt with fŭll twēntў gāls,
  Hĕ'd squīred 'ĕm, dānced 'ĕm, drūv 'ĕm,
Fŭst thīs ŏne, ān' thĕn thĕt, bў spēlls,—
  Ăll īs, hĕ coūldn't lōve 'ĕm.

Bŭt 'lōng ŏ' hēr hĭs vēins 'oŭld rūn
  Ăll crīnklў līke cŭrled māplĕ,
Thĕ sīde shĕ brēshed fĕlt fŭll ŏ' sūn
  Ēz ā soŭth slōpe ĭn Āp'ĭl.

Shĕ thōught nŏ v'ĭce hĕd sēch ă swīng
  Ēz hīs'n ĭn thĕ chōir ;
Mў ! whēn hĕ māde Ōle Hūndrĕd rĭng
  Shĕ *knōwed* thĕ Lŏrd wăs nīghĕr.

Ăn' shĕ'd blŭsh scārlĭt, rĭght ĭn prāyer,
  Whĕn hĕr nĕw meētĭn'-bŭnnĕt
Fĕlt sōmehŏw thrū' ĭts crōwn ă pāir
  Ŏ' blūe eўes sŏt ŭpōn ĭt.

Thĕt nīght ; Ĭ tēll yĕ, shĕ loŏked *sōme!*
  Shĕ seēmed tŏ've gŭt ă nēw soŭl,
Fŏr shĕ fĕlt sārtĭn-sūre hĕ'd cōme,
  Dŏwn tō hĕr vērў shōe-sŏle.

Shĕ heēred ă foōt, ăn' knōwed ĭt, tū,
  Ă-rāspĭn' ōn thĕ scrāpĕr,—
Ăll wāys tŏ ōnce hĕr feēlĭn's flĕw
  Lĭke spārks ĭn bŭrnt-ŭp pāpĕr.

Hĕ kĭn' ŏ' l'ĭtĕred ŏn thĕ māt,
  Sŏme dōubtflĕ ō' thĕ sēklĕ ;
Hĭs heārt kĕp' gōĭn' pĭtÿ-pāt,
  Bŭt hēr'n wĕnt pĭtÿ Zēklĕ.

Ăn' yĭt shĕ gĭn hĕr cheēr ă jĕrk
  Ĕz thōugh shĕ wĭshed hĭm fŭrdĕr,
Ăn' ōn hĕr ăpplĕs kēp' tŏ wōrk,
  Pārĭn' ăwāy lĭke mŭrdĕr.

" Yoŭ wānt tŏ seē mÿ Pā, Ĭ s'pōse ? "
  "' Wăl—nō—Ĭ cōme dăsĭgnĭn' "—
" Tŏ seē mÿ Mā ? Shĕ's sprĭnklĭn' clō'es
  Ăgĭn tŏ-mōrrĕr's ĭ'nĭn'.''

Tŏ sāy whÿ gāls ăct sō ŏr sō,
  Ŏr dŏn't, 'oŭld bē prĕsūmĭn';
Mĕbbÿ tŏ mēan *yĕs* ăn' săy *nō*
  Cŏmes nătĕrăl tŏ wōmĕn.

Hĕ stoōd ă spēll ŏn ōne foŏt fŭst,
  Thĕn stoōd ă spēll ŏn t'ōthĕr,
Ăn' ōn whĭch ōne hĕ fēlt thĕ wŭst
  Hĕ cōuldn't hă' tōld yĕ, nŭthĕr.

Săys hē, " Ĭ'd bēttĕr cāll ăgĭn '';
  Săys shē, " Thĭnk lĭkelÿ Mĭstĕr '':
Thĕt lăst wŏrd prĭcked hĭm lĭke ă pĭn,
  Ăn'—wăl, hĕ ŭp ăn' kĭst hĕr.

Whĕn Mā bĭmebÿ ŭpōn 'ĕm slĭps,
  Hŭldÿ sŏt pāle ĕz āshĕs,
Ăll kĭn' ŏ' smĭlÿ rōun' thĕ lĭps
  Ăn' tēarÿ rōun' thĕ lāshĕs.

Fŏr shē wăs jĕs' thĕ quĭĕt kĭnd
  Whŏse nātŭrs nēvĕr vārÿ,
Lĭke strĕams thăt keēp ă sūmmĕr mĭnd
  Snŏw-hĭd ĭn Jĕnoŏārÿ.

Thĕ bloōd clŏst rōun' hĕr heārt fĕlt glūed
Toŏ tĭght fŏr āll ĕxprēssĭn',
Tĕll mōthĕr seē hŏw mēttĕrs stoōd,
Ăn' gĭn 'ĕm bōth hĕr blēssĭn'.

Thĕn hĕr rĕd cōme băck lĭke thĕ tĭde
Dŏwn tō thĕ Bāy ŏ' Fūndў,
Ăn' āll Ĭ knōw ĭs, thēy wăs crĭed
Ĭn meētĭn' cōme nĕx' Sūndăy.

<div align="right">*James Russell Lowell.*</div>

THE SCOTCH DIALECT.

The Scotch is a very popular dialect. From the time it
was first brought into general notice and rendered ever-
enduring by the sweetest of Scotland's singers, Robert
Burns, it has always been read with delight by the public.
We give the following selections.

Thoŭ hăst swōrn bў thў Gōd, mў Jēaniĕ,
Bў thăt prēttў whĭte hănd ŏ' thĭne,
Ănd bў ā' thĕ lōwĭng stărs ĭn hēavĕn,
Thăt thoū wăd āye bĕ mĭne !
Ănd Ĭ hăe swōrn bў mў Gōd, mў Jēanĭe,
Ănd bў thăt kĭnd heărt ŏ' thĭne,
Bў ā' thĕ stārs sŏwn thĭck ŏwre hēavĕn,
Thăt thoū shălt āye bĕ mĭne !

Allan Cunningham—"Thou Hast Sworn by Thy God, My
Jeanie."

Hĕ wās ă gāsh ănd fāithfŭl tўke,
Ăs ēvĕr lăp ă sheūgh ŏr dĭke.
Hĭs hōnĕst, sōnsĭe, bāws'nt fāce,
Ăye găt hĭm friĕnds ĭn ĭlkă plāce.
Hĭs brēast wăs white, hĭs toūziĕ băck
Weĕl clăd wĭ' cōat ŏ' glōssў blăck ;
Hĭs gāucў tāil, wĭ' ūpwărd cūrl,
Hŭng ō'er hĭs hūrdĭes wĭ' ă swĭrl.

<div align="right">*Burns*—"Twa Dogs."</div>

Mȳ hēid ĭs līke tŏ rēnd, Wĭllĭe,
  Mȳ heȧrt ĭs līke tŏ brēak ;
Ĭ'm weārĭn' ȧff mȳ fēet, Wĭllĭe,
  Ĭ'm dȳĭn' fŏr yoŭr sāke !
Ŏ, lāy yoŭr chēek tŏ mīne, Wĭllĭe,
  Yoŭr hānd ŏn mȳ brĭĕst-bāne,—
Ŏ, sāy yĕ'll thĭnk ŏn mē, Wĭllĭe,
  Whĕn Ī ȧm dēid ȧnd gāne !
William Motherwell—" My Heid is Like to Rend, Willie."

Shoŭld āuld ȧcquāintȧnce bē fŏrgŏt,
  Ȧnd nēvĕr brōught tŏ mīn' ?
Shoŭld āuld ȧcquāintȧnce bē fŏrgŏt,
  Ȧnd dāys ŏ' lȧng sȳne ?

CHORUS.

Fŏr āuld lȧng sȳne, mȳ dēar,
  Fŏr āuld lȧng sȳne,
Wĕ'll tȧk ȧ cūp ŏ' kīndnĕss yĕt,
  Fŏr āuld lȧng sȳne.
          Robert Burns—"Auld Lang Syne."

CHILD DIALECT.

Listening to the dialect of children has ever furnished us some of our happiest hours, as well as most pleasing affections. Simple and artless, it is nevertheless engaging to both old and young. Mr. Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood" and "A Child World" are rare, grand gifts to mankind. A selection from "Maymie's Story of Red Riding Hood" is here given :

          Ȧn' nĕn Rĭdĭng Hoŏd
Shĕ sāy "Ŏh-mē-ŏh-mȳ ! Drȧn'mȧ ! whȧt bĭg
Whĭte lōng shȧrp teēth yoŭ dŏt ! "
          Nĕn ōld Wŏlf sȧys :
" Yĕs — ȧn' thĕy're thȧtȧwāy "—ȧn' drōwled —
" Thĕy're thȧtȧwāy," hĕ sȧys, " tŏ ēat yoŭ wĭv ! "

Ăn' nĕn hĕ ĭst jŭmp ăt hēr, —
                    Bŭt shĕ scrēam'—
Ăn' scrēam', shĕ dĭd — sŏ 's 'āt thĕ Mān
'Ăt wŭz ă-chŏppĭn' woŏd, yoŭ knōw,— hĕ hēar,
Ăn' cōme ă-rūnnĭn' in thĕre wĭv hĭs āx ;
Ăn', 'fōre thĕ ōld Wŏlf knōw, whăt hē 's ăbout,
Hĕ splĭt hĭs ōld brăins out ăn' kĭlled hĭm s' quĭck
Ĭt māke' hĭs hēad swĭm !—Ăn' Rĕd Rĭdĭng Hoōd
Shē wŭzn't hŭrt ăt āll !
                    Ăn' thē bĭg Mān
Hĕ toōked hĕr āll săfe hōme, hĕ dĭd, ăn' tēll
Hĕr Mā shĕ's āll rĭght ān' ăin't hŭrt ăt āll
Ăn' ōld Wŏlf's dĕad ăn' kĭlled — ănd ēvĕr'thĭng ! —
Sŏ hĕr Mā wŭz sŏ tĭcklĕd ān' sŏ proŭd,
Shĕ gīved hĭm āll thĕ goōd thĭngs t' ēat thĕy wŭz
'Ăt's in thĕ băskĕt, ān' shĕ tēll hĭm 'āt
Shĕ 's mūch ŏblīge', ăn' sāy tŏ "cāll ădĭn."
Ăn' stŏrў's hōnĕst trūth — ăn' āll sŏ, toō !
                    James Whitcomb Riley.

Mў Pā hĕ ĭst fĭshed ăn' fĭshed !
Ăn' mў Mā shĕ sāid shĕ wĭshed
Mĕ ăn' hēr wăs hōme ; ăn' Pā
Săid hĕ wĭshed sŏ wŏrse 'n Mā.
    James Whitcomb Riley—"The Fishing Party.

NONSENSE.

" Ă lĭttlĕ nōnsĕnse nōw ănd thēn
Ĭs rēlĭshed bў thĕ wīsĕst mēn."

The writing of a nonsensical verse is a pleasure indulged in by some of our most excellent writers. The rhymes of our childhood — Mother Goose's Melodies — are familiar to almost every one, and it made very little difference what the wording of them was so that the measure and rhythm were perfect ; in fact, Mother Goose has some of the most com-

plex lines to be found in poetry.* Where, however, the measure and rhythm are perfect, words make but very little difference in writing what are termed nursery rhymes, and nonsensical songs. "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," one of Lear's "Nonsense Songs," is one of the best of its kind extant. Lear has a book in which many good songs of this species may be found. They will repay the reading where one has any desire for the quaint. Billowy are the metrical waves of this nonsensical song ; leaping and bounding, billow upon billow, leaping higher on the middle or line rhymes, the waves surge and lash each other in beautiful sounds to the end of the stanza ; all nonsense, it is true, and yet pleasing in the highest degree to the ear.

> Thĕ ōwl ănd thĕ pūssў-căt wĕnt ŏut tŏ sēa
> Ĭn ă beaūtĭfŭl pēa-greĕn bōat ;
> Thĕy toŏk sŏme hōnĕy, ănd lōts ŏf mōnĕy
> Wrăpped ūp ĭn ă fíve-pŏund nōte.
> Thĕ ōwl loŏked ūp tŏ thĕ moōn ăbōve,
> Ănd sāng tŏ hĭs līght gŭitār,
> "Ŏ pūssў, Ŏ pūssў, Ŏ pūssў, mў lōve,
> Whăt ă beaūtĭfŭl pūssў yoŭ āre, yoŭ āre !—
> Whăt ă beaūtĭfŭl pūssў yoŭ āre ! "

> Pŭssў sāid tŏ thĕ ōwl, " Yoŭ ēlĕgănt fōwl,
> Hŏw chārmĭnglў sweēt yoŭ sīng !
> Cŏme, lĕt ŭs bĕ mārriĕd—toŏ lōng wĕ hăve tārriĕd;
> Bŭt whăt shăll wĕ dō fŏr ă rĭng ? "
> Sŏ thĕy sāiled ăwāy fŏr ă yēar ănd ă dāy,
> Tŏ thĕ lānd whĕre thĕ bōng-treĕ grōws,
> Ănd thēre ĭn thĕ woōd ă pĭggў-wĭg stoŏd,
> Wĭth ă rīng ĭn thĕ ēnd ŏf hĭs nōse, hĭs nōse—
> Ă rīng ĭn thĕ ēnd ŏf hĭs nōse.

* Mary Goose, wife of Isaac Goose, the author of "Mother Goose's Melodies," lived and died in Boston, Massachusetts, and was buried in Old Christ's Church Cemetery.

" Dĕar pĭg, ăre yoŭ willĭng tŏ sēll fŏr ŏne shillĭng
  Yoŭr rĭng ? "   Săid thĕ pĭggў, "Ĭ wĭll ";
Sŏ thĕy toōk ĭt ăwāy, ănd wĕre mărrĭĕd nĕxt dāy,
  Bў thĕ tŭrkĕy whŏ līves ŏn thĕ hĭll.
Thĕy dīned ŭpŏn mĭnce, ănd slīcĕs ŏf quĭnce,
  Whĭch thĕy āte wĭth ă rūncĭblĕ spoōn,
Ănd hānd ĭn hānd ŏn thĕ gōldĕn sānd
  Thĕy dānced bў thĕ līght ŏf thĕ moōn, thĕ moōn—
    Thĕy dānced bў thĕ līght ŏf thĕ moōn.
            Edward Lear—" The Owl and the Pussy Cat. "

James Whitcomb Riley has some excellent verses of this
species.   Mr. Riley delights in amusing mankind, and few
authors have been more prolific in writing poems that cause
men to forget troubles and laugh heartily at the eccentricities
of life.   We make two selections :

          Ă littlĕ Dŏg-Wōggў
        Ŏnce wālked roŭnd thĕ Wŏrld :
      Sŏ hĕ shūt ŭp hĭs hōuse ; ănd, fŏrgēttĭng
          Hĭs twō pŭppў-chĭldrĕn
        Lŏcked ĭn thĕre, hĕ cūrled
      Ŭp hĭs tāil ĭn pĭnk bōmbăzĭne nēttĭng,
          Ănd sĕt ōut
            Tŏ wălk rōund
              Thĕ Wōrld.
    James Whitcomb Riley—" The Little Dog-Woggy."

        Dāintў Bābў Āustĭn !
      Yoŭr Dāddў's gŏne tŏ Bōstŏn
        Tŏ seē thĕ Kĭng
        Ŏf Oŏ-Rĭnktŭm Jĭng
      Ănd thĕ whāle hĕ rōde ăcrŏst ŏn !
  James Whitcomb Riley—" The King of Oo-Rinktum-Jing."

THE VERSICLE.

A little verse, a metrical toy. Poets of all ages—past as well as present, have taken delight in writing these momentary thoughts suggested by the occasion of passing incidents. Many of them, however, are very bright and deserve a place in the household of poetry. Our magazines and newspapers furnish a never-ending amount of them. We make the following selections :

WHAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

" Thăt dārlĭng gĭrl knĕw ēverȳthĭng,
  Knĕw Hēbrĕw, Lătĭn, Greēk—
Yĕs, sēverăl ōthĕr lānguăgēs
  Wĭth flūĕncȳ coŭld spēak.

" Ŏf mūsĭc, ārt, ĕmbrōidĕrȳ,
  Shĕ hăd ă thōroŭgh knōwlĕdge,
Ănd mānȳ ōthĕr thĭngs bĕsīdes
  Thăt gĭrls ăre tāught ăt cōllĕge.

" Thĕ ōnlȳ thĭng shĕ dĭdn't knōw
  (Nŏr coŭld thĕ māid cŏncēal
Hĕr īgnŏrănce ŏf thăt) wăs hōw
  Tŏ coōk ă dēcĕnt mēal.

" Bŭt dĭd thăt māke thĕ māidĕn lēss
  Dĕsīrăblē tŏ mē ?
Nŏ, shē wăs rĭch, ănd coŭld ăffōrd
  Tŏ hīre ă coōk, yŏŭ seē."

YOUTH AT CHRISTMAS.

" Ŏh, woŭld Ĭ wĕre yoŭng," thĕ ōld măn sīghs
  Whĕn thĕ Chrĭstmăs sōngs ăre sŭng.
Thĕ ōld wōmăn nēvĕr ă wŏrd rĕplīes —
  Shĕ stĭll clăims shĕ ĭs yoŭng."

TOMMIE'S GIRL.

" Shĕ ĭs cheērfŭl, wărm-heārtĕd ănd trúe,
Ănd ĭs kīnd tŏ hĕr fāthĕr ănd mōthĕr ;
Shĕ stūdĭes hŏw mūch shĕ căn dō
For hĕr sweēt lĭttlĕ sīstĕr ănd brōthĕr.

" Ĭf yoŭ wānt ă cŏmpānĭŏn fŏr līfe,
Tŏ cōmfŏrt, ĕnlīvĕn, ănd blĕss,
Shĕ ĭs jūst thĕ rĭght sōrt ŏf ă wīfe,
Mў gīrl wĭth ă cālĭcŏ drĕss."

A SURPRISE.

" Ĭ·mēt hĕr strōllĭng ōn thĕ streĕt,
Wĕ wālked tŏgēthĕr ūp thĕ hĭll,
Shĕ wās ă māidĕn vērў nēat,
Whŏ māde mў heārt stănd still,
Whĕn īn ă mānnĕr hārd tŏ bēat
Shĕ shўlў sāid, ' Ĭ knōw yoŭ're sweēt.'

" Sŭch wōrds Ĭ knēw nŏt hōw tŏ meēt,
Shĕ wās nŏt wōnt tŏ tālk thăt wāy,
Bŭt hăppĭnĕss Ĭ fōund wăs fleēt
Fŏr vērў soōn Ĭ hēard hĕr sāy,
' Ĭ thīnk ĭt fācĕs tōwărd thĕ streĕt.'
Ănd thēn Ĭ knēw shĕ mēant mў sūite."

IN COLLEGE CAP AND GOWN.

" Mў sweētheărt īs ă stūdĕnt īn ă fāmoŭs fēmălĕ cōllĕge,
Ănd thōugh Ĭ dō nŏt thīnk shĕ'll wīn părtĭcŭlār rĕnōwn
Ĭn ānў spēcĭăl stūdў, ōr bĕ nōtĕd fŏr hĕr knōwlĕdge,
Ĭ'm cērtăin thāt shĕ's chārmĭng īn hĕr cōllĕge cāp ănd gōwn.
Thāt thĕ cōstŭme's fāscĭnātĭng thēre's nŏ rēasŏn fŏr cŏncēalĭng,
Ĭ thīnk mў lōve mŏst beaūtĭfŭl whĕn īn ĭt shĕ ăppēars,
Bŭt whĕn Ĭ stēal ă kiss frŏm hĕr, hŏw fŭnnў is thĕ feēlĭng
Whĕn thĕ ēdgĕs ŏf thĕ mōrtăr bōard ăre tĭcklĭng mў ēars."

Jĕnnĭe kīssed mĕ whĕn wĕ mēt,
  Jŭmpĭng frŏm thĕ chāir shĕ sāt ĭn ;
Time, yŏŭ thiĕf, whŏ lŏve tŏ gēt
  Sēcrĕts īntŏ yŏŭr līst, pŭt thāt ĭn.
Sāy Ĭ'm wēarў, sāy Ĭ'm sād,
  Sāy thăt hēalth ănd wēalth hăve mĭssed mĕ ;
Sāy Ĭ'm grŏwĭng ōld, bŭt ădd—
            Jĕnnĭe kīssed mĕ.
                          Leigh Hunt.

Thĕ lāw lŏcks ŭp thĕ mān ŏr wōmăn
  Whŏ stēals ă goōse frŏm ŏff thĕ cōmmŏn ;
Bŭt lēts thĕ grēatĕr vĭllĭăn loōse,
  Whŏ stēals thĕ cōmmŏn frŏm thĕ goōse.
                          E. Elliott.

Whĕn fīrst ĭn Cēlĭă's ēar Ĭ poūred
  Ă yēt ŭnprăctĭced prāyer,
Mў trĕmblĭng tōngue sĭncēre ignōred
  Thĕ āids ŏf "sweēt " ănd " fāir."
Ĭ ōnlў sāid, ăs īn mĕ lāy,
  Ĭ'd strīve hĕr " wŏrth " tŏ rēach ;
Shĕ frŏwned ănd tūrned hĕr eўes ăwāy—
  Sŏ mŭch fŏr trūth ĭn speēch.

Thĕn Dēlĭă cāme. Ĭ chānged mў plān ;
  Ĭ prāised hĕr tŏ hĕr fāce ;
Ĭ prāised hĕr fēatŭres,—prāised hĕr fān,
  Hĕr lăp-dŏg ānd hĕr lāce ;
Ĭ swŏre thăt nŏt tĭll Tīme wĕre dēad
  Mў pāssiŏn shoūld dĕcāy ;
Shĕ, smĭlĭng, gāve hĕr hānd, ănd sāid
  'Twĭll lāst, thĕn, fŏr ă Dāy.
              Austin Dobson—" A Love Song."

Yŏŭ sleēp ŭpōn yŏŭr mōthĕr's brēast.
      Yŏŭr rāce bĕgŭn,
Ă wēlcŏme, lōng ă wīshed-fŏr Guēst,
      Whŏse āge ĭs Ōne.

Ă băbў-bŏy, yoŭ wŏndĕr whў
    Yoŭ cănnŏt rūn ;
Yoŭ trў tŏ tălk—hŏw hărd yoŭ trў !
    Yoŭ're ōnlў Ōne.

Ĕre lōng yoŭ wŏn't bĕ sūch ă dūnce ;
    Yoŭ'll ēat yoŭr būn,
Ănd flў yoŭr kĭte, lĭke fōlk, whŏ ŏnce
    Wĕre ōnlў Ōne.

Yoŭ'll rhўme ănd woō, ănd fĭght ănd jŏke,
    Pĕrhăps yoŭ'll pūn !
Sŭch fēats ăre nĕvĕr dōne bў fōlk
    Bĕfōre thĕy're Ōne.

Sŏme dāy, toŏ, yoū măy hăve yoŭr jŏy,
    Ănd ēnvў nōne ;
Yĕs, yoū, yoŭrsēlf, măy ōwn ă Bŏy,
    Whŏ īsn't Ōne.
        Frederick Locker—" A Rhyme of One."

A MEAN LOVER.

" Ĭ lŏve tŏ māke mў Mābĕl crў,
    Bў jēaloŭs tăunts ănd jeērs.
Fŏr thēn Ĭ gēt ă chănce tŏ trў
    Ănd kĭss ăwāy hĕr tēars."

LEGAL WHISKERS.

"Ăs ō'er thĕir wĭne ănd wālnŭts săt,
Tālkĭng ŏf thĭs and thĕn ŏf thăt,
Twŏ wĭghts wĕll lēarnĕd īn thĕ lāw—
Thăt īs, wĕll skĭlled tŏ fĭnd ă flăw—
Săid ōne cŏmpăniŏn tō thĕ ōthĕr,
' Hŏw īs ĭt, mōst rĕspēctĕd brōthĕr,
Thăt yoū hăve shāvĕn ăwāy
Thŏse whĭskĕrs whĭch fŏr mănȳ ă dāy
Hăve ōrnămēntĕd mūch yoŭr cheēk ?
Sŭre, 'twās ăn ĭdlĕ, sĭllў frēak.'

Tŏ whōm thĕ ōthĕr ānswĕr gāve,
Wĭth loōk hălf mērrў ānd hălf grāve,
' Thŏugh ōthĕrs bē bў whīskĕrs grāced,
Ă lāwyĕr căn't bĕ toō bărefāced.' "

CONCLUSION.

And now we bring to a close a subject full of never-ending interest to the student of general literature — poetry, the art divine. Endeavoring to make its study practical, we have followed it step by step, exemplifying its measures by quotations from our great authors. It is a theme inexhaustible, and yet one may become familiar with its elements and science.

Were you to ask how to excel, the answer would be : if nature has endowed you with the natural gift, cultivate it by a careful study of authors whose works are preëminent. Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant are a galaxy of names that will ever adorn American literature, and whose works should be read and thoroughly analyzed by every student of literature and art. England and Scotland have had a long line of poets whose works are gems of rare art.

Every one would commend the works of Tennyson and Burns. They were poets who possessed the faculty divine. The world acknowledges them as two of the grandest of any age. Yet there are those of our own time who are living, toiling, struggling writers for fame, present as well as future, that are models of excellence and elegance. Dobson, Lang, Gosse, and Swinburne may be cited. Read, and you may find yourself in touch with some one or all of them. Of our present-day American authors, Stedman, Aldrich, Riley, Harte. Hay, Carleton, and Stoddard, have each

earned a well-deserved fame. But be not mere imitators, read and study the works of great authors, and then mold and fashion your talent after a style of your own. There is a peculiar something in the writings of our poets that has a distinctiveness of its own plainly perceptible. Spontaneity in writing may be, and often is, genius assisting her own true children on and on, to nobler and greater deeds, giving them clearer vision — a direct insight. But let it not be supposed that genius alone makes men great. The lives of the best authors reveal the fact that men of genius are men who are untiring workers. Great poems are not mere accidents of genius. The great beehive of poetry is not inhabited by drones. The honey gathered from every flower is the result of their toil and industry. Care, precision, and painstaking methods are the royal roads to success. How beautifully William Cullen Bryant has expressed in these lines the poet's art :

> Thĕ sēcrĕt woūldst thŏu knōw
>   Tŏ toūch thĕ heārt ŏr fīre thĕ bloōd ăt wīll?
> Lĕt thīne ŏwn eȳes ŏ'erflōw ;
>   Lĕt thȳ līps quīvĕr wīth thĕ pāssionăte thrīll ;
> Sĕize thē greăt thōught, ĕre yĕt īts pŏwer bĕ pāst,
> Ănd bīnd, ĭn wōrds, thĕ fleēt ĕmōtiŏn fāst.
>
> <div align="right">"The Poet."</div>

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